PROTEUS REDIVIVUS:

OR THE

Art of Wheedling,

OR

INSINUATION,

Obtain'd by

GENERAL CONVERSATION,

AND

Extracted from the ſeveral Humours, Inclinations, and Paſſions of both Sexes, reſpecting their ſeveral Ages, and ſuiting each Profeſſion or Occupation.

Collected and Methodized

By the AUTHOR of the Firſt Part of the

ENGLISH ROGUE.

Thy Credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone,
Being got by many Actions, loſt by one.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. D.* and are to be ſold at the Sign of the Ship in St. *Mary Axe*, and by moſt Booksellers, 1675.

THE

AUTHORS

EPISTLE and APOLOGY

TO HIS

INGENIOUS FRIEND

N. W. Eſq;

SIR,

IN *a late Conference between you and me, (retiring our ſelves from the unpleaſant diſcords of ratling Carts and Coaches, and the Confuſion of City-cries, (which obſtruct the Freedom of an Active Fancy) you may be pleaſed to remember the Complaints I then made againſt the miſunderſtanding Vulgar, in cenſuring ſo ſe-*

verely the Author of the English Rogue, concluding him to be the Actor too: how irrational that Opinion is, I ſhall leave to any indifferent Perſon to judge, without Suggesting this; that as it is impoſſible for any one man to act all thoſe Villainies contained in that Book, ſo if any one committed but the tith of them, certainly Juſtice, though Blind, would ſoon find him out, and lop him off as an uſeleſs, Rotten, and Pernicious Member of the Common-wealth, and not let him live at home in quietneſs ſo long as I have done, without ever appearing before the face of Juſtice upon any account, much leſs as a Criminal.

I cannot ſay I have done well in the publication of ſome Books, yet I intend'd no ill; for my deſign was not to propagate Vice, but ſo to detect it, that at the ſight of its ugly loathſomneſs, men ſhould ſhun it worſe then the greateſt Contagion.

But you may ſay, to detect Sin, is to teach Sin; the diſcovery of Vice, like the

Hydra's

Hydra's *heads, doth rather increaſe, then decreaſe the Vitious; for Vertue is ſeldom found to ſpring from over-flowing glaſſes, and Chaſtity from Bawdy* Aretins *laſcivious Pictures: that wicked Perſons, and wicked Actions, ſhould rather be damn'd in obſcurity, then by the Pen preſerv'd to Eternity; that it is a Sin againſt Piety to give Wickedneſs any life of Memory; ſo the Villaine became loſt that ſet fire on* Diana's *Temple, and* Manlius *was forgot in* Rome *that did an injury to* Rome: *wicked Names diſhonour fair Report, and if by compulſion the Pen muſt glance upon them, they ought ever to be accompanied with execrations, and Devil muſt be their only appellation.*

I cannot deny but all this is true; yet conſider Brutus, *and his Confederates, are not forgot in* Livy; Sinon *lives in* Virgil, *and* Pandarus *in* Homer; *there is a* Layis *memorable in* Corinth, *and a* Lamia *in* Athens, *and why ſhould we not match thoſe Rampant* Whores *with a pair of as luſty*

Rogues, *one* Spaniſh, *and the other* Engliſh; *not but that other Countries have as large a ſtock of each, but only want recording. If Vice ſhould lye conceal'd, how ſhould we know good from evil; the Miniſter, 'tis true, Diſcovers, Arraigns and Condemns it, and with that ſeverity Executes it in the Pulpit, that none can ſtand before him but with fear and trembling; the Law hath ſeveral puniſhments for offences beſides down right hanging: thus, though I have not played the immediate Executioner of ſuch Vices as I have preſented to publick view, yet I have laſht ſome at the Carts arſe, others I have Carted, and given others the opportunity, as well as my ſelf, to pelt Villainy with the rotten Eggs of ſcorn and reproach, whilſt every one that would, might pour on her head the Piſs-pots of what ignominy they pleaſed.*

I need not urge more arguments to prove the honeſty of my Intention in Printing the Witty Extravagant, *and that my principal aime was not private advantage, but the general*

general benefit of every individual Person, and that it should not be imputed as a fault in me, if any make a bad use thereof, or wrong construction; some vainly, and falsly supposing me, not only so meer a Fool, *to relate my own extravagances, but so great a* Beast, *nay* Monster, *to wrong the known Piety of my Parents.*

According to the promise made in my Postscript *to the first Part of the* English Rogue, *I purposed to have finisht that Book in a* Second Part, *travelling him through the gentiler parts of Europe, Topographically discribing all places of eminency, with an account of what Tricks and Rogueries he committed where ever he came; but the Cudgels were snatcht out of my hands before I had fairly laid them down, I intending to have had but one more bout at the same Weapons, and so have compleated the* Rogue, *but seeing the* Continuator *hath allready added three* Parts *to the former, and never (as far as I can see) will make an end of pestering the*

World with more Volumes, *and large* Editions, *I diverted my intention into this Subject,* The Art of Wheedling, or Insinuation, *wherein, I have been at no small pains in the Method and Contexture: what I have Collected hath been out of the Choicest* French *and* English Authours, *not so much as casting an eye upon any Copy of the aforesaid* Continuator, *that might any ways assist me in this Composure. I would not willingly do him any prejudice, though I have been injur'd, and abused by him, and his instigating others, yet his unkindness I repay with respect, and would not be indebted to him for that Character he gave me in his second Part of the* Rogue, *but that I fear I should wrong his* Reputation *by ill wording his* Encomium; *wherefore I shall be silent, and refer you to his* Unlucky Citizen, *and* Books of Knight Errantry, &c. *which lowdly speak his* Panagyrick; *as for those* Yelping Curs *he formerly*

he formerly kept, I ſhall not vouchſafe a backward look upon them, whilſt they ſnarle undeſerved Malice, and bark non-ſenſe at my heels.

Not to tire you Sir, with a tedious Epiſtle, I ſhall only give you a ſhort account of this preſent Publication, and conclude. Though in this Treatiſe I have endeavoured to detect the moſt remarkable Wheedles *of ſeveral* Trades *and* Profeſſions, *yet I have avoided all reflection on particular Perſons: and as it is impoſſible to recount the* Wheedles *of all* Myſteries *and* Occupations, *ſo it is not requiſite to meddle with ſome ſubjects, too inferiour for diſcourſe: but you may wonder why I left out* Book-ſelling, *a* Trade *that's called a* Myſtery, *and ſo it is, the* Cabal *of deep Intrigues and Stratagems: Sir, I may be very well excuſed, if upon no other grounds, than that I was a quondam* Member *of that myſterious* Occupation, *and* that's an ill Bird (*according to the old ſaying*) that befouls its own Neſt: *beſides, would*

it

it not be madneſs to run the hazard of ſting-ing to death by approaching too near the Neſts of Waſps *and* Hornets, *when with ſafety a man may walk another way: I love my Brother too well to cut his throat, and then hang my ſelf to make him amends; if any have been ſo inconſiderate to do it, by this time they have found but little praiſe, and leſſer profit for their pains.*

My main drift in this Diſcovery, *is to come to the knowledge of our Selves, by the knowledge of others. That incomparable ſentence,* Noſce te ipſum (*proceeding from that* Exchequer *of all knowledge,* Pithagoras) *ought to be engraven on the Frontiſpiece of every mans heart, evermore in a practice applicative, that it may prove the* Elixir Salutis, *the never failing* Recipe *of human Welfare: but to know a mans ſelf is not ſo proper (ſaith* Menander) *as to know others; and certainly, had he lived in theſe Hypocritical and debauched times, neceſſity would have compell'd him to be laboriouſly*

ſtudious

ſtudious in this Art, *carefully inſpecting the variety of mens humours to prevent the prejudice proceeding from the practices of ſuch men, who are generally well read in all the* Subtle Arts of Circumvention. *According to my ability, I have diſcovered ſome, and as theſe ſhall prove Succesful in the acceptation of the World, I ſhall beſtow my pains in a further* Collection, *and ſhall Correct my preſent defects in ſome other* Impreſſion.

Therefore, without the knowledge of our Selves and Others, we are like Crazy Veſſels, yet richly laden, which are toſſed up and down in the Ocean of Ignorance ſo long, till we are either ſhatter'd in pieces againſt the Rocks of diſorder'd deſires and affections, or elſe boarded, and made prize by ſuch, who live on Pyracy *and Rapine, Cruzing on the Coaſts of Craft and Circumvention.*

The ſecret of Wiſdom *conſiſts in this, That a man knows what he is himſelf, what he may do, and what he ought to do; and*

the

the Soul of Prudence *lyes in this, that a Man knows what others are, what they may do, and what they are deſirous to do; he that hath gain'd this knowledge, hath acquired the greateſt advantages of life; and may ſail, or ſafely ride it out at Anchor in the greateſt Storm that can happen.*

To ſtudy well the Knowledge of our ſelves, is the ready way to come to the knowledge of others; and though the Art of knowing others ſeems to have no other ends than to diſcover the Inclinations, Motions of the Soul, Virtues, and Vices, and what for advantage may be obſervable in others, yet doth with the ſame labour teach every one to find out in himſelf what is either good or bad, and to deduce more rational and impartial judgments thereof, than if he firſt conſidered them in his own perſon. We cannot by our ſelves come to a perfect knowledge of our Selves; for if, as in a Mirrour, *the Soul attempts the beholding of her ſelf in that Self-reflection, Self-love corrupts and poiſons all the judgments ſhe makes*

makes thereof: thus Men tranſported with Anger, though ever ſo injurious in that action, by beating or reviling, think all the Reaſon and Juſtice on their ſide: the Covetuous Man thinks his ſordid cares the effects of Prudence and neceſſity; the Prodigals expences are excuſed by the undeſerved name of generoſity; The Philautiſt *or ſelf-admirer being rais'd by the indulgent hand of Fortune, to the top of Natures preheminence; as a petty God, directs his imagination far beyond the levell of Humility, and thinks his worſt of actions beſt, but at laſt is loſt in his own fooliſh Self-contemplation; and indeed every man commonly looks upon himſelf through a Magnifying Glaſs, ſo that he cannot behold his true proportion. In ſhort, as all our Inclinations and Habits pleaſe and honour us, ſo all our Paſſions ſeem rational to us; that we may therefore apprehend their imperfections, it is requiſite we ſaw them in another, that being a Glaſs which flatters not,* le Miroir qui ne flatte Point.

The knowledge of a Mans ſelf, as it principally concerns the Soul, ſo it neglects not the Body, and hath a careful and watchful eye for its Preſervation, endeavouring to ſave the Viol *from cracking, as well as the infuſed* Aqua Cæleſtis *from corrupting: Thus the perfect and ſound eſtate of Soul and Body is maintained by the knowledge thereof, and that cheifly by the due obſervation of ſuch things as may be hurtful, or helpful thereunto; this is an Art obtain'd by a very few.*

As to the knowledge of others, we have been in the ſtudy of it ſince there were but three men in the World, yet if what we have purchaſed by much travel and inquiry, were put into the Ballance with what we have not attained to, I believe you will find (Sir) *that the Scale of Ignorance, will out-weigh that of Knowledge. Certainly there is no Art ſo full of uncertainty, as for one Man to know another, and though there are ſeveral helps*

helps, as the lineaments of the Face, lines of the Hand, and Conſtitutions of the Body; yet theſe are inſufficient to lead us into a perfect knowledg. We cannot deny that Vultus eſt Index amini; *and though the eyes are the Caſement of the Soul, yet they frequently prove falſe Glaſſes; though as the* Turk *believes every mans fate and fancy be written in his Fore-head, yet the letters are ſo obſcure, that we cannot read them. The moſt probable way to get this Art, is by* Converſation *according to the Italian Proverb,* I ſaw thee at Rome, I knew thee at Venice; *and without this, it is impoſſible for any to practice the Art of* Wheedling, *or* Inſinuation, *and it is pity ſo bad a uſe ſhould be made thereof, which is not my intent in this Perſent Publication; for I'le aſſure you my ſole intent is only to diſcover how knaviſhly ſome* Wheedle *for advantage, and to teach men to be wary of hypocriteial underminding Inſinuations.*

For

For my own part I ſhall indeavour to be in the defenſive part only, and ſhall make no other uſe of what Wheedles *I obſerve in others, then to preſerve my ſelf, ever preferring an honeſt reputation before an ill gotten fortune, this is the ſincere reſolution of,*

SIR,

Your faithful, and moſt
obliged Servant,

R. H.

PROTEUS REDIVIVUS,

Or the ART of

WHEEDLING

OR

INSINUATION.

CHAP. I.

The ſignification of the word Wheedle.

THis myſterious word *Wheedle*, without offence to the ſignification, in my opinion pleads no great antiquity, neither can it boaſt it ſelf the legitimate offſpring of any learned Language. I neither find it regiſtred in the *Mouldy Gloſſaries*, nor an inhabitant in the *new World of Words*. Since then the *Engliſh Expoſitors* give us neither the etymology

nor ſignification of this word, we muſt apply our ſelves to the *Canting Dictionary*, as the *ultimum refugium* of our better information; where you ſhall find the word, *Wheedle*, imports *a ſubtil inſinuation into the nature, humours and inclinations of ſuch we converſe with, working upon them ſo effectually, that we poſſeſs them with a belief that all our actions and ſervices tend to their pleaſure and profit, whereas it is but ſeemingly ſo, that we may work on them our real advantage.* Vid. *Engliſh Rogue, The Devil's Cabinet broke open*, &c. VVheedling, *quaſi* wheeling, *inde Wealings* near *Fluſhing* a refuge in neceſſity.

CHAP. II.

The Nature of Wheedling, and what the Practice thereof directly drives at.

THe *art of Wheedling* is a Science, wherein is taught, by converſation, a general knowledg of the Humours, Paſſions, and Inclinations of male and female, according to their ſeveral Ages, Sexes, Profeſſions and Occupations, whereby the Profeſſors of this profound *Art*, ſuiting their deſigns to the nature of the Perſon, and Profeſſion, they take effect according to their deſires and expectations. Advantage is the ſoul or center of this

this *Art*, regarding no other intereſt but its own, and ſubſervient to none but for preſent or future profit; the practice hereof is extreamly beneficial to all perſons, and in all places, both in City and Country.

This Art of Wheedling, which ſome would have called *Complaiſance*, is in plain terms, nothing elſe but the *Art of Inſinuation*, or Diſſimulation, compounded of mental reſervation, ſeeming patience and humility, (ſelf-obliging) civility, and a more than common affability, all which club to pleaſe, and conſequently to gain by converſation.

This profitable (if rightly practiſed) *Art of Diſſimulation* hath ſomething more in it than barely wealth, which perſwades men to follow its dictates, or directions, for the welfare of the whole body depends, and moves upon its hinges; this admirable *Art*, by a ſecret and moſt powerful charm, calms the rage and greateſt diſpleaſures of the moſt Potent, diſarms our enemies, when in the greateſt fury, and wreſts the ſword out of that hand, that is juſt about ſheathing it in a bloody, fleſhy ſcabberd; this and much more it does by feigned ſubmiſſions, and by pretending an untainted entire friendſhip, whereas, if there be not downright enmity, yet there is no other reſpect for the perſon than what is in outward appearance, to engage him either to lay aſide his preſent anger, or perſwade, and oblige him to

ſome kindneſs extraordinary. VVherefore the *Wheedle*, as he muſt have a care of falling into too low a condeſcention, ſo in a ſpecial manner let him avoid all ſharp contradictions, and all his negatives muſt little differ from his affirmatives. How could the *Town-ſhifts* live as they do, were it not for their applauding things done by the glittering *Fops*, though unworthy of every honeſt mans approbation, imitating thoſe Greeks, of whom that ingenuous tell-troth Satyriſt *Juvenal* gives ſo pleaſant a relation; theſe men (ſays he) will conform themſelves to all ſorts of company; do you laugh, they will ſtrive to laugh lowder; if you are penſive and ſad, and prone to weep, they ſhall inſtantly deluge themſelves in tears; if you complain of cold, they ſhiver, as in the extremity of a Tertian Ague-fit; and if you do but ſay the weather's very warm, they will cry out they are ſwelter'd with heat.

------ *Rides? Majore cachinno*
Concutitur: flet, ſi lachrymas conſpexit amici,
Nec dolet, igniculum Brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,
Accipit Endromidem; ſi dixeris, æſtuo, ſudat.
Juven. *Sat.* 4.

If you tell a lye, though never ſo groſly falſe, they ſhall ſwear to the truth of it, without a *Subpæna*; in the middle of your diſcourſe they ſhall ſay

ſay; *'tis ſo indeed*, not in the leaſt underſtanding what you meant. In ſhort, without feeling any of your paſſions, or underſtanding any of your actions, they appear more affected and concerned than your ſelf, and never fail to compoſe and conform their countenances to yours. They are like a fiſh called a *Polypus*, of whom it is ſtoried, that it hath the power of converting its colour into that which is neareſt it, and moſt contiguous for ſelf-preſervation; theſe *Protei* of this looſe age can turn themſelves into any ſhape, ſo that the converſion of the form will produce any profit or advantage.

CHAP. III.

What Qualifications are requiſite in a General Wheedle, or Diſſembler.

ANtiquity hath reaſon to ſay, that the caſe is the ſame with Sciences, as with Seeds, and Plants, which never bring forth any thing, if they meet not with a ſoil fit for them: it is certain, that there is not any wherein that Truth may be more evident than in this *Science*, which is not only a bare *Art of Wheedling*, or diſſembling with Men, but likewiſe an *Art* or *Science*, wherein every one is taught the knowledge of Men,

through Converſation, and by their ſeveral Temperaments, Inclinations, and Paſſions; for it will become barren, and of no advantage, if it meets not with a Genius, and diſpoſitions neceſſary thereto. As few Men are qualified for this *Art*, ſo ſome Mens Profeſſions, and others tender Conſciences will not permit, nay, rather abſolutely deter them from the Study and Practice thereof. There is no man ſo fit to make uſe of this damnable *Science*, as he that hath Shipwrack'd his Conſcience in the tempeſtuous diſcovery of an Eſtate; whoſe mind muſt be illuminated with ſecret lights, and guides of ſome inviſible *Dæmon*, directing him through the difficult ways, and various Meanders of this Diabolical *Art* and *Science*. This black Helliſh Brat muſt be cloth'd like an Angel of light, and when he prays, it muſt be to this purpoſe,

------Da juſtum, ſanctumq; videri,
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.

Let me ſeem juſt, and holy, let the night
Ore-caſt my frauds, let clouds obſcure their light.

Let me now diſſect this *Wheedle*, or take him in pieces, and you ſhall find his principal Members are, *Reſervation*, *Diſſimulation*, *Flattery*, pretended *Patience* and *Humility*, *Civility*, *Affability*,

bility, *Plauſability*, with other ingredients hereafter mentioned, which make up his compoſition.

But before I inſiſt upon all theſe ſingly, it is requiſite to inform you, that it is impoſſible for a *Wheedle*, or *Town-ſhift* to exerciſe any of thoſe qualities to his advantage, unleſs he have a good natural Genius, which muſt be likewiſe improv'd by Experience and Languages, though there are a great many inſinuating Raſcals, who ſucceſsfully *Wheedle* only by common ſence, with the help of a little reaſon; wherefore in the firſt place I ſhall diſcover what Genius a *Wheedle* ought to have, and how qualified by Art.

The firſt Qualification of a Wheedle, a Good Genius; adorn'd with Real or Counterfeit Learning, or Languages acquired by Travel.

IT is not to be call'd in queſtion, that no man is more capable of all manner of buſineſs, than he, who having good natural parts, is indued alſo with a competent ſtock of Learning, guilt over with forreign ſpeculation and experience.

A good *Genius* is able to do much of it ſelf, but it will act wonders, when Learning, Language, and Experience are inoculated therein. Wit alone, though natural, yet if active, and acute, can apparel it ſelf with more variable delightful colours, and ſuit it ſelf with more

pleaſant reſemblances, than the *Polypus*, or *Chamæleon*; yet ſtill Learning ought to be the fewel to the fire of this wit; for, if it wants the feeding, it will eat out, and conſume it ſelf.

Moreover if this good *Genius* be not frequently practiſed with men, and bruſh'd over with ingenious converſation, it will become ſo ſoil'd, and duſty, that little ſhall appear in it legible, but the Characters of Ignorance, and Ruſticity.

Excellent parts without Learning, may be ſaid to be in Ore, unwrought, untry'd, which Letters, Time and Experience faſhion and refine. Such a man ſo qualified hath good metal in the inſide, though rough, which only wants ſcowring, and polliſhing without; and he that hath theſe rougher parts made ſmooth, and filed, out-vies all other ſplendors of this world, and is the greateſt benefit to the Univerſe, and Himſelf.

Such a perſon whoſe natural and acquired parts contend for priority in excellence, ſcorns theſe his better parts ſhould play the Bawd to any baſe action, or that they ſhould Pimp for him by an ignoble *Wheedle*, or Inſinuation for preferment: He is happy enough already in what he enjoys; and his happineſs is the greater in this, that he cannot be diſpoſſeſs'd of what he holds in *Capite*, which gives him ſo great a ſatisfaction in the contemplation of that perfection he hath brought it to by his indefatigable ſtudy and induſtry,

induſtry, that no worldly honour or advancement can raiſe him to an higher pitch of contentment.

It is the *Pretender* to Learning (having an indifferent *Genius*) of whom I ſhall diſcourſe, which is the firſt qualification of our *Wheedle*; a Fellow, who muſt ſo well act the part of a *Scholar-Mountebank*, that his Art may prove other mens deluſions. He muſt be trick'd up in all the accoutrements of Learning, having the terms of Art of moſt Sciences, and his mouth ſtuft with variety of Sentences, (like a Juglers with ſmall Ribbonds of ſeveral colours) collected from Claſſical Authors, as well Poetical as Hiſtorical, which he may diſgorge upon all occaſions to the admiration of the Non-intelligent. And the better to perſwade ſome, that he is a very contemplative man, and a profound Scholar, when he walks it is near ſome publick place, where he may be ſeen with a Book in his hand; if in the Church, he hath a *Greek Teſtament*, or *Hebrew Bible* in his Pocket, which he will not trouble himſelf to open, unleſs he obſerve ſome ſtander by look over him.

In Company, more learned than himſelf, he hath the wit to hold his tongue; for though he hath no real Learning, yet he hath ſo much cunning not to let the World know it, to avoid being laugh'd at for an *Inſignifico*; thus this poor

Devil

Devil fools himſelf moſt, by endeavouring to cheat others; for he conceits nothing in Learning, but the opinion, which he endeavours to purchaſe without it; whereas did he rightly underſtand himſelf, he might with leſs labour cure his ignorance, than go about to conceal it.

To the intent he may pre-poſſeſs his Auditors with a good opinion of him, he is ſtill citing for himſelf, *That a Candle ſhould not be hid under a Buſhel,* and for his part he will be ſure not to hide his own, though it be but a Snuff, or Ruſh-Candle.

Some good parts we will allow him to have, of whom he is over-ſenſible, and is no Niggard in diſplaying them to advantage; like a *Lottery*, that ſhows more than belongs properly to the Maſter, and is like it to in this, that nothing parts from it, or him, but that the Trumpet ſounds, fill'd with the breath of vanity and vain-glory.

By theſe Artifices, *viz.* Terms of Art, ſcraps of *Latine*, and ſcrapings from ingenious Company, he hopes to gain a ſplendid reputation in the world; he is a great Plagiary of Tavern, and Dramatick wit, which he uſeth to bring in upon ſuch and ſuch hints; he crowds his memory with new Songs, witty Sayings, and far fetcht A-la-mode words, and ſeldom fails of an opportunity to wind them in.

Theſe are his accompliſhments, which (with the

the good Armour of his face, which is Cannon proof, for he is daſh'd out of any thing, ſooner than countenance) he hopes will bring him into the acquaintance of a great many, and Great men too. With whomſoever he gets acquainted he Regiſters their Names, Lodgings, and Habitations, leaſt he ſhould loſe the leaſt hope of doing himſelf a kindneſs; for that end he carries a Table book in his Pocket, in which he writes every days advantageous promiſe made him, or whatſoever obſervations he made of any mans words, or actions, which may tend to the future benefit of himſelf, or friend, if it be poſſible for him to entertain a friendſhip for any perſon.

He carefully obſerves duely, and ſeaſonably to perform his viſits or attendance; and thus at laſt Preferment ſtumbles on him, not ſo much for deſert, but becauſe he is ſtill in the way. The third branch of this firſt (and threefold) qualification of our *Wheedle* is Travel, with the profits attending.

St. *Auguſtine* calls this world a great book, (then Men are the Epitome's) and certainly none ſtudy theſe books ſo much as the Traveller. They who never ſtir from home, can hardly be ſaid to have read a leaf of the greater, and are in a manner as ignorant as that *Taunton woman*, who having never been a mile out of the place of her Nativity, and being

being married to one living about twenty miles from that place, as ſhe travel'd to her new home, ſtill cry'd out, *John, John, What do'ſt mean to do? carry me to the worlds end?* Bringing her home with much adoe, he told her (according to the beſt of his knowledge) that the world was a hundred times, at leaſt, as wide, and large as the ground they had rid over; to which ſhe reply'd, *John, If thou wer't not my Husband, chud zay, thou art a greater Lyar than the world thou talk'ſt on.*

'Tis true, a man may read men at home, but if he go no farther, he ſhall never have the reputation of a man generally read, but be like that dull fellow in *Pliny*, who could never learn to count above five. *Homer* ſets forth *Uliſſes*, as the wiſeſt of all the *Grecians*, becauſe he had travel'd much, and had ſeen *Multorum hominum mores, & Urbes:* thus *Seneca* ſaith, *Imperitum eſt animal homo, & ſine magna experientia rerum, ſi circumſcribatur Natalis ſoli ſui fine.* Man is a raw unskilful animal, and void of experience, who is ſtill confin'd within the narrow limits of his own Country.

As Travel furniſheth man with univerſal knowledge, ſo it acquaints him with hardſhip, and ſo adapts him to indure patiently whatever mean condition perverſe fortune hath thrown upon him, till his own wit by Services, and inſinuation ſhall redeem

redeem him from that ſlavery, and place him to his better ſatisfaction. It was an excellent ſaying of *Seneca*; *Malo tibi male eſſe, quam molliter*; I had rather thou ſhouldſt be ſick, than ſoft. It is reported that the Coral Tree is neither red, nor hard, till taken from its Maritine habitation; nor can man, in my opinion, make the beſt advantage of his knowledge, till he hath in ſome manner imitated the *Romans*, in putting out their Children to be Nurſed by *Lacedemonian* women, till they were three years old, then they were removed to their Unckles, till ſeven, or ten, then they ſent them to *Tuſcany* to be inſtructed in Religion, and at laſt into *Greece* to ſtudy Philoſophy.

Now what greater advantage can accrue to him that would live meerly by his wits, than diverſity of tongues, by which he ſhall underſtand, and be underſtood, nay and beloved by all Nations? This advantage travel produceth, in that it doth in ſome manner take off that aborigenal curſe the *Confuſion of Tongues*, which is ſuch a curſe indeed, that it makes men who are of one kind, and made to be ſociable, ſo ſtrangely to fly one another, that as an eminent Father of the Church ſaid, *A man had rather be with his dog, than with a man whoſe language he underſtands not.* Nay, this diverſity of languages makes a wiſe man paſs for a fool in a ſtrange Country, and a fool to paſs for a wiſe man, when he ſpeaks that language perfectly

perfectly to them who understand it but in part, or who have but some small glimmering light to lead them into the depth thereof. This makes the poor wandring Exotick thrive indifferently where e're he comes, and *Monsieurs* services courted for the French Tongue, though he hath neither wit not person to render him more acceptable, though ragged; this soon metamorphoseth him into the garb of the times, and by a narrow inspection you shall find it his *Imprimis*, and all the *Items*; whose fantastical cringes to Ladies are his daily study, and only devotions; and though born with the art of talking idly, yet some female *French* admirers love him the better for it, being by that the more suitable to their company. My own experience informs me this; for I knew a Gentlewoman of good quality, who would not admit of the caresses and courtship of her Lover in English, and could not prove successful in his love, till he made his addresses in a foreign Dialect. Nay, such is the love and respect we bear all Trades-men what-ever, who speak any other Language than our own, or go under the notion of Out-landish, that we desert our own Countrey-men, though every way as ingenuous in any Art or Mystery, to follow them, which is the general and just complaint of thousand of Artificers in the City, and through the whole Kingdom.

VVe

VVe may farther underſtand the advantages of knowing and ſpeaking more Languages than our own from the general Itch, which poſſeſſeth the better ſort of people to be acquainted with them; ſo that now adays you cannot come into any mix'd Company, where a *Pantaloon*, or habit *a la mode*, endeavours to hide the imperfection of its Maſter, but that you muſt imagine *Babel* is revived; for every one endeavours to gloſs his ſlender parts by thoſe Languages, he hath learned by Travail, or otherwiſe; ſome ſnuffling out the *French*, others bluſtring out the *Dutch*, as if they intended to blow their Cheeks into Bag-pipes; whilſt others are endeavouring to make the lofty *High-Dutch* to paſs for *Greek* amongſt the Ignorant. Now he that can beſt ſuit any Language that is ſpoke in Society, by his good proficiency therein, is ſure to make a conqueſt of one heart at leaſt; if withall he apply himſelf to his wonted flattery, by poſſeſſing the ſpeaker (though what he delivers be imperfect in ſence, for want of words, as well as in pronunciation) that he ſpeaks the Language like a Native: This (though falſe applauſe) oftentimes ſo ſwells him, cauſing him to look ſo high that he cannot ſee the hand of Mr. *Wheedle*, who by this means, moſt certainly and ſecurely picks his Pocket.

And here I cannot omit the relation, how one was ſoundly baſted for his arrogance and ignorance

rance upon the like account; This Gentleman was a *Grammar Frenchman*, who was flatter'd by his *Wheedling Maſter*, that he had made a wonderful, and more than common proficiency in the *French Tongue*, for ſo ſhort a time; this unmerited praiſe did not only melt the Money in *Monſieur Engliſh* his Pocket, but likewiſe prompted, and emboldned him to engage with all *French* Diſcourſes he hapned to meet with, glorying in that courtly embelliſhment; it hapned unfortunately that he fell into ſome Company, where was a Gentleman born in *France*, who could ſpeak little or no *Engliſh*, but ſpeaking all together his Mother tongue, he was applauded by this talkative *Fop* (not knowing juſtly what Countryman he was) in theſe words, *Monſieur ma foy vous parlez Francois comme un Naturel:* which is, you ſpeak *French* like a Natural: intending to ſay, you ſpeak *French* like a Native of *France*; *Monſieur* at firſt, and ſecond time took little notice of it, but the other perſiſting in that abuſive Encomium, in a very great paſſion, call'd him *Bougre*, *Jean Foutre*, and I know not what beſide, and not ſatisfied with that he did ſo beat and kick him, that he could neither ſpeak *French* or *Engliſh* for half an hour after.

The *French* have a ſignificant Proverb to this purpoſe, *Parlez bien, ou parlez rien*, ſpeak well, or dont ſpeak at all; which is ſomewhat like the

Iriſh

Iriſh, *Aber began*, *aber ghemah*; Speak a little, and ſpeak it well; this caution our *Wheedle* ought to take ſpecial notice of; for if he do not, inſtead of advancing his reputation, he may either leſſen or deſtroy it. Wherefore if he ſpeak to the judicious, let him ſpeak nothing but what is proper, and if preſt in a diſcourſe beyond his ability, there are twenty ſlights by which he may ſhift his neck out of the collar, by his humble ſubmiſſion, acknowledging his inſufficiency to proceed farther; and by this yielding a conqueſt to others, he may probably gain an abſolute victory over their hearts, or at leaſt he ſhall have the title of a modeſt man conferr'd upon him.

Though the Italian and Spaniſh are elegant Languages, and very uſeful in the building up a ſtructure of Knowledge, yet the French is more generally entertained by our Gentry, who had need to have good lungs; for a long ſentence ſeems by the pronunciation to be but one word: it is my opinion, by a long converſe among them one might underſtand them by the geſtures of their body, and motion of their fingers, as well as by their tongue, they abound ſo much in both whilſt they are diſcourſing; but as for the gentile ſhrug, (as they call it) it may be miſtaken by the Scotch for a louſie remove.

To conclude, beſides the aforeſaid profits

which attend a Traveller, it makes moſt affairs ſucceſful he takes in hand; it enricheth him with a world of experimental knowledg; it makes him an hardy and knowing Souldier; it enables him to be a ſpye in all companies; for by pretending ignorance in the Language they ſpeak, and mingling with them, he finds out their deſigns, and can croſs or cheriſh them as he thinks it may tend to his advantage.

Laſtly, it makes him welcome to all men, ſought after by his betters, and liſtned to with admiration by his inferiors, eſpecially if he have the glib faculty of ſliding over his relations and reports, and thus whilſt he lugs them by the ears, he hath full hold of their hearts, which by prudence he may form to the aſſiſtance of his neceſſity, or moſt important affairs.

The ſecond Qualification of a Wheedle, Reſervation.

THe Pilot that ſteers him ſteddy in the turbulent Sea of worldly buſineſs, and with ſafety too, amidſt the moſt ſubtil practices and contrivances of men, is his reſervation, concealing himſelf from the knowledg of others, whilſt he is moſt buſily employed in the knowledg of other mens affairs. He is like a cunning *Gameſter*, who whilſt he prudently conceals his own Game, he

he hath an eye of his own prying into his adverſaries hand, or another employed to that purpoſe, by a ſtander by, his Confident. Shewing of Cards before they come to be plaid, occaſions not only loſs to him that ſo imprudently doth it, but alſo to thoſe whoſe intereſt is twiſted and engaged with his; by keeping cloſe his hand, as at *Put*, he makes you believe his Game is better than it is; for without boldneſs you will ſeldom win at that ſport, putting boldly many times at a (careleſs) ſix, or ſeven, when the adverſary, by that confidence, believes it a Duce, or Tray, and not daring to ſee it, is a loſer thereby: thus his good clothes are his Coat-cards, which he will give you a glimpſe of, that you may ſuſpect his hand is better furniſhed than it is, but fearing the loſs of his deſigned ſucceſs will permit you to inſpect no farther.

He holds this as an undeniable maxim, that no wiſe man will put confidence in him, who at any rate will diſcover himſelf, and fearing from hence, that he may be left to himſelf, void of advice in the neceſſity of his affairs, he will keep his mouth cloſe ſhut, though he hazard a drowning within, for want of opening the ſluſgate of his body to give ſome vent to that ocean of liquor he drank, for the glibber carrying on ſome notable deſign. If he diſcourſe any thing, it ſhall be about matters indifferent; and if he pre-

tend to tell you a ſecret, engaging you to ſilence; it is only to try your truſt, for it is ſo well contrived, he matters not what man hears it.

I have often been ready to laugh out-right when I have ſeen him affronted or abuſed with expreſſions more than civil: in bridling of his Cholerick juſt reſentment; Oh how he hath chew'd upon the bit; fleſh and blood would not ſwallow thoſe words; thoſe bitter Pills the ſtomach rifes againſt; yet prudence made him do it, though he prick'd his chops, like the Aſſe eating thiſtles: reaſon told him he could not do amiſs in hiding the reſentment of ſuch affronts and offences; becauſe it gave him not only the better means of revenge, if the matter deſerved it, but alſo to prevent a further provocation, leſt he who hath offended him, ſhould bury him in greater miſchiefs, thereby to diſenable him for ever from proſecuting a revenge. Not but that he knows there are ſome occaſions wherein ſilence would be ſuſpected; for where a great offence is committed, and the perſon ſuffering is ſilent, any rational man will look upon him either as a ſenſleſs lump of ſtupidity, or that his anger is only ſtop'd for the preſent, that it may break out with greater violence in the execution of its vengance: wherefore he will ſometimes expreſs his diſpleaſure, but in ſuch a manner, that the lightneſs of the complaint may

make

make him believe, that for the future, the remembrance of it ſhall be obliterated, and no revenge ſhall enſue hereafter.

VVhatever he hears material, he treaſures up in his breaſt, and is hardly induced to make any one the Secretary of his intelligence: He never communicates any thing of that ſtock, but when he ſees a palpable advantage will accrue thereby; for if he diſcover any thing ſaid, or is to be done to the injury or great prejudice of his ſuppoſed Friend, he does it only to inſinuate himſelf into Credit and Confidence, and when the report is found true, if he be a grateful man, he cannot go without reward.

Sometimes he finds it neceſſary to ſeparate two, by forging Lyes one againſt the other, ſo ſubtilly contrived, that by circumſtances they ſhall believe them real truths: This he does by pretending a real Friendſhip to both, and no prejudice to either, till he hath made the wounds of their Friendſhip incurable, and then is his time to ſtep in, and ſupply the place of him he lately diſpoſſeſt.

More ſhall be ſaid hereafter, in what particular caſes this reſerved humour ſtands him moſt in ſtead; and therefore I ſhall paſs to the next Member, which is *Diſſimulation*, none of the leaſt requiſite Qualifications of a *Wheedle*.

The third Qualification of a Wheedle;
Diſſimulation.

HE thinks there is as abſolute a neceſſity of diſſembling his words, as ſaying his prayers, and is never better pleas'd with them, than when they look like *Janus*, with two Faces, or like the *Devils Oracles*, with a double conſtruction: And thus he will proteſt how entirely he loves you, when he hates you mortally; much like a *Neopolitan*, who will imbrace you with one arm, and with the other hand ſtab you to the heart. Should he be really a ſervant to as many as he ſeems to be, when he crys *Your Humble Servant*, he would have as many Maſters as *London*'s *Conflagration* conſumed Houſes. To all theſe he vows an abſolute Command, but they muſt be poſſeſt of more Rhetorick than ever *Quintillian* was Maſter of, if they can entreat him to do any thing but what ſhall tend to his own advantage; if you had followed him as cloſe at the heels as I have done, you would not forbear ſmiling to obſerve how many he hath beguiled with his kind proffers, who had not the diſcretion to diſtinguiſh between a general promiſe, and that which is particular; for all his proffers, as they are univerſal, ſo he looks not upon them as binding: For example, he proteſts

proteſts ſolemnly he will do any thing for you; but come to the puſh, he will do nothing but what future profit ſhall perſwade him to; ask to borrow money of him, he tells you he was obliged by his VVife, before Marriage, to the contrary; deſire him to be bound with you, the Scrivener ſhall have an *Item* from him not to take him as Security ſufficient; if arreſted, entreat him by Note to be your Bail, and ten to one he will ſend you word himſelf, that he is not within. Never mind his promiſes; for, as Mr. *Earle* ſaith in his Characters, he accounts them but a kind of unmannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners not to exact them, if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that you cannot diſtinguiſh between what is ſpoken, and what is meant.

He may be fitly compared to the civil Ghoſts *Æneas* met with in his deſcent to Hell, that were Friends to talk with, and Men to look on, but graſping them he found them Air which glided through his Fiſt. One great part of his time he imploys in the ſtudy of pleaſing expreſſions, and fine phraſes, of which he is no Niggard, but keeps open houſe with them for all *Comers* and *Goers*; if any one is taken with them, and ſo miſtakes the Broacher of them for a Friend, inſtead of *Juno* he graſps an empty Cloud, for theſe are the baits he catches *Gudgeons* with, and the

gaudy Artificial Flies the unwary rash *Trout* is betray'd by to its destruction. If he get any one by the Ear, his breath is so infectious, that it is ten to one he Fly-blows it, and Maggots his understanding; and from the corrupting of his manners, he works him into what form he pleases, and frames him as he list; and when he hath effected his designs to the utmost, all the *Fop-Gallant* can say, is, that he was cheated in a very fair obliging manner, and abused with the greatest respect.

Take a view of him as he walks in the streets, and you shall observe his company, *if it* be not good, yet it shall be gaudy; and who can distinguish men by their out-sides? external appearances frequently deceive our imaginations, and hood-wink our understandings; goodness of Apparel frequently belyes the greatness of an Estate, in telling the VVorld, that the Globes of the Door-posts being guilt without, the house contains nothing but Gold within.

Sometimes this *Wheedling Rascal* will insinuate himself into Society that is really Virtuous, and Noble, and then his greatest ambition is to be seen, and useth an hundred stratagems to be publickly taken notice of in that company; for this he knows must pass for a Rule infallible, *that men shall go under the same account, and character of the company they consort with:* Pares cum paribus

bus facilimè congregantur; *like to like, quoth the Devil to the Colliar*; and therefore our *Wheedling Polititian* will never appear abroad, if he can help it, accompanied with persons, whose habits do, or actions have rendred them scandalous, or villanous, fearing lest the censure of the people should justly fall on him for such Association. Mistake me not, he never desired to be good, but he would not seem bad, and for no other reason, than that he finds it a prejudice to business; and therefore he is a constant *Hearer*, and goes to Church, not for any love he bears to it, but for fear of censuring Neighbours. Oaths he hates, because they are unprofitable; and when he hears them belcht through a profane sulphurous mouth, he flies from them faster, than *Satan* at the Name of *Jesus*.

Lyes he looks not on as half so sinful, and sometimes questions whether they are a sin or not, when a round sum hath been the Product of their falsity; yet he hates to tell a Lye so, that every one may take notice of it: He lays his Lyes close, and hath always some pretence in readiness to justifie them; if he fears he shall be detected, he plays the *Hocus*, and like a *Jugler* with his Ball, crys *Præsto*, *be gone*; then by a quick conveyance tells you he hath none of it, but such a one hath it, and so shifts off the infamy to another. By these means, and a thou-

sand

ſand other *Wheedling tricks*, (too many to inſert in this Chapter) doth this crafty *Diſſembler* endeavour to palliate his own faults, and by a ſeeming Sanctity obtain the good Opinion of the people, that he may cheat them more infallibly, and with leſs ſuſpition.

Ἑαυτὸν δ' οὐδεὶς ὁμολογεῖ κακοῦργον.
Seipſum nullus fatetur eſſe malum.

There is another ſort of *Wheedle*, (of whom I ſhall treat of in his due place) but he is a Fellow that is debaucht in the higheſt degree, and yet he too would fain have ſome excuſe for his ſins and treſpaſſes, though profanely; for if any one tax him with Venery, and condemn him for making his body a Burnt-offering to his inflamed Luſt, he will ſeek to juſtifie, and acquit himſelf with this Plea, and to ſeem wittily wicked, asks you, *What did* David *ail when he complained of his bones, and his ſore ran down in the nigh?* If that won't ſtop the mouths of his Accuſers, but they ſtill reproach him for a common *Placket-hunter*, whom *Plague*, nor *Pox*, no nor the dreadful ſight of his late Fluxing Chirurgeon can ſtop in the carier of his Luſt and VVhoring, he then pleads, that though *Solomon* was the wiſeſt of men, yet was he over-rul'd by VVomen, and ſo addicted to their Society, and delighted

lighted in variety, that the Houſe wherein he kept them for his own uſe, exceeded in greatneſs the Grand *Seraglio*, as much as *London* doth St. *Albans:* if he build Sconces, and run every where on ſcore; then he pleads that S. *Paul* pawn'd his Cloak. This is he that is like a *Tumbler*, and dares ſhow tricks of activity upon the very brink and Precipice of Hell, and play at *hide and ſeek* with the Devil, till at laſt he catches him in his Clutches, as the Cat does her wanton prey, and ſo ſpoils his ſport on a ſudden, when poſſeſt with the greateſt ſecurity.

The fourth Qualification of a Wheedle, Flattery.

THe next thing we ſhall inſpect is the *Flattery* of this *Philautiſt*, or *Wheedle*, whereby he captivates Fools, neither can the wiſeſt at all times eſcape him; for he is the Picture of a Friend, and by that means is miſtaken for what he is not; and as it is commonly obſerved, that Pictures uſually flatter, ſo he ever ſhews fairer than the ſubſtance; and although there be a vaſt diſproportion between him and a true Friend, yet in all outward appearances of Friendſhip he is more pleaſing, becauſe he ſeems to love for no other end than advantage; whereas a true Friend, unbyaſſed by intereſt, will take the liberty

berty to tell his Friend what faults are obſerveable in him, whereas he dare not do it for fear of offence, and ſo will not looſe his hold, for fear of loſing his deſign.

And that he may not have his labour for his pains, by undertaking any fruitleſs work, he will never yoke himſelf with one whom Fortune hath rendred incapable of loſing any thing worth the taking notice of; his aim is at ſuch who ſtand aloft, or ſuch whoſe plentiful condition tempt his pains to deceive them. Such men are his Books, which he continually ſtudies; he plumbs their underſtanding, then gets a perfect knowledge of their humours, inclinations, paſſions, *&c.* having learn'd them ſo well, that he knows them better than themſelves: by this door, by this breach he hath made in their affections, he enters upon their Souls, of which he is able at laſt to take the very mark, or impreſſion, and faſhion his own by it, like a falſe Key to open all your choiceſt ſecrets. Having thus riggled himſelf into a familiar acquaintance with your inward Faculties, he then makes his affections jump even with yours; nay, he will be ſo perfectly skill'd in all thoſe he intends to bubble, that he will be before-hand with them with their thoughts, and be able, in a manner, to ſuggeſt them to themſelves. He never commends any thing to you, but what he knows you like;

like; and what you like, if not conſiderable, he will ſtrain his Credit to purchaſe to make you a Preſent thereof for his future benefit: A piece of policy I uſed when I was a Child, to borrow pence of my Brothers to buy my Parents *Fairings*, or *New-years Gifts*, whereby my Pennies multiplied into Shillings. This, as a Juvenile practice to Relations, is not excuſable only, but allowable; but where Gifts are otherwiſe beſtow'd, as ſnares to intrap the Receiver, which he takes as men do *Vomits* or *Pills*, which undoubtedly will work with him, to the purgation and clearing his Pocket of a ſum ten times the value, it is not. *Martiall* complains ingeniouſly of ſuch ſordid actions to *Gargilianus*, *Epig. lib.* 1.

Sordidius nihil eſt, nihil eſt te ſpurcius uno,
Qui potes inſidias dona vocare tuas.
Sic avidis fallax indulget Piſcibus hamus;
Callida ſic ſtultas decipit eſca feras.

There's nought more vile than thee, no baſer ſhift,
Who cal'ſt thy ſnares by the falſe name of gift.
So the falſe Hook for greedy Fiſh doth wait,
And fooliſh Beaſts caught by another bait.

He will borrow money of you to try how good his credit is, and he will be ſure to pay it ac-

according to his time, that thereby he may have the opportunity of borrowing a larger ſum he ne're intends to pay; and he knows afterwards how to keep out of the danger of an Arreſt, by changing Lodgings, as often as VVhores change Names, and Lovers.

To conclude with the *Flattery* of our *Wheedle-Maſter-General*; as he takes an Inventory of your humours, inclinations, and paſſions, ſo he hath a Catalogue of your Friends and Foes ſtrangely Regiſtred in his Memory, not eaſie to be eradicated. To your Friends he ſpeaks nothing but Panegyricks in your behalf, knowing they will tell you how much beholding you are to him for his good Opinion; to your Enemies all his diſcourſe is nothing but aſperſions, and reproaches, and whatſoever he gathers from them, tending to your diſrepute and detriment, he haſtily runs to inform you, with all the aggravating circumſtances the Devil can invent: in requital of this kindneſs you cannot but eſteem him your Friend, eſpecially when you hear him ſay, *I proteſt I ſpeak not this out of any prejudice I have entertain'd againſt ſuch and ſuch, but only that I hate to hear my Friend abus'd, and I not tell him of it.*

He hath one pretty knack in making a man believe himſelf to be a very wiſe man, and of a deep judgment, by framing or forging a ſecret, which

which with a ſtrict injunction to ſilence, he whiſpers in his ear, and then beſeecheth his advice and counſel, and whatſoever he ſays, is perſwaded. To what he ſpeaks, he liſtens with as much attention, as a Malefactor receiving Sentence; and if he object any thing, it ſhall be ſome trifle on purpoſe to be confuted, and then with a ſmall elevated caſt of the eye, he ſwears, *I never thought of that, which is as good counſel as the whole World can afford*; and then with a ſmiling hug, and a thouſand thanks, he vows he will follow it to an hairs breadth; and taking his leave, he never thinks of it afterward, unleſs askt the queſtion.

If he happen to be in the company of VVit-pretenders, where he eſpies a fit thing to be made a Friend, and a Fool of, he narrowly watcheth every word which drops from his mouth; and if caſually any ingenious Froth ſhould hang at the corner of his Jaw, he bids the whole Company to take notice of it, whilſt he is ready to burſt with an over-flowing ſtrained laughter; and leſt the others treacherous memory ſhould not treaſure up this Golden (worthleſs) ſaying, he remembers it for him to all Companies, and will laugh longer again than any can laugh with him: *Rides? Majore cachinno concutitur.* Juven. This canſleſs laughter puts one in mind of *Cariſophus* the Paraſite

to

to *Dionyſius*, who ſtanding at a great diſtance, and ſeeing his Maſter laugh with ſome of his Friends, he fell alſo into ſo loud a fit of laughter, that *Dionyſius* askt him why he laught; *Becauſe* (ſaid he) *ſeeing you laugh, I imagin'd you ſpake ſomething deſerving laughter.*

Cliſophus, another Paraſite to *Philip* of *Macedon*, pretended himſelf lame, becauſe the King had broke his Leg, and being about to be ſet, made the ſame grimaces, or ſcurvy faces, the pain extorted from King *Philip*: Suitable to what is ſtoried in our own Country, that becauſe *Richard the Third* held his Head aſide, the Courtiers (he being their Preſident) made it a Faſhion. Thus *Martial* doth deſcribe a Flatterer, *Epig. lib.* 12.

Mentiris? credo: recitas mala carmina? laudo.
Cantas? canto: bibis Pontiliane? bibo.
Pedis? diſſimulo; gemma vis ludere? vincor.
Res una eſt ſine me quam facis, & taceo.
Nil tamen omnino præſtat mihi mortuus, inquit,
Accipiam bene te nil volo, ſed morere.

Lye? I believe. Thy verſes bad? I praiſe.
Do'ſt ſing or drink? My voice and Boul I raiſe.
Do'ſt fart? I'm deaf. Do'ſt play? th'aſt con-
(quer'd me.
What e're thou doſt, is all alike to me.

But

But, ſays *Pontilian*, don't me death deny:
I'le except nothing, but I'm loth to dye.

This *Flatterer* will not adventure to chide you for your Vices, but (which is ſtrange) for your Virtues; as, *you are too good, too juſt, too pious, or too temperate; Religion is not ſo ſevere to exact ſuch Penance from you; there is more liberty given you, than you take, &c.* His aim in this is to chide you out of your Virtues, which he hath nothing to do with, it is your Vice he makes uſe of, and wherein you may beſt uſe him; for he is never more active than in the worſt diligences. Laſtly, having diſpoſſeſt you of your ſelf, you are his, or any mans that will give him a hire to betray you. This Fellow is the Devils Principal Secretary of State, who for his own Advantage, and the Ruin of others, can like the *Cameleon*, turn himſelf into all colours but Red and White, the Emblems of Shamefac'dneſs and Innocency. Thus *Alciat in Adulatores, Emb.* 53.

Semper hiat, ſemper tenuem, qua veſcitur; auram
Reci procat Chamæleon:
Et mutat faciem, varios ſumetque colores,
Præter rubrum, vel candidum,
Sic & Adulator populari veſcitur aura,
Hianſque cuncta devorat:
Et ſolum mores imitatur Principis atros,
Albi & pudici neſcius.

Chameleons always fed with Air that's thin,
Gaping for more, it turns that back agen.
It changeth ſhape, nay changeth colour too,
But with the Red and White hath naught to do:
Thus *Adulators* fed by vulgar breath,
Gape, and devour ſtill, till devour'd by Death.
Great mens black ſins they Ape with healths ex-
(pence,
And lives, and dies, not knowing Innocence.

The Fifth Qualification of a Wheedle, Feigned Patience.

A Pretended *Patience* is none of the leaſt advantagious Qualifications appertaining to our *Wheedle*; who if he will be excellent in his Art, muſt endeavour to bridle his paſſion upon all accounts: Let him often con that ſaying of *Bion*; *Magnum malum eſſe, non poſſe ferre malum,* that it is a great evil not to be able to endure an evil.

This Patience is imploy'd two ways, in ſpeaking, and doing; in ſpeaking, when by reproachful provoking expreſſions choler prompts a man to return an anſwer ſuitable; but that is imprudence, according to *Euripides*, Δυοῖν λεγόντοιν, *&c. Altero duorum colloquentium indignante, is, qui ſe non opponit, plus ſapit.* He is the wiſeſt man that ſhuns

ſhuns oppoſition, and controverſie; but if he cannot ſo avoid it, but that he muſt be ingaged therein, let him diſcourſe as unconcern'd as he may, leſt his raſh heat may make him loſe the opportunity by loſing him he did intend to make his Friend: But above all, let him have a care of oppoſing him in whoſe power it lyes to do him an injury, but rather ſuffer all, and not contravert any thing, though it may ſeem never ſo contradictory to Senſe and Reaſon. Thus was *Lucius Metellus* (as you may read in *Tacitus*) his Wiſdom by his Patience ſeen; when ſitting in *Senate*, and unworthily reviled by a Great Man, he only anſwer'd, *Potentia tua, non patientia mea eſt accuſanda*; thy Power, and not my Patience is to be condemned.

Patience may be moſt advantagiouſly uſed, by ſupporting and diſſembling of injuries: There is nothing betrays a man to more folly, than babbling paſſion, by which men are frequently diſplaced, and thrown out of very conſiderable imployments, who when the heat is over, are ready to hang themſelves for being ſo raſh and inconſiderate. 'Tis true, the venting of a Splenitick Humour, highly obliges the Fancy for the preſent, but it is the *Cut-throat* of all future deſigns. That *Courtier* doubtleſly had never continued ſo long in favour of the *Court*, had he not bridled his paſſion; who being aſkt by a

Noble-man what means he uſed to keep himſelf thus firm, for ſo many years, in Courtly eſteem, anſwered, *It was by a patient ſupporting injuries, and returning thanks in lieu of revenge, where he ſaw he could not effect it to any advantage:* And to avenge a mans ſelf unprofitably, (though it be ſweet) is in my Opinion as great a madneſs, as for an injur'd revengeful *Italian* to drink up a Pint of the rankeſt Poyſon, ſo that his Enemy will drink but half the quantity.

Now as our *Wheedle* muſt patiently endure all the affronts and contumelies that are thrown upon him by them, from whom he hopes for gain, abandoning his own humour, and giving the full ſwing to theirs, how ridiculous ſoever, if not hurtful; ſo he muſt exerciſe his *Patience*, by being diligent in the management of his affairs, and not to be diſmay'd, or deſiſt if he meet with obſtacles and repulſes, not reſting himſelf on one ſingle event, but with perſeverance, and againſt all oppoſition, muſt ſtill carry on his deſign; but with this caution, that he precipitate nothing, but always wait upon occaſion. Of this I ſhall ſpeak more at large in that Chapter, wherein I ſhall declare how a Serving-man, or any other Servant, exerciſeth the *Art of Wheedling* for Self-intereſt.

The Sixth Qualification of a Wheedle, Humility.

IF you will but conſider, how ambitious man is, and how much he covets honour, and reſpect, you will then conclude *Humility* to be an excellent Trap or Gin to catch ſuch *Wood-cocks*, who having nothing ſplendid in themſelves, ſeek, nay dearly purchaſe ſometimes theſe outward appearances, and ſubmiſſions from others, to force or extort an Eſtimation from the people; and never do theſe *Fops* more betray how conſcious they are of the poorneſs of their own Merit, than when they liberally reward their cringing Admirers. *Humility*, as it is the loweſt ſtep to the higheſt Stair-caſe, ſo it is always the dirtieſt, and yet it is the firſt ſtep to the top: he that will ſafely mount, and that ſecurely too, to the ſummity of Honour, ought gradually to aſcend, beginning with the loweſt ſtep, *Humility*, if otherwiſe, by precipitating, he may endanger the breaking of his Neck.

The wary *Wheedle* knows this very well, and will not omit any opportunity, wherein he may make uſe of ſo gainful, though ſeeming poor and ragged companion: & though he entertain within never ſo great a Pride, and Ambition, yet it is prejudicial to ſhow it, and therefore he conceals

that Vice with a pretended Humility, which he makes appear in his outward Behaviour five several ways; in his Apparel, Countenance, Gestures, Words, and Actions.

First, his garb he suits according to the people he is concern'd withal; If this *Proteus* hath any business with sober Citizens, he endeavors to Cloath himself civilly, not Phantastically *A la mode*, whose Breeches prevent the question, *What, would you have your Arse hung with Points?* Yet his Cloaths are not so absolutely out of Fashion, but that they have some Affinity and Relation to what is in present Vogue and Estimation, at least they stand Neuter, or equally concern'd with the present and precedent fashion.

If his business lie among the *Saints*, (as they call themselves, those perverse and obstinate Dissenters from the Church of *England*) he then attires himself as contrary to the Mode, as he can find presidents among them, and cares not how ridiculous his garments appear in the Eyes of the *Wicked*, so that thereby he may Cheat and Cozen the *Godly*.

As for his *Countenance*, he frames that according to the Nature of the People he is to converse withal that day; if with Merchants, or wealthy Tradesmen, he takes a modest liberty to be chearful, with a moderate laughter, not loud,

loud, nor flouting, and if he fears he hath exceeded his bounds therein, he ſoon recalls himſelf by a modeſt regard, and reconciles himſelf to himſelf, and the Company by what obſequious and reſpectful Ceremonies he can think of, proper to the preſent occaſion.

If he be in a Phanatical Society, he takes ſpecial cognizance of their countenances, and frames his as like them as he can, which is a hard matter for him to do, (by reaſon of the Variety) without a great deal of Practice. As firſt for his Eyes, they muſt for a while be fixt, and ſtand ſtill, as the Sun in *Joſhua*'s time, and then on a ſudden, leſt any ſhould ſay, *black is his eye*, there is nothing to be ſeen but the whites; for his ſight is gone, into the Labyrinth of his Brain, in ſearch of his Soul, to ask the Queſtion, whether ſhe is ready for her Journey to Heaven. Next he imitates the pulling down of the neather Jaw to make his face look long and lean, the certain *inditium* of the Mortification of the fleſh; the next is the contraction of his Lips, the gathering up of his Chin, the thruſting out of his Head, and the four Faces he makes, would make one believe, that he is about to make a Cloſe-ſtool of his Breeches, and being very Coſtive, he ſtrains hard, but cannot do it without the help of a skilful Midwife, a known Profeſſor.

In the third place we muſt conſider his words, which are very pleaſant, and always like blancht Almonds ſet in white Sugar; when he hath tickled your Ears ſo long as his Invention will hold out, or the occaſion permit, he then will give others leave to ſpeak, and will hearken with profound Reverence and Attention, applauding every thing that is ſpoken, not daring to interrupt with the leaſt contradiction, and at the end of the Diſcourſe, concludes *he never heard more Reaſon till then uttered, in ſo ſhort a time; that each ſyllable contain'd a whole world of deep wiſdom and underſtanding*; and then a little after, takes him aſide whom he hath thus applauded, and by ſome plauſible pretence, borrows an Angel of him to be his Guardian to his Habitation. Sometimes as his neceſſity compels him, he ſteps into a Meeting-houſe, and there takes his Cue to hold forth a while, and being out of breath, he concludes his Nonſence with the Perſecution of the Saints; and by laying open their grievances, he tacitly hints at his own Poverty, and exhorts them to Brotherly love and Compaſſion, and is then recompenced for his vain Babble by a plain Contribution: but more of this in its proper Chapter of the Non-conforming Teacher.

Laſtly, let us take a view of his Humility in his *Actions*, and that in a three-fold manner; firſt,

firſt, to Superiors let there be all Reverence and reſpect ſhown, that thereby he may give them to underſtand how well he knows his Duty, and how much he admires, and honours their Dignity and Perſons, by this means he invades their Affections, and by the perſeverance of this reſpectful Deportment, he in time ſo overcomes, or conquers their former Indifferency to do him good, that now they zealouſly ſtudy how to promote his Intereſt.

Secondly, where any thing is to be gotten, he will deſcend below his Equals, filling their Bladder with the wind of vain Applauſes, knowing when to prick and let it out again when he pleaſes. This condeſcention gains him very great Eſtimation amongſt the Sober and Judicious, who look upon him to be a very humble man indeed that will ſubmit to his Equals; but eſpecially in the third place, when they ſee he does it even to thoſe who are Beneath him, and are his Inferiors; this gains him credit, whether a Tradeſman or not; for every one Believes as he is no proud Man, he cannot eaſily be a profuſe Man, and he that hath ſo much diſcretion in his humble Carriage, hath ſo much judgment to manage his buſineſs and expence with Prudence and Moderation, by which means the fear of what mony is lent, or goods intruſted, will not be miſ-imployed, but having

having made proper and good use thereof, the Creditor will in due time be repay'd satisfactorily, and with gratitude.

Before I conclude this Chapter, it is requisite I tell you how cautious our *Wheedle* is in the practice of his Humility; for he carefully observes a Mediocrity, not debasing himself too low, lest it should render him Despicable, but restraining his Humility within the bounds of Courtesie, and decent Affability; by his gentile Salutations and civil carriage, he obliges all, either Superior, Equal, or Inferior, imitating *Cæsar*, who wone the Peoples hearts by Caressing, and flattering even the vilest that were among them; and if we will but look home, we shall find several of our Nobles and Gentry have risen to a vast height of popularity, by being not indebted to the Commonalty for Civility, but rather making them their Debtors, by giving them such Presidents of an Humble, Sweet, and generous Deportment, that it was impossible for them to imitate; but I must desist from further enlarging this Chapter, having unawares fallen into the Seventh Qualification of a *Wheedle*.

The Seventh Qualification of a Wheedle, Civility.

Civility is another Ingredient which contributes to the compoſition of our *Wheedling Proteus*; and this is moſt obſervable in theſe four things, Choaths, Countenance, Words, and Actions.

His habit ought to be ſuited according to the people he is to concern himſelf withal, never ſuperfluous or Phantaſtick, yet proper and ſometimes indifferently Faſhionable, ſometimes improper, when (as I have ſaid before) treating of his humility, neceſſity compels him to joyn with the Brethren *for the edification, and building up of the outward man.* He muſt have a ſpecial care of his Countenance, it muſt be full of Kindneſs, continually ſmiling, avoiding feigned or affected ſimpering, for that is utterly deſtructive diſcovering the Hypocriſy of his heart too plainly; and all ſour looks muſt be utterly baniſht his company; in ſhort his looks much be like the Companies, in every reſpect conformable.

His manner of ſpeaking muſt be yielding, obliging, and not polemical, or oppoſing, concluding with what every one ſays, though nonſenſe, *it is right indeed; your propoſition is undeniable; or all your Arguments are invincible.*

Laſtly,

Laſtly, his actions ſeem to aim at nothing more than what is honeſt, and juſt, whilſt he draws his arrow at profit only; when he is amongſt Irreligious perſons, who make a ſcoff at Divinity, he will be then as Debaucht as the worſt, Drink, Drab, and draw his Sword, according as the honorable company is inclined; for thoſe three Vices, if he finds them in rich men (into whoſe acquaintance he hath ſubtilly inſinuated himſelf) he makes them his Exchequer, which ſuplies him with Money, as neceſſity requires; for Drinking breeds Surfeits, which call upon the Phyſitian for remedy, and ſuch a one he knows Skilful enough to kill the Patient, with whom he goes Snips; Whores he hath enough of all Sizes and Complexions, from Female perfection in Epitome, to the largeſt Volume of the Sex, whom he furniſheth with Cuſtomers of his own acquaintance, and they repay the kindneſs with a *Pox to 'em.* What more neceſſary man in this extremity, or fitter to be ſent for, than Mr. *Wheedle*, to conſult about the Cure, who is a man of known Secrecy, and will procure an able Chirurgion, who will faithfully and ſpeedily perfect the Cure; he need not go far for ſuch a one, having always two or three brace of them at his command, with whom he agrees in groſs by the year, by reaſon of the multiplicity of Patients he helps them

to,

to, and hardly one of them Clapt, but by his Procuration.

Laſtly, he is infinitely pleas'd if any of his company in their Cups is ſo Fool-hardy as to draw, no man then ſhall be more active than himſelf to part them, blaming them much for their unadviſed raſhneſs, and pretends with his utmoſt power to make them Friends, whereas in effect, he makes their breach the wider, on purpoſe in that ſuddain heat they may challenge each other, and knowing the next day, in cool Blood, they will be ſorry for what was done, he hugs himſelf to think what fine work he will make with them both (eſpecially if inclined to Cowardice) in reconciling them together. He hath been ſo often imploy'd in deciding differences ariſing from drunken Quarrels and Challenges, that he is not ignorant in the way of doing it, but will not ſtir a foot, unleſs he is certain to receive (as the Serjeant doth) Mony on both ſides: Sometimes he will ſeem to eſpouſe the quarrel himſelf, and Fight for his Friend, (when he is ſure there is no fear of danger) and this muſt paſs for ſuch an infinite Obligation, that no ſatisfaction can be made, anſwerable to ſo great a tender of Friendſhip.

The Eight Qualification of a Wheedle, Affability.

Affability differs little from Courteſie or Civility, for they both conſiſt in all outward ſigns and careſſes, that may make a man Believe, and that confidently too, there is no perſon more Eſteemed and better Belov'd, than they by this ſubtle inſinuating *Wheedle.*

To this end, by civil Entertainments, and Treats at Taverns, he encourages his Gueſts (on whom he deſigns an advantage) to a freedom, and near familiarity with him, and the more to endear them to him, he makes a thouſand Proteſtations of Love and Service, and that they may not doubt this Reality, he will diligently wait, and never be at Reſt, till he hath found out ſome ſlight occaſion to ſhew them he is as good as his word, and thereupon ſaith, he is troubled the kindneſs is no greater, wiſhing the occaſion of a higher concern might be the *Probat* of his hearty Services.

He hates to interrupt the Diſcourſe of another, (eſpecially if it be about buſineſs) hoping to gather from thence ſome advantagious intelligence; beſides, interruption or contradiction is no ways grateful to the Speaker, and there-

fore

fore he gives him his utmoſt liberty, hearkning attentively with ſome evident ſigns of ſatisfaction and contentment, this cannot but pleaſe him, and this provokes him to diſcourſe on, nay, to the diſcovery of his very Thoughts and Deſigns, where he finds ſo much Affability; Thus Mr. *Wheedle*, by the Practice of this Art, hath got a *Gilt* ſecretly to unlock Mens hearts at pleaſure.

To ſpeak the Truth, that man who raſhly interrupts the Diſcourſe of another with eager reparties, or takes the words out of his mouth, endeavouring to Midwife his Fancy for him, or gives not attention to what is ſaid, but tells a Story, either to that purpoſe, or to any other, before the perſon hath ended his, is not only a teſtimony of contempt, but is a great piece of Ill-breeding, Rudeneſs, and Unmannerlineſs.

This *Wheedle* hath learned ſo much Prudence, as not to loſe his Friend for an inconſiderable Jeſt, or biting Reply, and is ſo wiſe, as not to be ſtrange, or offended at any Jeſt thrown upon him, becauſe by ſo doing, he doth in a manner acknowledge the truth thereof; wherefore like a *Cunningham* ſeems to ſlight it, and ſo makes others Believe there is nothing in it, thus he knows it paſſes without leaving any ill, or diſadvantagious impreſſion of him in the minds of the Hearers.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, having received any Pledge of Amity, either in Actions or Expreſſions, by promiſes of Kindneſſes, *&c.* he often makes grateful acknowledgments thereof, attributing all to the goodneſs of the Donors Nature, fraught with every thing that is excellent in Mankind, to which he gives ſo much the more Credit, by how much every one is apt to be deceived with *Philauty* or Self-love, and too eaſily will perſwade himſelf, that others believe he poſſeſſes thoſe qualities which render him agreeable, and eſteemed of all men.

The Ninth Qualification of a Wheedle, Plauſibility.

THe *Affable* and *Plauſible* Man are much alike, whoſe aim is the general Opinion, and therefore the *Wheedle* will be acquainted will Plauſibility and practiſe it too, becauſe he makes a Benefit of that eſteem his Plauſible carriage hath extorted from the Vulgar undeſervedly; in his behaviour there is obſervable a kind of faſhionable Reſpect, but no Friendſhip. He hath an excellent Command over his Patience (as I ſaid before) and his Tongue, which laſt he accommodates always to the Times and Perſons, and ſeldom ſpeaks what is ſincere, but what is civil. He conſiders who are Friends

to

to the Company, and ſpeaks well where he is ſure to hear of it again. He hath this admirable Faculty in him, he can liſten to a Fooliſh diſcourſe with an Applauſive Attention, and conceals his Laughter at Non-ſenſe, unleſs he thinks he can conveniently oblige the *Fop* therewith, and ſo blind him with an Erroneous opinion of himſelf, that he may pick his Pocket with greater facility.

Having thus given you a ſhort, but true Account of the Nine Cardinal Qualifications of a *Wheedle*, I ſhall here inſert ſome other obſervations as I gathered them here and there ſcattered in his ſubtle Practices and Deluſions.

He is one that thruſts himſelf violently into all Buſineſs, moſt commonly unſent for, unfee'd, and uſually unthankt; every mans Buſineſs he makes his own, and, in his eager buſtling, keeps ado, and does nothing in it at all, yet he cryes, *I have done what I can.* This man is wholly determin'd in himſelf and his own ends, and his Inſtrument herein is any thing that will do it. His Friends, which he hath made ſo by his Specious Deluſive Pretences, are a part of his Engines, and as they ſerve to his Operations and Deſigns, are either us'd, or laid aſide; to tell you the Truth, he knows not what a Friend ſignifies, as having never put it in Practice, but if he give any the Name, it is

an infallible Sign he hath a Plot upon that Perſon. Never more Active in his Buſineſs, than when they are mixt with ſome detriment to other mens Eſtates; and he accounts it his beſt Play at this Game (as at *Boards-end*) to ſtrike off, and lie in the place. Succesful he is frequently in theſe undertakings, becauſe he paſſes ſmoothly thoſe Rubs which others ſtumble at, as *Conſcience*, *Religion*, and the like, and gratulates himſelf much in the advantage. Oaths and Falſehood he accounts the neareſt cut to a plentiful Eſtate, and loves not by any means to go about by the tedious way of Honeſty, and Plain-Dealing; and holds him to be a Madman or a Fool, who ſaith, *That Honeſty is the beſt Policy*. He never hears a man ſpeak in the praiſe of Plain-dealing, but his Choler is ready to over-ſwell its Banks, and ready to be ſuffocated therewith, becauſe he dares not give it vent: in his thoughts he makes a piſh at Religion, yet he uſes it too, and it may be as an *Elder*, or a ſtrict Profeſſor, and is never more dangerouſly a *Devil*, than when he Perſonates a *Saint*. His deepeſt endearments is a Communication of Miſchief, and in his Concluſion, he either mounts to the height of an *Eſtate*, or the top of a *Ladder*.

This Sordid fellow hath no Eſteem for any, but Men of Eſtates, and ſuch who can and will

do him a courteſie, and when they ſpeak, he takes a world of pains to perſwade them they ſpeak nothing but *Oracles*, when they are hardly guilty of common ſenſe. One that juſtifies nothing out of Faſhion, nor any Opinion out of the applauded way, and therefore will at any time confidently Swear, *That the Pope is no man, becauſe the generality call him the Whore of* Babylon. He hates the judicious, and men of parts, for no other reaſon, but becauſe he finds it a difficult thing to circumvent them. Every mans happineſs he meaſures by their Mony, and therefore nick-names *Thrive-well* to *do well*, and Preferment he profanely calls the *Grace of God*. He knows no other content, than when his Plots hit right, purchaſing him Mony, Gallantry, and the variety of Town-pleaſures; at theſe Marks all his Studies aim at, and he holds as an idle thing all other ſpeculation.

Thus much of the *Wheedle* in general; I ſhall more at large Characterize, or Paint him in his proper Colours, when I ſhall treat of the ſeveral ſorts of *Wheedles* or Town-ſhifts, in the variety of their Myſterious Practices and Devices.

CHAP. IV.

What are the Præcognita, *or things firſt neceſſary to be known, before the Student in this* Art of Wheedling, *enter upon the Practice of the Profeſſion.*

I Have in the foregoing Chapters, given you an Account of the Nine firſt requiſite Qualifications of our *Wheedle*; in the next place I ſhall endeavour to diſcover what other things he conſults for his Advantage, before he puts in practice his Art of Inſinuation, which indeed are the principal diſcoverers in the profitable Science of reading or knowing Men.

Man is a difficult Book to be read, if we only take an outward view of his Perſon and Actions; for without much caution, and circumſpection, they may both prove dangerouſly deceitful, though it's ſaid, *That the Face is the Index of the Mind*, yet Experience tells us, it is no infallible Indicium of the Nature or Diſpoſition of the Perſon. For which cauſe *Socrates* would not believe his own Eyes, but his Ears rather; for, when a Youth was highly commended to him for his excellent Parts, and great endowments of Mind, he did not pry into his

his outward Feature, which was admirable, and needed not to have demurred his approbation of him, if that lovely hew, and ſweet countenance would have done it, but took a contrary way, by asking him, *Loquere puer, ut te videam*, which *Seneca* alluded to in one of his Epiſtles, *Videre, & non eloqui, nec videre eſt*, which puts me in mind of an *Italian* Proverb, *A Lucca te vidi, a Piſa te conobbi*, I ſaw thee at *Lucca*, I knew thee at *Piſa*; he had an external ſuperficial View of him at one place, but by converſe he gain'd an inward acquaintance with him in another.

Yet it muſt nor be denied, but that the Eye is the Caſement of the Soul, through which we may plainly ſee it, as one lately ſaw the Pride of a Rich *Phanatick* through his thread-bare *holy* Cloak, as he was going to a *Conventicle*, upon one of his own *Solemn Days of Humiliation.*

The Tongue is the trueſt Touchſtone of the Heart, and Herauld of the Mind, but not always; for what is more deceitful and treacherous than it; how ſweetly will it *Wheedle* to obtain its end; lye and flatter to propagate Intereſt; and hath ſo full a command, and power over the Heart, that it can utter nothing without her aſſiſtance; and when the Tongue pleaſeth, will corruptedly ſpeak what the Heart dictated.

Again, (as one well obſerves) *all is not Gold that gliſters*; and it was well obſerved by a Philoſopher, concerning a young man that was well proportioned and ſpoke ill, *a Leaden Rapier in a Golden Sheath*; Nero's *Beard in a Golden Box*; *wrinkled Faces*, and rugged Brows, lurk under ſmooth Paint; a rotten Nutmeg gilt over, or a gaudy outſide with a Baudy rotten inſide; an old deformed Woman in a New-faſhion'd Gown; yet on the other ſide, when we ſee a Body well framed, as wrought out of the pureſt Virgin-wax, as tempered with the cunning hands of beauty and favour, enriched with the very prodigality of Nature; ſhall we ſay this golden Mine affords only leaden Metal? This is no wonder, no rare thing to ſee Wit, Wiſdom, and Virtue in fellowſhip, or in one Houſe-hold with Beauty; wherefore we muſt not cenſure too far by the outward reſemblance, or elſe to inſtruct knowledge it ſelf in this: *That always to ſee, is not to know.*

Neither can any ſee the Deformity of the Soul by the blemiſhes of the Body; not but that a man may give a ſhrewd conjecture, and many a hanging look hath preſaged his certain going to the Gallows, ſome years before the approach of that ſad *Cataſtrophe.*

I cannot deny but that we may gather ſomething from outward appearances; for men large-

ly

ly ſized are ſeldom witty Men we find; little Eyes in men betoken crafty, and circumventing Diſpoſitions; in Women, ſalacity or lechery, with an obſtinate ſelfiſh humour: a great head, a ſmall wit; goggle eyes, a ſtark ſtaring fool; great ears, a dull heavy Aſs; large breaſted, long liv'd; a plain unfurrowed brow, liberal; thick nails, harſh hair, and a groſs hard skin, are certain ſigns of a dull underſtanding; a fat belly beſpeaks a little ingenie, becauſe the ſubtile Spirits are affected with groſs and turbulent Fumes which darken the underſtanding.

Fat Panches make lean Pates, and groſſer bits
Enrich th' Ribs, but Bankrupt quite the Wits.

This will not hold good, if you examin the great Wit, notwithſtanding the corpulent Body, of Doctor R. W.

Now ſince theſe are no certain Signs, which may direct us to the knowledge of Mankind, let us conſider what other helps remain, which I find to be four, very important and neceſſary to be underſtood by all the *Students* of this *Art* or *Science*, *viz.* The four Temperaments or Humours, Inclinations, Paſſions, and Converſation: of theſe I ſhall ſpeak in order.

CHAP. V.

Of the four Principal Humours or Complexions. Of the Sanguine.

ALL Natural Bodies have their compoſition of the mixture of the four Elements; Fire, Air, Water, and Earth: from the Dominion of any of theſe, or their qualities, each Temperament or Conſtitution hath its Denomination: thus *Sanguine* hath its original from Air, *Choler* from Fire, *Phlegm* from Water, and *Melancholy* from Earth; now, the *Blood* is hot and moiſt; *Choler* hot and dry; *Water* cold and moiſt; the *Earth* cold and dry.

The golden *Craſis*, or Sanguine Complexion, is (as *T. W.* deſcribeth it at large, with much Learning and Rhetorick) *The Pride of Humours, the Paragon of Complexions, and the Prince of all Temperaments:* And as a Potentate he continues his Metaphor thus: *You cannot but admire him, if you view him in thoſe Princely Scarlet Robes he is always inveſted with, ſeated in a Kingly Throne, and placed in the midſt of our Earthly City; next take notice of his Officers,* (I mean the Veins and Arteries) which are ſpread throughout his whole *Politeia*, yea, diſperſed in every Angle,

to

to execute his Commands, and carry the lively influence of his goodneſs, reviving thoſe remote parts, which without his influence, would be frettiſhed with a chilneſs, and in a ſhort time be mortified. Then conſider his wiſe ſubtle Counſellors, which daily conſort with him, for the welfare of his whole Kingdom; the limpid Spirits, the very ſeat of Divine reaſon it ſelf, the fountains of Policy, *&c.*

If we poize all theſe together, with many more, we cannot but imagine that the blood is a Cœleſtial Majeſty, or a Terreſtrial Deity, and he that is neareſt allied thereunto, comes neareſt to that *Eucraſia*, the beſt (but only conceited) Temperament, called by Phyſitions *Temperamentum ad Pondus*, which never man yet perfectly injoyed. And is it not ten Thouſand pitty's, that this excellent Temperament ſhould lye liable to more abuſes than any of the reſt; that though its Spirits have the moſt exact temper of all wherewith the Soul, as being in a Paradiſe, is moſt delighted, and for wit ſurpaſſing all, yet is the diſpoſition ſo facile, and eaſy to be wrought on, that our *Wheedle* finds him a diſh of meat made ready to his hands at any time to feed upon; but more of this hereafter.

The External ſigns by which he is known, are a live look, with a freſh ruddy Complexion; in ſpeech affable, with a graceful delivery: there

are

are ſome excellent qualifications in him, which are no ways to the purpoſe for our Wheedle to take notice of, ſavoring of too much goodneſs and virtue for him to imitate or profit by, but his other qualities (which are to him as his *panis quotidianus*) are theſe.

Firſt as he knows him to be a great Lover of Wit; there is not an applauded Book in that reſpect newly minted, but that he either purchaſeth it for him, or directs him where he may have it; and the more to ingage him, he is his *Intelligencer*-generall for all manner of witty conceits, which he gleans here and there, either in *Taverns*, *Bandy-houſes*, or *Wits Coffee-houſes*, which he bundles up promiſcuouſly together; and loads his memory therewith, or fearing by its careleſneſs any may be ſcatter'd by the way, he binds them up ſafe in his Table-book, which he ſtudiouſly cons two or three hour's before he gives them vent, that they may the better paſs for his own; and in the delivery how throughly and eagerly he conſults the countenance of this our well featur'd, and good natured Gentleman, and if he finds they pleaſantly reliſh the Palate of his Fancy, he gives him more borrow'd Sugar-plums of the like nature, till he hath ſweetned him for his own ſwallow.

By daily converſing with him, this *Raſcal* finds him, not only extraordinary kind, and

affecti-

affectionate to his Friend, but very liberal alſo; on both of theſe he works to his advantage; as to the firſt, he makes it his buſineſs to perſwade him by ſome external demonſtrations, that he is a real Friend, not only by proteſtations of Friendſhip, but by ſome petty Services which may intimate as much, and having poſſeſt him with that Belief, by a pretended preſent neceſſity, he may borrow mony of him, or by an Arreſt of his own ordering, may draw him into ſuch obligations, that the releif of the one, commonly proves the untimely deſtruction of the other.

Now, by reaſon of that lively abounding humour, he knows him to be ſalacious, or venereally inclin'd, or a great Lover of Muſick and Harmony, and being very ſociable, and willing to condeſcend to any Motion that may make an augmentation to Pleaſure, he is eaſily perſwaded to drink plentifully; theſe are three ſuch knacks the Devil could not invent better to pick mens Pockets with; and what damnable uſe doth this *Wheedling Villain* make of them, when he hath got them together. Firſt, the *Wench* muſt be procur'd, which is ſoon done, according as he finds out his harmleſs *Bubbles* inclination: he carries perpetually about him a Catalogue of all the *Whores* he can hear of about the Town, ranking them into three Columes apart,

apart; and thus diſtinguiſhed; the *Flamer*, *Friſker*, and *Waſt-coateer*: The two firſt are new names given the *Does*, or *Bona Roba's* (as the *Italian* calls a Whore) and they are the upper, and middle ſort; the laſt pitiful and mean, who by her incomes, or plying, never could purchaſe her ſelf cloaths becoming the Society of Gentlemen. This meretricious Catalogue he digeſts Alphabetically, by reaſon of the vaſt quantity of thoſe white *Cloven Devils*, with large white ſpaces between to inſert the names of ſuch he hath found out by new diſcovery; and he takes ſo good a method for finding them out, that though they change their Names and Lodgings ever ſo often, yet knowing how great a Friend he is to them, they all ſend him word when occaſion ſerves of ſuch alterations, which he puts down *de novo* in his Book; and though one of theſe Whores in a years time may have twenty names, yet ſhe can have but one body, which he ſuits his *Bubble* with, according as he finds his inclination bend, either to black, brown, red, flaxen, or any complexion whatever: but preſent bounds, before I have too far run beyond preſent bounds before I was aware on't, deſigning to ſpeak of this more at large in its proper place, when I ſhall come to deſcribe the ſubtle *Wheedling* practices of *Bands*, *Whores*, *Pimps*, *Bully's*, &c.

The

The Wench being brought, which is in a garb always agreeable to the Amoriſt, and of price according to his ability or deſire; this delicate bit will not ſeem half ſo palatable without a diſh of Muſick, which leſt the raviſhing Conſort ſhould convert his Brutiſh deſires into Seraphick Love (for to that the *Sanguine* too is naturally inclined) Madam *Van Harlot* takes him aſide into another Room, pretending to ſpeak with him about buſineſs, and there for a double expence gives him the opportunity to cool his Concupiſcence. Wine he makes uſe of to winde up the bottom, playing on the freeneſs of his diſpoſition, and being tired with the exceſs of theſe various delights, Madam and the Muſick is diſmiſt, as things no longer pertinent to his deſign, which is in courteſie to wait upon him home, that he may have the better opportunity to pick his Pocket; and if he finds the intoxicated fumes of Wine have not ſo fully contributed their aſſiſtance to his purpoſe, as he would have them, yet he knows by their heat they have done enough to ſoften the Wax of his good Nature, that thereby he hath a fair opportunity to make what advantagious impreſſion he pleaſeth upon him.

Of

Of Choler.

WEre it pertinent to my Subject, I might here give you a deſcription of *Choler*, and how many ſorts there are of it, which the Latins call *Bilis*, but I ſhall only name them, becauſe they have been ſo much diſcourſt already; there is *bilis vitellina*, of a pale yellow, *Porracea*, greeniſh; *cærulea*, *azure*, or blewiſh, and *æruginoſa*, of a ruſty colour.

The Signs whereby a man may diſcern a man of this Cholerick Complexion, are a yellowiſh countenance, or ſwarthy, red-hair'd, or of a browniſh colour, very meagre and thin, are ſoon angry, and ſoon pleas'd, like the *Sanguine*, but differs from him in this, that he is all fire, in a moment inflamed, and violent in the proſecution of his Revenge, and no man obligeth him more, than he that will any way aſſiſt him in it,

He then that will inſinuate into his affections, muſt flatter him in his unjuſt Wrath, prompt him to Revenge, inculcating the ſweetneſs thereof; thus when he hath engaged him in a Quarrel, as the Rat and the Frog in the Fable, he, like the Eagle, may hover aloft out of harms way, and ſafely make a prey of them both. How eaſily may ſuch a thing be guld, ſince his raſh

actions,

actions, for the moſt part, put a leg before his Judgment, and moſt commonly out-run it; for his Paſſion or hot Fancy is the Signal that ſets him forward, whilſt his Reaſon comes lagging in the Rear; by all men that are wiſe, he is accounted indiſcreet, becauſe he is ſo changable and inconſtant in his determinations, ever diſliking what he before approved; now, none will deny that mutableneſs, and inconſtancy are the intimates and badges whereby Fools are known, and every one knows, that Fools are the conſtant Food which Knaves do feed upon, which made a crafty Knaviſh *Broker* (whom I knew) ſay, *I will not part with my Fools for an Annuity of two hundred pounds.*

But this the Knave muſt do, if he intend to fit his humour to a hair, to be as precipitate as he, in all attempts or enterprizes: for when any thing comes into his head, which he would have effected, he hates all conſiderate delays, and will not ſtay the leiſure of a ſecond thought; for the firſt is his Reſolution, and never conſiders what the event may be. Have a care Mr. *Wheedle* how deeply you engage, or concern your ſelf with this *Hot-ſpur*, or *Furioſo*; for ſince the ground he goes on, is, *hap what may*, ſomething may happen *by the way*, in which nothing ſhall ſtop you, till you come to *Tyburn*: and thus as an obſtinate, *I will*, was his *Prologue*,

ſo

ſo *I would I had not*, may be your *Epilogue*. To conclude, this advantage may be made of him, in a humour of quarrelling, he will groſly abuſe a man, and in another humour undo himſelf to make him amends.

Of Phlegm.

THe External Signs whereby a *Phlegmatick* man may be diſtinguiſhed from all other Temperaments, are natural paleneſs of colour, (*Pallor in ore ſedet*) drowſy headed, weakly conſtituted by reaſon of the debility of Nature, occaſioned by an extream cold moiſture, correſpondent to the watry Element, wich extinguiſheth the Natural Heat in humane Bodies.

There is *Phlegma naturale, et non naturale*, from whence proceed the *Craſſum*, *Gypſeum*, *Salſum*, *Acetoſum*, and *Tenue*, all which contribute to mans diſſolution, if not timely hindred in their progreſſion; as to the cauſes and nature of them diſtinctly, with the maladies attending, I ſhall leave to the care of the Phyſitian, and meddle no further with the Phlegmatick man, than to diſcover how our *Inſinuator* or *Wheedle* makes his humour an advantagious thing to work upon.

Firſt, it will be requiſite to continue my above commenced deſcription of him, whereby he may be eaſily known; beſides his pallid hue, drowſie

drowſie head, and debile conſtitution, he is dull in conceiving and apprehending: mild natur'd, difficultly incenſed, or provoked to Anger, and egregiouſly Cow-hearted.

There are two qualities in this weakly indigeſted Phlegmatick perſon (who always looks like an old *Puritan dow-baked*) very advantagious for any, who have a mind to practiſe upon him: firſt, the dulneſs of his Apprehenſion, and Conception; being ſlenderly furniſht with what makes a man; I do not mean form, or feature, but reaſon, and underſtanding; for he is to be dealt withal no otherways than as a child, (for he is always a Boy at Mans eſtate) and no man queſtions the facility of cokeſing, and cheating ſuch an ignorant Innocent with any Toy, bearing a glittering outſide; or if it make but a noiſe in his Ear, (as a Rattle) it will either ſtill him for the preſent, or lull him into ſuch a ſleep, that you may run away with the Houſe over his Head, with whatſoever thereunto belongs, before he awakes, or if he does, and as in a maze asks you where he is, what he hath done, and what's become of this or that, it is but throwing the Child the other Play-thing, and ten to one he leaves of crying, and goes to ſleep again.

Certainly Nature hudled up this thing in haſt, and left his better part unfurniſht, or unfiniſht;

for every part of him is grown up to a perfect man, only his Brains lag behind; wherefore he wants a Tutor, though he be too old to have one, but our *Wheedle* thinks it never too late to inſtruct the ſimple and ignorant, not caring at what rate they purchaſe their experience.

I do not hence infer, that all *Phlegmatick* Perſons are Fools, but thoſe who have that humour over abounding; as they are half a dozen ſteps above a Fool, ſo they are a great many below a Wiſe man: he is a man of a good harmleſs Nature, and well meaning Mind, and wanting judgment to diſtinguiſh when good or harm is deſigned, his miſtake in either becomes equally deſtructive.

The ſecond advantage is made on the mildneſs of his Nature, and his Cow-heartedneſs.

He is a man flexible enough, but not given to loquacity, whatever you propoſe to him, he returns not his anſwer of liking or diſliking; you muſt take his *Silence for Conſent*, and if you would have it done, you muſt take him by the hand and lead him to it; if he hangs an Arſe, a threat will prick him forward, and if you abuſe him, no man takes it more patiently; or if he ſhould ill reſent it, it is but re-acting it, and then you abuſe him into a reconcilement.

He

He that intends to make him his Creature, muſt often huff him, or now and then relate what deſperate things he hath gone through, how many Duels, how many Skirmiſhes, *&c.* though he never ſaw any other Military Body but the Train'd-bands, nor never a Sword drawn, but in a Cutlers ſhop; for this is a certain rule, *that the Opinion of Valour is a good Protection to thoſe that dare not uſe it.* Thus you may get Courteſies by falling out with him, and as the buſineſs is rightly managed, his fear will prompt him to bribe you into a Pacification.

In ſhort he is a dull heavy Animal, who in Company will drink, and ſmoak as much as any, but ſpeak as ſeldom as *Baalam's* Aſs, and not half ſo much to purpoſe; he is only fit to pay Reckonings, and carry burdens, and if the beaſt be fat, he is the better for our *Wheedle* to ride upon; but let him have a care he preſerve him for his own uſe, for lending him out to others will founder and ſpoil him quite. *Cullies* and *Bubbles* muſt be kept as Spaniards do their Wives, keeping them from the ſight of all, and ſo they have the whole uſe of them to themſelves. Great beauties, and fat Fools muſt be uſed alike, the ſight of either tempts men to rob us of them, who would never have thought on't, otherwiſe, but by ſeeing the Temptation. The Gooſe may be turn'd out, when the feathers are pull'd, till then,

the rich *Fop* is dealt with by the *Wheedle*, as a wife was by her husband, who ſware to her, *he would make as much of her as he could*, and ſo he did; for, having ſpent her mony, he ſold her very cloaths from her back.

Of Melancholy.

OF all the four Temperaments, this is the greateſt enemy to life and good ſociety; as to the firſt, becauſe its qualities being Cold and Dry, do moſt of all diſagree from the lively qualities, Heat, and Moiſture; either with its Coldneſs extinguiſhing natural inherent heat, or with its Dryneſs ſucking up the native Moiſture. As to the ſecond, *Society*, as all Creatures whatever delight in it, ſo he is averſe to it, and ſeems to be a man, made to be alone. He may curſe his Godfather *Saturn* for his ill qualities; for he had them all from him; a fellow of that malignant nature, that let him be in Copulation with the beſt (though with Madam *Venus*, when ſhe is in a merry pin, and in good humour) yet will he dull, and obſcure their benevolent influencies.

A man of his temper, by his contemplative faculty, and by the aſſiduity of ſad and ſerious meditation may prove a dangerous *Machiavilian*, and may haply invent ſuch ſtratagems,

whims

whims & policies, as were never put in practice, and which may have a happy ſucceſs, ; but he is no man for a nimble denterical, pregnant, and extemporary Invention ; no man at a pleaſant Conceit, a Comical Jeſt, quaint Expreſſions, varniſh'd Metaphors, nor gracefull Delivery ; wherefore, he that intends to ingratiate himſelf into his acquaintance, muſt not think to do it with *A la mode* Songs, repetition of Witty Verſes, as Epigrams, Epithalamiums, *&c.* nor with culd ingenious Sentences out of Plays ; he had rather hear a Wolf howl at Midnight, or a Conſort of Screech-Owles, accompanied with the ſcratching Courtſhip of a dozen Cats promiſcuouſly generating ; if you Laugh, and ſhow your Teeth to him, he had rather ſee a Bear grin at him ; and the ſound of a Violin is more dreadful to him than the crowing of a Cock to a Lyon. If you intend to win his heart, you muſt endeavour to look like *Lazarus*, newly riſen from the Dead ; or like the *Dæmoniacks* coming out of the Tombs ; you muſt make no noiſe, not ſo much as open your Mouth, for fear the Air ſhould whiſtle through your Teeth, and if you muſt ſpeak, let it be ſo, as if you intended never to ſpeak more.

I pity that man that is troubled with this Malignant conſtitution, for it is the Spring of

all ſad and bad Humours, the *Aqua Fortis* of good Company; for he is a contemplative Slumberer, and ſleeps waking.

He is diſtinguiſhed from the other three complexions, by his black ſwarthy Viſage, ſlow pace, and ſad countenance; he entertains hatred a long time in his Breaſt, and is rarely reconciled to his Enemy. It is a long time before he can be made a Friend, yet he is of a kind Nature to them with whom he hath long converſed, and is conſtant in his affection and Friendſhip; and he that will obtain it, muſt humour his ridiculous Paſſions, of which he hath too many; what he Conceits, you muſt Swear is Real; for he hates contradiction, being ſo much Wedded to his own fond opinion. If he vainly imagin he is made of Glaſs, (as I have read of one that did) keep your diſtance, leſt coming too near him, he ſuſpect you for an Enemy, and that by a juſtle you deſign his Ruin, breaking his brittle Fabrick into pieces; if as another, he thinks himſelf compoſed of Butter, you muſt half ſtarve with him in the cold, rather than injure his conceit, by perſwading him to ſit by the Fire, and hazard his diſſolution; if (as *Burton* relates of one) he thinks he hath a Noſe ſo big, that the Room wherein he ſits is too little to contain it; you muſt when you give him a viſit, ſqueez your ſelf into it, for fear of hurting his Noſe,

till

till you come to the back of his Chair, there without injury to diſcourſe with him; if as another, who thought himſelf Dead, and therefore would not Eat, you muſt ſit with him in a VVinding Sheet at a Table furniſht with Meat, and confeſſing your ſelf to be Dead too, fall on, that by your Example you may perſwade him to Eat too, ſince his Brother Dead-man does it; if as another, who took a conceit he was a God, you muſt ſeemingly worſhip his *Deity*, till by your Knaviſh dealing with him, you make him confeſs his *Humanity*; if as another, he fancy he is ſo light, that he muſt wear Iron Shoes to hinder the VVind from tripping up his heels, lay your Politick weights and Stratagems on his Shoulders, till he groan under the weight of your Cozenage and Deceits. In ſhort, you muſt deal with him as with men of all other complexions, by a congruity, and ſuiting with the humour of the Perſon; for without this, the *Wheedle* ſhall miſs of his intended advantage.

CHAP. VII.

How to Wheedle or Diſſemble with all ſorts of Perſons according to their ſeveral Humours, Ages, and Conditions.

WHoſoever intends to inſinuate himſelf into the affection or Friendſhip of any perſon, Male or Female, of what Age ſoever, (proportioning his reſpects according to the Quality, Riches and Merit of him to whom he doth addreſs them) muſt throughly Study, and perfectly underſtand the ſeveral Temperaments, Inclinations, and various Motions of the will of that Man, and muſt practiſe a conformity and ſuitableneſs to his Humours and Paſſions. With a perſon of a Sanguine conſtitution, who is of a ſweet Nature, you muſt ſuit and accommodate your ſelf to the mildneſs of his Inclinations; you muſt not prompt him to Revenge, for he is apt of himſelf to excuſe the greateſt Injury that is done him, and therefore if you would ingratiate your ſelf with him, you muſt mitigate offences committed; perſwading him, with reaſon and good advice, to take a moderate ſatisfaction; this in a very high manner obliges him, as being ſo agreeable and conſentaneous to his loving and merciful diſpoſition. With

With that perſon, who is agitated and toſt to and fro in a turbulent tempeſtuous Sea of Choler, you muſt act otherwiſe; for as it is his humour openly to complain of Injuries receiv'd, ſo you muſt amplifie them with what aggravations you can moſt properly ſuggeſt; as his Cholerick Veſſel is full fraught with Revenge, (and being fearleſs of danger, ready to enterprize any thing that may gratifie that deſtructive Humour) ſo you muſt lay aſide all conſideration, and ſailing with him in that deſperate Reſolution, you muſt be guided by the Compaſs of his raſh will, purſuing all his angry deſigns with equal precipitation.

If he rails againſt any one, that hath injur'd or offended him, you muſt play the *Billings-gate* againſt him too; if he intends to procure, or create this man a thouſand Enemies, for a ſmall offence, you muſt endeavour (or ſeem) to raiſe him as many more.

In ſhort, he that would accommodate himſelf to him that is tranſported with Choler, muſt imitate him in ſome of his Actions, and ſeem not only to approve of his Paſſion as juſt, and truly grounded, but likewiſe to give him to underſtand, that your Apeſying anger proceeded from the ſame cauſe as his did, ever accuſing and reviling the cauſer thereof, praiſing Revenge, and prompting him to a ſpeedy Execution of it.

The

The *Phlegmatick* perſon is generally fearful, and therefore takes into conſideration all kind of Dangers, and his fear looking through a *Microſcope*, they appear to the deceived eye of his judgment much bigger than they are; a ſmall Mite in a Cheeſe appears as big as a ſhaggy Bear, and an Ant as large as an Elephant; it is to no boot then to perſwade him to be bold and couragious; talk to him of Wars, and you wound him to the Heart; tell him of a great Army that is preparing againſt his Countrymen, and he fanſies they are already at the Townſend; always the evil ſeems to approach nearer than it doth, and diſcovers his diſtruſt and diſtraction, by his words and countenance.

Now to condemn this man to his Face or otherwiſe, for his baſe fear and Cowardize, is to diſoblige him; for though he know himſelf to be a rank Coward, he knows withal, that it is a diſparagement to be thought ſo, and therefore you cannot pleaſe him better, than to perſwade the world that he is no ſuch Perſon, and you muſt juſtifie his fears by reaſon; that his averſion to quarrel and diſputes proceeds from prudence; that Wiſdom always hinders her Children from fighting for trifles, or were the matter conſiderable, yet diſcretion ſhould teach us to put up injuries, and not hazard a mans all in this world for an Airy ſatisfaction.

To

To counterfeit an agreeable fearfulneſs, is the way to win much upon him, and therefore in diſcourſe, Valour, and all bold enterprizes, ſhould be decryed as the effects of raſhneſs and temerity, and that their conſequences are always dangerous, and moſt commonly deſtructive. Inculcate frequently the Proverb, and comment upon it, *That one pair of legs is worth two pair of hands*; That to fly is better than to die, commending *Falſtaff* in the Play, deriding Sir *Henry Blunt* that was ſlain; there lies grinning Honour, *&c.* In ſhort, let ſafety and ſecurity be above all things applauded.

Whereas on the other ſide, he that hath to do with a bold reſolute and confident Perſon, who never enters into a conſideration of any thing that may repreſent Fear and Danger, muſt ſeem couragious and ſtout, though he be not ſo, by pretending promptneſs to proſecute his hazardous deſigns; and that he may not be ſuſpected, all his actions, which are the fore-runners to any deſperate deſign, muſt be accompanied with a cheerful and joyful countenance, as if he was more forward than the other, to enterprize any deſign whatever, though attended with all the danger imaginable, yet may he uſe an hundred Stratagems to divert him from putting any thing in Execution which may prove prejudicial to them both.

If

If this perſon doth any thing, though never ſo inconſiderable, the action muſt be prais'd above meaſure, whatſoere it be, though bad, it muſt not want applauſe, but if others will not forbear ſpeaking of it opprobriouſly, as it deſerves, and coming to his Ear, he ſeems too ſenſible of the ſhame and diſgrace, you muſt then contemn that too great regard that is given to the opinion and cenſure of men, to which thoſe who ſubject themſelves, are Slaves, that none but Fools regard what the world ſaith of them; that there is no heed to be taken of the giddy multitude, who will be talking, though they talk nothing; and therefore perſwades him not to be regulated by the meaſure of cenſuring ſeverity. Here by the way obſerve to praiſe, reſpect, and ſeemingly love whoſoever is beloved by him, in whom you intend to gain an Intereſt; and thoſe he hates, you muſt hate too, and let him know you do it, by aggravating all their ill Offices, rejoycing at any bad, and grieving at any good ſhall befall them.

If you would accommodate your ſelf to ingrateful Perſons, (which are a ſort of Cattle I may call without offence, Hell's firſt Inhabitants) you muſt then leſſen whatſoever kindneſſes he receives from others, and magnifie whatſoever he beſtows; always inculcating into his Ear, that ſuch a thing was done out of deſign, or that he

he could do no leſs than to repay one favour, ſince there was ſo many due upon ſundry occaſions.

The Envious muſt be dealt with after another manner, and that is, when you find him tranſported with Indignation and Envy, for the good which happens to any one; then muſt the worth of this perſon be vilified, that there is nothing in him which deſerves ſuch *Boons* from the hand of Fortune, but hang't ſhe is blind and inconſtant, and knows not how to reward Merit and Deſert.

And to gratifie the more this Diabolical humour, there is nothing does it more effectually, than to parallel him who is thus Envious, with him that is Envied, exalting the firſt, and debaſing the laſt; magnifying the leaſt good quality diſcernable in the one, and leſſening that which is perſpicuouſly good in the other; and that the bad actions in his life may ſmother and ſtifle his better qualifications, and virtuous inclinations, all the ſtains or blots of his whole Life and Converſation, muſt be ſtrictly lookt into, and numbered, to be ready for Repetition when the Envious ſhall malicioufly exclaim againſt this Perſon.

Laſtly, though the *Wheedle* knows the Temperament of men, with their Inclinations and Paſſions, yet he is to underſtand this, that a man

it

is not always in one humour; he may be Sour, Croſs, and Moroſe in a Morning upon an hungry Stomach, yet may be Pleaſant and Courteous after Dinner, when he hath cram'd his Crib; and for the benefit of Concoction, hath warm'd his Stomach with half a dozen glaſſes of brisk Claret; and therefore ſome have that Policy or inſight into Mens diſpoſitions, that they will not Negotiate or treat about any portant affair with any Merchant, till he hath laid the Baſis of his Deſign on a good Breakfaſt, or a plentiful Mornings draught.

Moreover, as a man may be out of humour, by reaſon of that acid humour within, which proves a *Canibal* oftentimes, and feeds upon the Stomach, for want of other ſuſtenance, ſo gain and loſs, good and bad News, ſucceſs or croſſes in any deſign, *&c.* will ſuddenly and ſtrangely alter a mans humour from Joy to Sorrow, and ſo *vice verſa.* Sometimes a mans countenance (like the Sun in *April*) ſhall look for a while pleaſant and chearful, and in an inſtant, ſome cloudy diſcontent obſcures its Face, and then it falls a Raining.

Now, ſince Joy and Sorrow govern differently, Joy being never willing with *Venus* to admit Sorrow into her Society, (*Non ſolet in lecto triſte venire Venus*) there muſt be therefore a ſpecial care had, how the preſent mirth of o-

thers

thers be diſcompoſed or diverted, by ſome unſeaſonable ſorrowful action or expreſſion; with the Joyful and Merry there muſt be a correſponding jollity. On the other ſide, if one in the depth of another mans ſorrowful condition ſhould be exerciſing his Buffoonry; by this means he would render himſelf diſagreeable and importunate; but he muſt accommodate himſelf to the parties grief, and ſuffer with him for a while; and at length by ſliding by degrees out of that dumpiſh humour, you draw him after you, leaving the ſorrow to come limping after. Mans nature is more inclined to pleaſure, than to any other thing, and therefore is the more willing to embrace it; but then it muſt be done with a ſweet inſinuation, and he that hath that excellent faculty, what may not that man effect according to the humour he is to work upon. The Man that is Melancholy, or any ways diſturb'd in mind, needeth no other Phyſician, which he knows; and therefore no mans company more acceptable than his: *O for Mr.--- ſuch a one* (cries the ſorrowful) *where is he? ſend for him. Were he here, his pleaſant diſcourſe would aſſwage my ſorrow, his company is the Antidote for an afflicted perſon*: and being come, who ſo welcome as he, what thing too good for him; whilſt they both live, by this means he is like to have his loving look, and ten to one after Death his large Legacies.

In

In ſhort the *Wheedle*, concludes whilſt there is a man living on the Earth, there is a neceſſity for him to imitate the Vices and debauches, as well as the Virtues of thoſe with whom we converſe. *Alcibiades*, who was both an Orator and Philoſopher, being at *Athens*, when he was amongſt the *Lacedemonians*, his converſation was crabbed and auſtere; when amongſt the *Thracians* a very ſpruce Gallant, and would play the *Bacchanalian* ſtoutly. Amongſt the *Jonians*, he addicted himſelf to all thoſe pleaſures they moſt delighted themſelves in, being very jovial, and as they were phantaſtick ſo was he: When he was among the *Perſians*, he imitated them in their gallantry of apparel, with other Sumptuous and Splendid habits and accoutrements, according to the humour of that (then) luxurious Nation.

A man qualified with ſuch a Spirit cannot fail to reap his advantages whereever he comes, but eſpecially at Court, or Princes Palaces, where men muſt comply, and render themſelves eaſy to conform to all ſort of Humours and Manners, as if it proceeded from a natural inclination, and not from any fawning imitation.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Some general Obſervations tending to a further diſcovery of Mens Inclinations.

IN the preceding Chapters it is indifferently proved, that the Temperaments are the moſt general and moſt eminent cauſes of the Inclinations of both Sexes, Men being inclined to ſuch and ſuch Paſſions, according to the quality of the Humours which are predominant in the Body; thus the Melancholick perſon, as he is ſad and ſerious, ſo he is commonly Politick and Ingenious: the Cholerick active, angry, and inconſtant: the Sanguine jovial and affable: the Phlegmatick ſtupid and faithful.

Beſides theſe Inrernal Characters, there are alſo many that are External, which are as Letters by which man is read and underſtood; for largeneſs of the Breaſt (according to common experience) denotes nimbleneſs, and ſtrength of the junctures: openneſs of the Noſtrils, and wideneſs of the Mouth, are Marks of courage and gluttony: a thick Neck, the fleſh hard and muſculous, and the extremities large, are ſigns

of bodily ſtrength, and ſtrong judgment: the Square Fore-head, Noſe ſomewhat big, Lips thin, and the Chin of an indifferent largeneſs, declare magnanimity and greatneſs of courage: the Stature tall and ſtreight, the Eye-brows elevated, a Majeſtick gate, and ſprightly eyes, ſignifie ambition and deſire of honour: the Forehead and Face of a ſquare figure, and the Head of a convenient bigneſs, are marks of Wiſdom, Conſtancy and Juſtice. If you will be further acquainted with theſe and other external ſigns belonging to mens Bodies, and would know their ſignification according to experience, conſult that excellent and elaborate Piece of Mr. *Sanders*, treating at large of Phyſiognomy and Chiromancy; where you will find, and whence it may be affirmed, that of all the parts belonging to Man or Woman, there is not one, but which denotes ſome particular Vice or Virtue.

Now, though theſe aforementioned ſigns, with theſe which follow, are admirable diſcoverers of intricate Man, *viz.* motion of the Body, Gate, Geſture, and carriage of it, Beauty and Deformity, Colour, Air of the Countenance, quality of the Skin, Voice, fleſhineſs of the Body, figure and largneſs of the Parts, all which proceed from External or Internal cauſes, yet ſome ſay, that theſe ſigns are not certain; but may fail in ſundry reſpects: firſt as to the external; a man may

may become crooked, or crump Shouldered by a fluxion, or by a fall; a man may ſquint by imitating another (when he was young) who lookt obliquely; ſecondly, as to the internal, a man may go ſlowly, through weakneſs by ſickneſs; thus the air of the Countenance, the Voice, Skin, and fleſhineſs of the Parts, may receive alteration upon the ſame account; an hundred inſtances I could here inſert to the like purpoſe; which will not much avail my preſent purpoſe in hand; there is no rule ſo general, but it will admit of ſome exception; yet let me adviſe the Reader, to take ſpecial notice of this caution, *Caveto ab iis, quos Deus notavit*; beware of them, whom God hath markt, I believe it is meant *in Vtero*, ſuch as come ſo markt into the world, who are like Parſons Sons, moſt commonly upon the extreams, either very good, or very bad; ſome natural marks I have taken ſpecial notice of, as mens Eyes of different colours, ſometimes one bigger than the other; a tuft of hair white, and the reſt black, *&c.* whoſoever deals with ſuch men ought to have much circumſpection; for they are generally Crafty and Knaviſh; whereever you ſee a black or brown hair'd man with a reddiſh Beard, conclude him no Woman-hater, but a hater of honeſt Women.

To conclude, he that hath attained to the diſcovery of the Inclinations, Manners, and deſigns

of other men we cannot then but acknowledge, that he hath gotten the ſureſt Guide that can be taken for a man's conduct in the whole courſe of his life, and ſhall in the right uſe thereof, not only avoid a thouſand dangers, and inconveniences, into which, from time to time he runs the hazard of falling into; but likewiſe ſupports himſelf hereby, though in the moſt tottering condition. For it ſhows the opportunities, and favourable conjunctures of time, wherein a man ought to ſpeak or act any thing to the beſt advantage, and teacheth him the manner how to do it, and if it be requiſite to ſuggeſt an advice, to inſpire a Paſſion, or a deſign, it knows all the Paſſages through which it is to be derived into the Soul.

In the compleating the ſtudy of this Art, there is nothing more requiſite, than the right knowledge of *Phyſiognomy*, which diſcovers the diſpoſition and inclination of men, as much as any thing; now he that hath got a good underſtanding therein, need not complain againſt Nature, for not putting a window before mens hearts, that their thoughts, and ſecret deſigns might be ſeen; for thoſe things fall not under the ſenſes; for though the eyes ſaw the very bottom, and all the windings, and turnings of the heart, yet could they not obſerve any thing therein, from whence they might derive the knowedge of it: Nature hath

hath made other proviſion for this diſcovery; to wit, not only voice and tongue (the Interpreters of the thoughts) but alſo leſt (out of a diſtruſt) man ſhould abuſe them, Nature hath contrived a language in his forehead and eyes, to give the other the lye, in caſe they ſhould not prove faithful. In ſhort, ſhe hath expoſed his Soul to be obſerved on the outſide, ſo that there is no neceſſity of any window to ſee his motions, inclinations, and paſſions, ſince they are apparent in his face, and are there written in ſuch viſible, and manifeſt characters; yet for all this, few have the Art of reading them, for want of humane obſervation: let us then paſs to things that are more legible, and thoſe are the Paſſions.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Paſſions in General, by which we come to know, and win upon men.

AS the depths of the Earth are obſcure places, which are not penetrated by the radiant light of the Sun, where Night and Horror ſeem to ſojourn, and there have their dwelling; ſo is the heart of man environed with darkneſs, which is not to be diſſipated, and whatſoever it conceiveth is ſo hidden, as we can gueſs thereat but by conjecture, and all the rules, and obſervations we have, or may lay down are not ſo infallible, but that they lye liable to miſtakes. For words are not always faithful repreſentations of the hearts conceptions; neither are actions always to be credited. Humane wiſdom (which vaunts it ſelf to ſee far into what is to come) is much troubled to diſcover mans intentions; and the greateſt work a Stateſman can undertake, is, when by his dexterity he endeavors to expound a diſſembling Hypocritical heart, and there to obſerve ſuch thoughts, and deſigns, as are endeavoured to be kept concealed.

Thus our *Wheedle* by policy arrives to this knowledge, which gives him rules how to ſound theſe

theſe depths, which ſeem to have no bottom. He judges of mens Meanings, by their Humours and Actions, and reads in the eyes and face, the moſt ſecret motions of the Soul, and its inclinations. He obſerves their nature by their deſigns, and ſtudies man ſo well, that he can give aſhrewd gueſs at their very thoughts, and by one piece of ſubtilty and cunning, diſcover that, which they by another ſeek to conceal. But of all theſe ways I find none more eaſy, and more certain than that of the Paſſions; for they eſcape us againſt our will and betray us by their Promptneſs, and likeneſs, as *Seneca* ſaith, *nulla vehementior intra cogitatio eſt quæ nihil moveat in vultu.* Daily experience tels us this, that it is much more hard to withhold a mans Choler, than his hand, and to impoſe ſilence to his ſufferings, than to his mouth. They mutiny without our leave, and by an impreſſion which they make in our countenance, they teach our enemies all that lies within our hearts, and invite the *Wheedle* to come, and banquet on our follies. *Horace* terms the Paſſions Tortures; *Vino tortus & Ira*; and rightly too; for as they torture us through their rigour, ſo by Violence they force us to confeſs the truth. A man muſt be very faithful to himſelf, if he do not declare himſelf, either by hatred, or vanity, and he muſt have great power, and keep them under, when our Skilful *Artiſt* undertakes to move them upon

ſome *Wheedling* account. The wiſeſt men frequently forget their prudent reſolutions, and oftentimes a Praiſe, or a Reproach draws a truth from them, which wiſdom had a long time kept concealed.

Tiberius, the Emperour, is judg'd by the Learned to be the greateſt Diſſembler that ever ſway'd a Scepter, and therefore the *Senate* trembled as oft as they were to treat with a Prince ſo cloſe, and ſo cunning; for all his words were *Ænigmas*, and his actions ſo obſcure, as that none could diſcover his intentions; notwithſtanding, one word of *Agrippina*'s ſo incenſed him, as to to make him ſay a thing which ſo agitated him, that doubtleſs he would have concealed it, had he continued in his ordinary Temper; thus was the moſt concealed man in the world betray'd by the heat of Paſſion, and by an indiſcreet anſwer diſcover'd the bottom of his heart. Our *Wheedle* hath a ſpecial care of this; for as he he is reſerved in his ſpeeches, ſo he his Maſter of his affections in ſuch ſort, as that they appear not in his viſage, nor ſparkle out in his words, nor actions; all the doors of his Soul are ſhut up, but one ſmall Poſtern for *Flattery* to iſſue out at, by which means no man ſhall fathom his depth, and thoſe that will take the pains to know him, muſt conſult Report; which way is very uncertain; for Fame is fickle, Enemies are Lyars, and Friends are Flatterers. Whilſt

Whilſt he is thus reſerved to himſelf he neglects not to inquire into other mens Inclinations, and reads in thoſe faithful Glaſſes the moſt ſecret motions of their hearts. He diligently examins what Paſſion is out of order; for if any one be, it is impoſſible to conceal it, and when it hath diſcover'd its ſelf, he preſently makes uſe thereof to his own benefit, but their certain prejudice. If women did not diſcover how much they are delighted with idle diſcourſe, they would not run much danger in their honour; for when this *Wheedle* hath diſcovered their Weakneſs, and ſhall obſerve, that they are pleaſ'd in being prais'd, he inſinuates himſelf into their likings by Flattery, and makes himſelf beloved by them, by approving of what they love. The ambitious man hath no fence againſt him, when he hath diſcover'd his Paſſions; as he eſteems of nothing more than Vain-glory, he foregoes any thing he hath to acquire it, and thinks to be a greater gainer by the Exchange, wherein he parts with real goods for empty words; and to be brief, the whole World muſt confeſs, that our Paſſions are chains which make us Slaves to all ſuch as know how to manage them well.

When the Paricide, *Cataline*, had vowed the ruin of his Country, and had reſolved to change the Roman Commonwealth into a cruel Tyranny, he corrupted all the young men by accom-

accomodating himſelf to their deſires; he appeaſed Confederates by flattering their humour; he won their good wills, by following their inclinations; and by promiſing Preferment to ſuch as were ambitious; women to ſuch as were laſcivious; and riches to the avaritious.

Thus muſt the *Wheedle* act if he intends his deſign ſhall prove proſperous; and herein he exactly imitates the Devil, who hath great lights (though he be Prince of darkneſs;) and as he knows all mens tempers, he fits all his ſuggeſtions to their deſires, and propounds nothing to them which is not conformable to their inclinations. To the proud he proffers honour, he awakens the Paſſion which poſſeſſeth them, and engageth them in unlawful ways to compaſs pernicious deſigns, and endeavours to perſwade them, that whatſoever they commit (though never ſo bad, if reputation may be gotten thereby) is glorious, and praiſe worthy. He ſollicits the voluptuous by infamous pleaſures; if he cannot commend their Villanies, he ſeeks out names to excuſe them: he terms that natural, which is irrational, and, as if Nature and Reaſon were at Enmity, he counſels them to follow the former, and forſake the latter. He encourageth the Furious to Revenge; he gives gallant Titles to ſhameful Paſſions; he endeavours to make the reſentment of an injury paſs for an act of Juſtice and Gallantry,

try, and contradicting all Maxims of Chriſtianity, he eſtabliſheth the greatneſs of courage in hatred and Murder. He perſwades the avaritious that there is nothing more generally ſought after than Riches: that our Anceſtors have reverenced it, that our Succeſſors will honour it; that people who differ in other opinions, agree in the reputation they put hereupon; that Poverty is infamous, that it is the contempt of Rich men, and indeed the ſcorn of moſt men.

Non habet infælix Paupertas durius in ſe
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit ----
There's naught in Poverty ſo bad as this,
Applaudits ne'r attend it, but an Hiſs.

In fine, theſe two colloguing Enemies, the *Wheedle*, and the Devil, undo alike by flattering men; they gain upon their underſtandings by their affections, ſo beat them with their own Weapons, and by a dangerous piece of cunning employ their Paſſions to corrupt their wills. In what manner the *Wheedle* works upon the Paſſions to his advantage, ſhall be diſcourſed in ſome following Chapters.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of the Number of the Paſſions.

DIvers are the Opinions of men about the Paſſions; ſome will have them placed in the neathermoſt parts of the Soul; ſome imagin they are framed in the Body; and thus they differ too about their numbers; ſome will acknowledge but two, as *Ariſtotle*, &c. The *Academicks* admit of four principal Paſſions, *Deſire* and *Fear*, *Joy* and *Sorrow*, and that all others are comprehended by them; thus *Hope*, *Audacity*, and *Choler*, are ranked under *Deſire*; *Deſpair*, and *Averſion* under *Fear*, and that all of them together do determine in *Joy* or *Sorrow*. The *Peripateticks* did multiply them, and grounded their Number upon the divers motions of the Soul; for the Soul (ſay they) hath either an inclination or averſion to the Objects with which ſhe is either pleaſed or diſpleaſed; and this is *Love* or *Hatred*; or elſe ſhe ſhuns them, and this is *Eſchewing*; or ſhe draws near unto them, and this is *Deſire*; or ſhe promiſeth to her ſelf the fruition of what ſhe wiſheth, and this is *Hope*; or ſhe cannot defend her ſelf from the Evil which ſhe apprehends, and this is

Deſpair;

Deſpair; or ſhe endeavours to withſtand it, and this is *Audacity*; or ſhe chears her ſelf up to overcome it, and this is *Choler*: Laſtly, ſhe either poſſeſſeth the good, and this is *Joy*, or ſuffereth the evil, and this is *Sorrow*.

Others will have the Paſſions to be in Number juſt Eleven, *Love*, *Deſire*, *Delight*, *Hatred*, *Abomination*, *Sorrow*, *Hope*, *Deſpair*, *Fear*, *Ire*, and *Audacity*: this may be experimented in moſt Beaſts, but eſpecially in a Wolf preying on a Sheep, and reſcued by the Shepheard and his Dogs.

A *French* Philoſopher, and a very witty and wiſe man, ranks the Paſſions after this manner, which he calls ſimple Paſſions, and thus he deſines them.

Firſt, *Love*, whereby the Soul doth iſſue out of her ſelf, and is a motion of the Appetite, whereby the Soul is enclined towards a ſuppoſed good in order to its union thereunto. *Monſieur Senault* is of the ſame opinion with St. *Auguſtine*, maintaining, that *Love* is the only Paſſion which doth agitate us, or hath operations in us; for all the motions which moleſt the Soul are but ſo many diſguiſed Loves; our *Fears*, and *Deſires*, our *Hopes*, and *Deſpairs*, our *Delights*, and *Sorrows*, are countenances which Love puts on, according to the events of good, or bad ſucceſs, and as the Sea carries diverſe names, according

according to the different parts of the Earth which are thereby watered; ſo doth *Love* change her name according to the different eſtates wherein ſhe finds her ſelf; or as among the *Heathen*, every perfection of the Almighty paſt for a ſeveral Deity, ſo amongſt *Philoſophers* the different qualities of *Love* have been taken for different Paſſions.

Secondly, *Hate*, whereby the Soul retires into her ſelf, and, ſeparating her ſelf, recedes from the Evil.

Thirdly, *Pleaſure* is a motion of the Appetite, whereby the Soul is dilated, and ſpreads her ſelf into the Good, in order to her more abſolute Poſſeſſion thereof.

Fourthly, *Grief* is a motion of the Appetite, whereby the Soul contracts her ſelf to ſhun the Evil which preſſes upon her.

Fifthly, *Conſtancy* is a motion whereby the Soul is fortified, and grows reſolute in order to the reſiſtance of thoſe ills that ſet upon her.

Sixthly, *Conſternation* is a motion, whereby the Soul is weakned, and gives way to the violence of the Evil.

Seventhly, *Audacity* violently beſtirs her ſelf againſt the Evil to overcome it.

Eightly, *Fear* faintly retreats, and with a certain precipitation ſhuns the Evil, which ſhe ſees coming upon her. The compounded

Paſſions

Paſſions according to his opinion are, *Hope*, *Arrogance*, *Impudence*, *Emulation*, *Anger*, *Repentance*, *Shame*, *Jealouſie*, *Compaſſion*, *Envy*, and *Agony*.

Firſt, *Hope* is a mixture of the Good, and the conſtancy a man expreſſes in oppoſing the difficulties whereby it is encompaſſed.

Secondly, *Arrogance* proceeds from *Philauty*, or Self-love, and the audacity a man hath to ſurprize another.

Thirdly, *Impudence* is framed of the pleaſure and confidence a man hath to do unhandſom things.

Fourthly, *Emulation* is a mixture of grief, unto which man is ſubject, for not being Maſter of thoſe Perfections, with which he imagins another to be inveſted, and the hope of being able to acquire them.

Fifthly, *Anger* conſiſts in the grief which a man endures for an injury received, and the audacity he hath to retort it.

Sixthly, *Repentance* proceeds from the grief which a man conceives from the Evil which he hath committed, attended by a deteſtation of it, which may be termed a kind of Audacity.

Seventhly, *Shame* proceeds from a mixture of Grief, and fear of Infamy.

Eightly, *Jealouſie* is a compoſition of *Love*, *Hate*, *Fear*, and *Deſpair*.

Ninthly,

Ninthly, *Compaſſion* conſiſts of the grief which other mens misfortunes raiſe in us, and a fear that we our ſelves may fall into the like inconveniences.

Tenthly, *Envy* is a mixture of grief, and a certain *Deſpair* of coming to the enjoyment of that good which we ſee happen to others.

Laſtly, *Agony* is a mixture of grief, fear, and audacity.

To give you a particular account of all the Paſſions, with their Characters at large, deſcribing all the good and bad uſes that are to be made of them, will be a task too remote from my preſent ſubject; however I ſhall acquaint you how the *Wheedle* fingles out ſome of them, and what large advantages he makes of them, thriving like a Toad, by feeding on what is bad or venemous.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

That Paſſions are the ſeeds of Vice, from whence the Wheedle *receives frequently a plentiful Harveſt.*

WE muſt in the firſt place preſuppoſe, that the ſenſual appetite is devided into two parts, Concupiſcible, and Iraſcible, one coveting, the other invading, yet are not two faculties, or powers of the Soul, but one only power and faculty, which hath two inclinations; for, as there is but one power of hearing, and ſeeing, though with two Ears, and two Eyes; ſo we have one ſenſual Appetite with a double inclination, one coveting, and deſiring, and the other invading, and oppugning; by the former it purſues good, and ſhuns evil; by the latter, it either complies with, or oppoſes the difficulties which preſent themſelves. For, as the Univerſe conſiſts, and is full of things contrary, and oppoſite one to the other; ſo there is not any thing can continue in it without meeting with Enemies, which aſſault and endeavour to deſtroy it. Wherefore, it was the work of the Providence of Nature to beſtow on every individual thing, not only the virtues which were neceſſary for the Execution of its ordinary, and

as it were of its Domeſtick functions, but alſo thoſe, which ſhould ſecure it againſt the attempts of others, and prevent the violences which it might be expoſed to abroad.

Upon this account it is, that all things have ſome qualities conducive to the preſervation of their being, and others enabling them to oppoſe what is contrary thereunto. Man above all the Creatures of the Creation might boaſt of, and rejoyce in his ſafety and ſecurity, continually guarded by Reaſon, were it not for the Paſſions, which (ſince our ejectment out of the State of Innocency) have revolted from Reaſon, whence they had their orders, and are become diſloyal, no longer acknowledging the voice of their Soveraign, but obey what firſt commands them, and take part with a Tyrant, as with their legitimate Prince. This is nothing to be wondered at, ſince the Paſſions are no farther diſtant from Vices, than they are from Virtue; as in the confuſion of the Chaos, Fire and water were mingled together, ſo is evil with good in the affections of the Soul, and from thoſe fatal Mines, Iron is as well drawn out as Gold; Man ought therefore to keep himſelf always on his guard, and knowing that he carrieth about him in his Boſom both Life and Death, it behoveth him to be as circumſpect in his comportments, as thoſe, who walk upon the edge of a Precipice.

Theſe

Theſe Paſſions, as they are highly prejudicial, nay, ſometimes deſtructive to every particular perſon in whom they are diſordered; ſo are the greateſt miſchiefs in general hatcht, or occaſioned by theſe inſolent affections; if *Love* and *Hatred* could be exiled from the Earth, Murder, and Adultery, could not there be found. Men may accuſe Poets for Fictions, but theſe Paſſions have committed more Errors than the others have invented.

An unlawful Love put all *Greece* into Arms; and the flames thereof reduced the goodlieſt City of all *Aſia* to Aſhes. How infinite is the number of private families, which have been utterly ruin'd by this Paſſion, inſtigated by Villanous men, expecting from their fall a riſe conſiderable.

Jealouſie between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, was the loſs of the lives of more than a Million of Men; the world was divided in their quarrel, their Ambition put Arms into the hands of all people, and the world doth yet bemoan this Diſaſter, the ſpoils of this Shipwrack are yet ſeen, and the States of *Europe* are but ſo many pieces, which did compoſe the Body of that Puiſſant Common-wealth.

Thus *Jealouſie*, when irritated and heightned, becomes deſtructive to private perſons; how many horrid Murders are committed yearly up-

on that account alone in *Italy*: where is there a place, wherein men are not ſtrangely agitated by this Paſſion, in ſuch ſort, that at laſt they prove the fatal Inſtruments of their own ruin.

What advantage our *Wheedle* can make of this Paſſion, I know not, unleſs perſwaded by luſt to make a ſeparation between Man and Wife, he hopes thereby to gain the enjoyment and poſſeſſion of her. The jealous or ſuperſtitious man of all men is the unfitteſt perſon for him to deal with, being given ſo much to miſtruſt, that it is impoſſible for one to make him believe any thing above a quarter of an hour, and if any thing intervene in that time, which ſeems to contradict that Report, he takes you for his Enemy, and he becomes yours implacable without a cauſe. No man need to plot miſchief againſt him, for he is one that watches it himſelf, with a learing eye for fear it ſhould eſcape him. Much circumſpection and caution muſt be had when you are in his company, how you ſpeak; for moſt words he takes in a wrong ſenſe, and thinks whatever ill is ſpoken of another reflects upon him; and not a jeſt can be thrown, but he will make it hit him; and herein you will find his humour inſupportable, he ſhall ſtamp, ſwear, ſweat, and chafe, that he is abuſed, and at laſt fretting, fling out of the room with a quarrel to every man, ſtung and gald, and no

men

men know leſs the occaſion, than they that have given it.

Have a care how you laugh in his company, it is of a dangerous conſequence, for he imagins it can be at nothing, but at him; and ſhould you whiſper, it is abſolute Conſpiracy. Such men can never have friends, becauſe they cannot truſt ſo far; they are continually wronging others, becauſe they think they wrong them, and as they continually accuſe others, when they are not guilty, ſo they are always defending themſelves when they are not accuſed: finally, you were beſt let them alone, for behave your ſelf how you will, it ſhall go hard, but that you muſt abuſe them whether you will or no, and not one Bodle for your labour.

Of LOVE.

IT is pity, that *Love*, which is the holieſt Paſſion of the Soul, ſhould meet with ſo many impious Perſons which corrupt it, and, contrary to its own inclinations, make it deſerve their deſigns, by turning natural Love into ſelf-Love, making the Spring head of good, the Original of all our Evil: For before *Adams* fall, man had no love ſave only for good, but ſince his diſobedience, his love changed Nature; he, who looked on another mans advantage, and his own with

the ſame eye, began to ſeparate them, and forgeting what he ow'd to God, he made a God of himſelf, ruling his affections by his own intereſts, and reſolving to Love no longer any thing, but what was profitable and pleaſing unto him.

This miſchief, like Poyſon, diſperſt it ſelf through the whole Fabrick of Nature, and who is there now (nay amongſt the Religious, and Severe Profeſſers) who is not a *Philautiſt*, who is ſo much a ſelf-lover, that he makes moſt of his deſigns *Pimping Procurers* to his benefit and delight. For ſelf-love (which leans always towards the fleſh) will have the Slave to govern the Maſter, and that the Body command over the Soul. Self-love commands us to follow our own inclinations, and to govern our deſires only acording to our vanity; flatters our ambition, and to inſinuate it ſelf into us, gives us leave to do what we pleaſe; it makes a man labour only for his own pleaſure, or glory; it makes this the end of all his actions, and doth ſo bind man up within himſelf, as that it ſuffereth him not to conſider any other intereſt than his own; if he does his Country or any particular Perſon any good, it is to do himſelf a kindneſs. Certainly this man muſt be ingrateful and unfaithful, who is ſo much in Love with himſelf.

From

From this Spring-head of Michief flow three Rivers, which deluge the whole Univerſe. The firſt is Venereal Love, or a Love of women, for face, and features, and this is called *Incontinency*. The Second is the Love of Wealth, and a large Revenue, and this is called *Covetouſneſs*; The third, and laſt is the Love of Titles of Honnour, and Splendid preferments, and this is termed *Ambition*: all theſe pleaſing Enemies of mankind are hardly to be overcome by Reaſon; for beſides their natural Forces, they have Auxiliaries, which they collect from our inclinations and habits: Now the *Wheedle* that knows the operations of theſe three Paſſions in himſelf, and how much they tickle him who is poſſeſt with them, underſtands how to conform to any of them ſo long, till thereby he hath gratified his own deſigns.

Of DESIRE.

ONe would think (ſince in all creatures, as well as men, there is a certain inſtinct for ſelf-preſervation) man could not harm himſelf by having his Deſires changed into effects; for, it is the ordinary wiſh which our friends, and neareſt Relations beſtow upon us, and undoutedly were they well regulated, nothing would be more grateful, and uſeful in their accompliſhment;

and we ſhould eſteem our ſelves (from thence) the happieſt of men, if after a long purſuance, we ſhould arrive to the complement of our deſires; but, as theſe wiſhes are almoſt always unjuſt, ſo their ſucceſs is frequently injurious. And, here I cannot omit inſerting a moſt incomparable ſaying of *Seneca*, *Bonæ animæ male precantur, & ſi vis fœlix eſſe, Deum ora, ne quid tibi ex his quos optantur, eveniat.* We muſt pray to the Omnipotent, that nothing may befal us, which is wiſhed to us; and in this, it is not improbable that our beſt friends may innocently wiſh us ill, when they make vows in our behalf: this is a pardon, not ſo difficult to be underſtood, if you will but conſult the dangerous practices of the *Wheelde* in feeding, and fomenting that Self-love he diſcovers in any Perſon, by indulging (if poſſible) all his wiſhes, and deſires, working upon the imagination the more to irritate them, which probable might be quiet enough, did not this embroiling Power put them in diſorder.

Nature (of her Self) is contented with a very little, and that mean too; ſhe only makes head, to oppoſe what either doth moleſt, or would deſtroy; ſhe coyets not ſtately ſtructures, and, ſo that ſhe be but preſerved from the injury of the Weather, ſhe values not their ornaments; ſhe minds not gaudy habiliments, and cares not how plain her garments are, ſo that they hide her nakedneſs,

edneſs, and fence her body from the rigour of the cold; ſhe hunts not after delights, which are exceſsful in meat, and drink, ſo that they quench Thirſt, and ſatisfy Hunger: but imagination, which ſeems to have no other employment ſince the Fall, continually is buſied in inventing new delights, and adds diſſoluteneſs to our deſires, and makes our, wiſhes altogether irregalar; tis ſhe that makes the whole Nature labour to ſatisfie our *Pride* and *Luxury*; ſhe dives into the Bowels of the Earth, and into the depths of the Sea, to find out Pearls, and pretious Stones, with what other ornaments they afford to deck the body.

In fine, ſhe inquiſitively ſeeks after curioſity of delicate food, and admits of none, but what is exquiſit; ſhe confounds the Seaſons to afford man pleaſure, and in ſpight of a ſultry Summer, preſerves Snow and Ice to cool the Wine, that it may pleaſe the better. Theſe things the ſenſual *Wheedle* ſuggeſts to him by the ſtrength of imagination (to fatten his own carkaſs) and having poſſeſt him with an opinion of the excellency of their enjoyment, impatient of delay, and wing'd with deſires, he takes his flight, and never deſiſts till he hath ſeiz'd the Quarry; and at length, by greedineſs, is either gorg'd, or ſurfeited into an Hoſpital, having not ſo much mony left, as will procure him one ſingle Purgation.

How

How cunningly will this *Wheedle* insinuate himself into the Society of young Men, and knowing how prone they are to prosecute pleasure of all sorts, he hath an Inventory of all places of *Pleasure* and *Pastimes*; then he tells them of such an excellent *New-Spring-Garden*; such a Match at Bowls, where so much Mony will be laid; such a Race; such a Match at Hunting, *&c.* if none of these will take, he hath twenty more; some of which will hit; after this a glass of Wine, over which he discourses of several excellent Beauties, he hath had the honour to be acquainted with, such who were never blown upon by the infectious Air of the City or Suburbs, but fresher than *Flora* in all her sweet smelling gaiety; these are the Traps he lays, when he hath warm'd their Bloods with Liquors, and poisons them with Wine and VVomen, as men do Rats with Sponge and sweet Malago.

Of HOPE.

HOpe is the next thing our *Wheedle* makes use of for his advantage, abusing it by an employment contrary to the intent of *Nature*, and making it serve an unworthy Master, whereby *Cunning* or *Violence* turns it out of the pure Stream, wherein *Virtue* smoothly glides, and by diverting her from her legitimate Object, he

he propoſes others unto her incongruous to her Nature. For, according to the opinion of the Learned, this Paſſion ought to reſpect good that is abſent, difficult, yet poſſible; wherefore *Honours*, *Profits*, and *Pleaſures*, cannot be true Objects; for they have only the appearance of good; it is *Opinion* (that knows not rightly how to name things) hath given them Titles they deſerve not; for, to ſay the Truth, *Riches* and ſwelling *Titles* have no other valuation, than what *Ignorance* or *Falſhood* have beſtow'd upon them. *Honour* depends ſo ſtrongly upon *Opinion*, as it is her meer *Workmanſhip*. The Pleaſures of this life are too pernicious to man to be numbered among his good things; for *Shame* and *Sorrow* always attend them, making them bear the puniſhment of all their extravagancies they have committed; which our *Wheedle* takes care to conceal from mens knowledge, leſt knowing the ſad effects, they ſhould repent, and deſiſt from proſecuting them: he repreſents them otherwiſe to the deceived eye of his *Bubble*, ſhowing him Pictures, which are in effect nothing leſs than what they appear to his Senſes; and thus the poor ignorant *Gull*, judging of the deceitful workmanſhip of thoſe Pictures only by the eye, thinks he ſees Birds hovering in the Air, and, ſtanding at a diſtance, imagins by the crafty Landskip, that he ſees *Hills*, *Plains*, and *Woods* of a vaſt extent,

tent, but drawing nearer, finds only ſome few ſtroaks of a Pencil, drawn on Canvaſs, which deceived his Senſes, and made him ſee what was not; or had they been real repreſentations, and not painted appearances, he hath a thouſand pretences to keep them out of his Clutches, and yet buoy up his Hope ſtill with empty promiſes.

All men are apt to flatter themſelves with vain hopes, and therefore it is a matter of no great difficulty, to infuſe Hopes into the credulous Priſoner for Debt; though he be under never ſo many Executions of mercileſs Creditors, yet he promiſeth himſelf liberty, which the *Wheedle* underſtanding, cheriſheth in him thoſe groundleſs Hopes, by telling him there is nothing impoſſible; that he hath effected more difficult things of the like Nature; further inſiſting on the great authority he hath over ſuch, and ſuch of his Creditors, and that he queſtions not, but by his perſwaſion, he ſhall work them to a good agreement: this extracts part of the remaining mony out of his pocket, which ſhould have bought him bread, and leaving him, adds more miſery to his deplorable condition.

A Criminal condemn'd (though under the *Hangmans* hands) by Hope perſwades himſelf he ſhall eſcape the *Gallows*, which his *Wheedle* aſſures him of, and receives from him the remainder

mainder of his ill gotten mony, but leaves him in his greateſt extremity, and thus the *Rope* puts a period to his *Hope*. This is certain, that there is none ſo miſerable, who do not (indiſcreetly) feed themſelves with ſome imaginary happineſs; thinking, that the *Stars* will club their influencies to do *Miracles* for their ſakes, and that the order of the Univerſe ſhall be chang'd to fulfil their deſires; theſe are the men whoſe company he dearly loves, for they are one main Pillar which ſupports his houſe, which was built out of the ruins of many others; he leads them by the Noſe (as the *Bear-heard* does *Tom-Dove* up and down the Town) to this Lords houſe, and that Noblemans, pretending to help them to Preferments, or what elſe he can gather from them, they either hope for, or deſire, but to leſs purpoſe for them, than the *pennyleſs Pilgrimage to Scotland*; for theſe deluded *Fops* ſee none of theſe Great men, on whom their hopes depend by his perſwaſion, nor do I ſee, how they can by his means; for, he knows them not, and if he hath heard of their names and abode, that is all; now whilſt their gaping Hopes gaze on ſomething, they know not what, and never ſhall attain to, he dives into their pockets, and ſends them home pluckt as (*Widgeons* and *Woodcocks*) founder'd and tired with the travel, and trouble of waiting upon nothing. Nor ſhall the

old

old man eſcape him, who hopes to live a little longer, a man to be pitied more than any other; for though in a Glaſs, (if he hath any glimmering ſight left) he may ſee Death lively Pourtray'd in his countenance, doth yet promiſe himſelf longævity; they are ſenſible, that every day, they loſe the uſe of ſome part of their body; they ſee not but by art; they hear not without difficulty; they walk not without pain; and in every thing that they do, they have new proofs of their weakneſs, yet they hope to live, and, to confirm him in that belief, our *Wheedling Sophiſter* tells him how our fore-fathers lived many ages, and why may not he one half Century of years beyond the common cuſtom; it is not ſo long ago ſince old *Parr* lived; it is but having a care of themſelves, and they may fence their (old, though ſound) carkaſſes from Death, and ſo taſte a favor that hath not been granted, excepting to ſuch as had not as yet loſt all *Innocence*. He will run up and down the whole Town to find out Women old and leacherous, (very uſually) and ſoon ingratiates himſelf into their Society, by telling them they look younger, and younger, (which they believe before he told them ſo) then perſwades them to go in Habits more youthful; if Teeth are wanting, he ſupplies them; if the Head be bald, he hath *Tours* in ſtore of all ſorts; if the Face be pale and wrinkled, he hath Paint

to

to plaiſter up the chaps, or fill thoſe deep furrows Age hath plow'd up; if the Breath ſtink, and the (ſcarce moving) Carkaſs be fœtid, he hath *Paſtils* to perfume the one, and *Eſſences* to ſweeten the other; by theſe Artifices he aſſuredly helps her to an *Husband* or a *Stallion*, and is well ſatisfied for dealing with ſuch *rotten Commodities*.

By theſe ridiculous perſwaſions he wins the heart of theſe old Dotards to give him a preſent *Boon*, knowing, or gueſſing at leaſt, that they hardly have ſo much time left, as might be taken up in writing their laſt Wills and Teſtaments.

Of AUDACITY.

MR. *Wheedle* pretends to an intimate acquaintance with this Paſſion too, but he miſtakes it, by calling or nick-naming *Audacity* by that of convenient Boldneſs, as he terms it, which in plain Engliſh is *Impudence*; he will thruſt himſelf into any ſtrange company without enquiry who they are; for the better benefit of exerciſing his Pride, that he may be thought ſome great man, or at leaſt a man of ſome authority; haply he may by his *Wheedling* and Inſinuation, get into ſome beneficial employment, and then he ſtraight changeth his face upon this preferment, becauſe his own was not bred

bred to it. His actions and countenance ſeem to ſtrive which ſhould beſpeak how much he is; now, if you chance not to mind him, 'tis ten to one he will mind you, and give you to underſtand how remiſs you are in your non-obſervance, and will take pains to do it, that all the company may take notice of it, and concludes every period with his Place; much like a *Conſtable* that was in Office upon his *Sacred Majeſties Reſtauration*, who for ſome years after, ſeldom miſt in his Diſcourſe, frequently to repeat what he had ſeen at ſuch a time, he being then *Conſtable*, but miſtook moſt abominably at laſt, ſaying, *When his Majeſty had the honour to come through the City, I was Conſtable that time.*

Whilſt you have any thing to uſe him in, take notice you are his Vaſſal for that time, and muſt give him the patience of any injury, which he does to ſhow what he may do. In this condition, whilſt you are neceſſitated for his help, he will ſnap you up moſt imperiouſly, not for any reaſon, but becauſe he will be offended, and tells you, that you are ſawcy and troubleſom, and ſometimes takes your mony in that language. In ſhort, he is a man of little merit, and makes out in Pride and Impudence, what he wants in worth, fencing himſelf with a ſtately kind of Behaviour from that contempt would purſue him.

This

This is a Fellow, whom I may call more *Fool* than *Wheedle*, for he that endeavors to raiſe himſelf higher and higher in worldly eſtimation muſt wrap up *Ambition* and *Pride* in the *Mantle* of pretended *Humility*; by ſeeming to adore *Superiours*, condeſcending to *Equals*, and by an even deportment to *Inferiours*.

If Mr. *Wheedle* come from Sea, or pretends to have been there; (where note he is *Jack* of all Trades, and free of moſt Myſteries, Profeſſions, and Occupations) I ſay, if he would have the World believe that he is a Stout man, there is no man truly Valiant will ſay, he is half ſo much indued with *Fortitude* and *Audacity* as himſelf, and ſince he knows not how to give any other proof thereof than words, he proclaims himſelf the invincible Sir *Frederick Fight-all*, *Captain Al-Man-Sir*,------ *By your leave friend* H. C. *one Paragraph of your Coffee-houſe Character is ſo proper to this purpoſe, and ſo Satyrical, ſharp, and witty, that at firſt I thought to have turn'd Paper-Pad, and rob'd you; but upon ſecond thoughts I lookt upon that courſe ignoble to a friend, when he may have the liberty to borrow.*

I ſay, this *Wheedling Huff*, that needs would be Captain,---- I know not what, *Is the Man of Mouth, with a Face as bluſtering as that of* Eolus, *and his four Sons in Painting, and a voice louder than the Speaking-Trumpet; he begins you the Story*

of a Sea-Fight; and though he were never by water farther than the Bear-garden, *or* Cuckolds-Haven, *yet having pyrated the names of Ships and Captains, he perſwades you himſelf was preſent, and performed Miracles; that he waded Knee-deep in blood on the upper Deck, and never thought* Serenade *to his Miſtreſs ſo pleaſant, as the Bullets whiſtling; how he ſtopt a Vice-Admiral of the Enemies under full Sail, till ſhe was boarded, with his ſingle Arm inſtead of Grapling-Irons, and puft out with his breath a Fire-ſhip that fell foul on them. All this he relates ſitting in a Cloud of Smoak, and belching ſo many Cannon-Oaths to vouch it, you can ſcarce gueſs whether the real Engagement, or his Romancing account of it be the more dreadful. However, he concludes with railing at the Conduct of ſome eminent Officers, (that perhaps he never ſaw) and proteſts, had they taken his advice at a Council of War, not a Sail had eſcaped us.*

How ridiculouſly doth this *Fool* miſtake himſelf, thinking by his bouncing, to leap into the reputation of a valiant Man, whereas on the contrary, the wiſe will look on him no more than a Lyar, and conſequently a Coward: True Valour never ſpeaks much of it ſelf. He muſt then have ſome other deſign in the venting of his *Rhodomontado's*, which this way cannot be great, but creeping on all four like his fortune: it may be the relation of what dreadful things he

hath

hath ſeen, may ſqueeze a dinner or a drunken bout out of ſome, who have ſpent moſt of their time in reading Books of Chivalry, and therefore love to hear of bloody exploits; *dulce bellum Inexpertis:* it may be another upon the ſuppoſition of his being a deſperate man may be threatned, or frightned out of the loan of a Crown, but uſing it too often, the other is forced to be rid of him at laſt by trying his valour, and in the conteſt finds him what he is made of, a meer man to look on.

I like his ſubtlety well in following Natures dictates, making uſe of what ever tends to ſelf-preſervation, knowing what dangers men are cal'd to, who are the true Profeſſors of *Fortitude* and *Audacity*; fighting is her ordinary exerciſe, and ſhe often times bathes her ſelf in tears or Blood; ſhe is always encompaſſed with dangers, and on what ſide ſoever ſhe turns, ſhe ſees nothing but ghaſtly images, fearful apparitions; theſe are ſights his timerous Soul will not permit him once to look on. To conclude, he looks on the actions of the Valiant to be little leſs than the effects of Madneſs, and will never venture farther than his ſafety will permit him.

Of ANGER.

THere are few errors which men commit, but have their excuſes attending them, and perſiſt in the diſorders, not only for the eſteem they place upon them, but likewiſe for the Rationality which ſeems to back, and juſtify them: thus the *Angry*, and *Cholerick* proſecutes his revenge, becauſe it is ſweet in the execution, though bitter afterwards, and he thinks it both *Reaſon* and *Juſtice* to right himſelf when wrong'd: the *Incontinent* excuſe themſelves upon their weakneſs, and call their continual active *Leachery*, an *Infirmity*. *Detractors* have their pretences too, for what opprobriums, and calumnies they utter againſt others: now *Revenge* and *Choler*, believing themſelves to be grounded upon *Reaſon*, demean themſelves inſolently, and would perſwade us that all their excurſions are as juſt, as couragious and valiant: This he confidently believes, and he cannot be his friend that diſſwades him out of that opinion; he hugs himſelf in it, and our *Wheedle* comes, and embraceth them both therein; there is no way for him to bring about his end, but floating with him in that Torrent, which is to no boot to oppoſe; for it bears down all before it. He ſubtlely inſinuates into his Ear the gallantry, and legality of this unjuſt Paſſion: becauſe it is uſed, and too too much practiſed

practiſed, among *Great Ones*: he tells him further, that it cannot but be noble and generous; becauſe it frequently dwels in the Breaſts of *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Kings*, and *Emperours*; and then ſlily commends *Alexander*, for being ſo Paſſionate, and revengful, as not to ſpare his deareſt friends when in his wrath, and imputes all his Victories to that raſh Paſſion; inferring further, that though ſome condemn him for raſhneſs, yet none can deny, but that he was fortunate in it: theſe things ſo tickle that humour, which he can't but follow, that no man pleaſeth him more than he that ſuggeſts them.

Such like flatteries, and inſinuations with great Men make them require from their Inferiours ſuch ſhameful obſequiouſneſs to their inordinate deſires, that they become offended with a juſt liberty among their Equals. They take good advice for neglect, and rational Counſels for an undermining of their Authority. Fortune hath made them ſo tender, as Suſpitions ſerve them for proofs to condemn the Innocent. O what excellent work doth the *Wheedle* make with ſuch a Perſon; he knows that the truth is odious to him, and he cannot bear with fidelity in his Domeſticks; he will not ſwallow down a Truth unleſs corrupted, which the *Wheedle* prepares according to his fancy; and the temper of his mind is ſo low, and weak, that ſincerity in a ſervant is

able to offend him; for he thinks there is ſome deſign againſt his Honour, when his faults are reprehended, and though it be done in the moſt circumſpect and mildeſt manner imaginable, yet it is always taken by him for an injury, or affront. To pleaſe him in the removal of theſe faithful *Tel-troths*, and to ſerve himſelf in his future deſigns, the *Wheedle* inveighs againſt them, accuſeth them of ſaucineſs, ambition, indiſcretion, and what not, till he hath rooted them out of the family, in whoſe places he introduceth flattering inſinuating *Raſcals*, who will ſay, and ſwear any thing, and are more his *Creatures*, than their *Maſters*: thus working on that Choler, which tranſports him, he makes him know (it may be when it is too late) that his *Greatneſs*, is meer *Weakneſs*, and that at length *the Man's the Maſter*.

Here by the way, give me leave to tell how the *She Wheedle* operates, and kneads this Paſſion, (where know that there are as many *female Wheedles* in their ſeveral Functions, and Occupation as *Male*.)

When ſhe meets with any, who ſubject themſelves to her power, and patiently ſuffer themſelves to be born away by her motions, ſhe then takes the liberty, and freedom to fly at all, and believes ſhe may promiſe her ſelf any thing from a *Slave*, who can refuſe her nothing: If ſhe poſſeſs the Soul of a Great Man, or a Man of a great Eſtate,

Eſtate, who hath neither Reſolution nor Courage ſufficient to defend himſelf againſt her Tyranny, ſhe makes uſe of the weakneſs of his mind and the ſtrength of his purſe, to execute her deſigns; the ſubtlety of her wit penetrates the groſſneſs of his, and makes the Dung-hill of his little underſtanding manure and fatten her barren Land, and ſeizing on his head, ſhe takes Poſſeſſion of the whole man, and converts him and his appurtenances (as much as ſhe can) to her own proper uſe and benefit.

Much more might be ſpoken of ſuch like intrigues, which I relate not, as I approve, or would have any imitate the *Wheedles* endeavours, but condemn their deſigns; for if he that commits a fault is not innocent, he that provokes one to it, muſt be faulty; the one commences the Crime, and the other finiſhes it, and both are alike guilty: the one makes a *Challenge* (as in this caſe) and the other *Accepts* it; the ſecond is not more juſt, than the firſt, ſave that the injury he hath received ſerves for a pretence to another.

Of Delight or Pleaſure.

WHat *Epicurus* innocently, and with a good intent propoſed to men, *viz.* the enjoyment of *Pleaſure*, our *Wheedle* following the Example of his debauched *Diſciples*, doth beaſtly, and knaviſhly abuſe.

The *Sect of the Epicureans* taking notice of the difficulty which attended *Virtue*, which made her hated, and condemned by vulgar, lazy, terrene Souls, and that the labour that went to the acquiſition thereof, made them loſe the longing after her, they ſtrove to perſwade them, that ſhe was pleaſant, and delightſom; upon their word, ſome began to court her, and thinking to find all manner of delight, and pleaſure in her Retinue, they made their amorous addreſſes to *Madam Virtue*; but, finding nothing about her which made any impreſſion upon the ſenſes, they chang'd their deſign, and made Love to *Voluptuouſneſs*. Of which *Sect* our *Wheedle* is *Maſter of Art*; not that he was ever a true *Diſciple* of *Epicurus*, who would never have propoſed *Voluptuouſneſs* to men, but to make them in love with *Virtue*; yet, becauſe his deſign was unhappy, and met not with deſired ſucceſs, he could not avoid calumny; and the Zeal of his *Adverſaries* confounded his *Opinion* with his *Diſciples Errour*.

This *voluptuous Wheedle* hath his *Diſciples* too, and are rankt under ſeveral *Claſſes*; The *Whoremaſter*, *Drunkard*, *Glutton*, *Gamſter*, *Pimp*, *Bawd*, *Whore*, *Cuff* and *Kick*, *Bully*, *Huff*, *Bully Ruffin*, the *Sloathful*, the *Ambitious*, the *Conceited*, the *Laſcivious*, the *Affected*, the *Coward*, the *Impudent*, the *Ignorant*, the *Inſolent*, with many more.

For

For the inſtruction of his *Diſciples*, he hath many *Schools*, or *Academies*, viz. *Taverns*, *Bawdy-houſes*, or *Coffee-houſes*, *Inns*, *Ale-houſes*, *Gardin-houſes*, *Ordinaries*, *Tennis-courts*, *&c.* and his Desks to write upon are a *Pair of Tables*, *Shuffle-boards*, or *Billiard-tables*, *&c.*

When he hath a mind to inſtruct his *Scholars* abroad, he then turns *Peripatetick*, and walks them to *Bowling-greens*, *Bowling-allies*, nay *Pidgeon-holes*, *Nin-pin-allyes*, or for further exerciſe to *Whetſtones-park*; but of theſe more hereafter.

When he intends to take the freſh air, *Hide-park* is no ſmall advantage to him; on a fair May-day he repairs thither, as to a *Mart*, where he picks up more *Baubles*, than at *Bartholomew-Fair*, or our *Ladies* in *South-wark*; and the *Lodge* is his grand *Shop*, where he takes up all ſorts of *Commodities* upon truſt; the *Coaches* are his *Moving-ſtands*, where he furniſheth ſome of his *Cuſtomers* with plenty of *Linnen*, only for taking up; others pay ſo dearly for it, that it proves their *Shrowds*, or *Winding-ſheets*. Here he picks out and culls the men on Horſe-back, and by ſlight of hand with wonderful celerity, diſmounts their *Georgies*; or ſhuffles in among the duſty, ſweaty, *Rabble*, and will venture the defiling of his cloaths, to guild his pockets: not an *Apple-woman* ſhall eſcape him, but he will reap ſome *Fruit* of her. In this promiſcuous *Rendez-vouz* of different people,

he

he indifferently lays his baits for all, and if he tickle not a *Trout*, he will infallibly catch ſome *Gudgeon*.

His greateſt *Mart*, and longeſt of continuance, is *Epſom*, or *Tunbridge Wells*, where (blind-fold) he cannot miſs of *Miſſes* enough to miſlead, and of *Males* to unman for his profit. The firſt he picks up for his amorous *Diſciples*; both pay him *Cuſtom* for *Procuration*; he rarely uſes them himſelf, yet no *Woman hater*, but hates the Woman, that with her *Milk* will not give down her *Mony*. On the latter he exerciſes himſelf by diving into their humours, and that he may not be lookt upon as unſociable, he ſhews himſelf conformable unto them. He comes not there only to drink *Phyſical Waters*, but inflaming intoxicating Wine; not but that he drinks them too, for faſhion ſake, and to pick up company; and having delug'd their guts with that cold inſipid ſtuff, and dung'd the neighbouring land with *yellow Marle*, vulgarly called excrement; he tells them of that imminent danger of a *Quartan*, which attends them if they warm not ſpeedily their chil'd, and benum'd body with a glaſs of wine, briskly going round.

They agree, and by a general conſent the glaſs doth freely paſs about, and none ſo ſeemingly free to drink as Mr. *Wheedle*, but by ſhifting his Wine, he keeps his head leſs annoy'd with fumes,

fumes, whilſt the others, inſpired with extravagant fancies, betray their humours to his obſervation, and ſo become a prey to his Stratagems. The *Proverb* ſaith, *When the Wine is in, the Wit is out*, which they find next Morning by wofull experience; having nothing left them, but their Ears ſtanding. For when the blood is heated by the overflowing wine, which the *Wheedle* obſerves by the face, or diſcourſe, a game at Tables is then propoſed; if that diſlike, then *Cards* are produced; or for monies quick diſpatch, *Box* and *Dice Nicks* them infallibly. For variety a Game at *Nine-pins* muſt not be deſpiſed, wherein the *Wheedle* is ſo dexterous, and ſo skillful at it, that he will not fail once in five times to knock down a ſingle pin, throwing the Bowl over an houſe, and, though on horſe-back, tip down all Nine ſo certain, and ſo often, as to make the Looſer ſwear, the *Wheedle hath put falſe Nine-pins on him.*

On Tunbridge-Wells.

A T five this Morn, when Phœbus *rais'd his head*
From Thetis *Lap, I rais'd my self from bed,*
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendez-vouz *of feign'd, or ſickly* Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and (Daughters.
My ſqueamiſh Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Doſe *it was preſcrib'd;*
But turning head, a ſudden noiſom view
(That Innocent proviſion over-threw)
And without drinking, made me Purge, and Spew.
Looking on t'other ſide a thing I ſaw,
Who (ſome men ſaid) could handle Sword and Law.
It ſtalkt, it ſtar'd, and up and down did ſtrut,
And ſeem'd as furious as a Stagg at Rut.
As wiſe as Calf, it lookt, as big, as Bully,
But handled, prov'd a meer Sir Nich'las Cully.
A Bawling Fop, *a* natural Noaks, *and yet,*
He dar'd to cenſure, as if he had Wit.
In ſhort, no malice need on him be thrown,
Nature has done the buſineſs of Lampoon,
And in his looks, his Character hath ſhown.
Endeavouring this irkſom ſight to baulk,
And a more irkſom noiſe his ſilly talk,
I ſilently ſlunk down to th' Lower VValk.

But

But often, when one would Carybdis *ſhun,*
Down upon Scylla *'tis ones fate to run:*
So here it was my curſed Fate *to find*
As great a Fop, *though of another kind;*
A tall ſtiff Fool, *who walkt in* Spaniſh guiſe;
The Buckram Poppet *never ſtir'd it's eyes,*
But grave as Owl *it lookt, as* VVoodcock *wiſe.*
He ſcorn'd the empty talking of this Age,
And ſpoke all Proverb, Sentence *and* Adage,
A man of parts, and yet he can diſpence
VVith the formality of ſpeaking ſenſe.
From hence unto the upper end I ran,
Where a new Scene of foppery began,
Amongſt the ſerious, and Phanatick Elves:
(*Fit company for none, beſides themſelves.*)
Aſſembled thus, each his Diſtemper told,
Scurvy, Stone, Stranguery. *Some were ſo bold*
To charge the Spleen *to be their Miſery,*
And on the wiſe Diſeaſe *bring infamy.*
But none were half ſo Modeſt to complain,
Their want of Learning, Honeſty and Brain,
The general diſeaſes of that Train.
Theſe call themſelves Embaſſadors *of Heav'n,*
And ſaucily pretend Commiſſions *giv'n,*
But ſhould an Indian King, *whoſe ſmall command,*
Seldom extends above ten miles of Land,
Send forth ſuch wretched Fools *in an* Embaſſage,
He'd find but ſmall effects of ſuch a Meſſage.

Next

Next after theſe a fooliſh whining Crew
Of Siſters *frail were offer'd to my view.*
The things did talk, but th' hearing what they ſaid,
I did my ſelf the kindneſs to evade.
Looking about, I ſaw ſome Gypſies *too,*
(Faith Brethren they can Cant as well as you.)
Nature hath plac'd theſe VVretches *beneath ſcorn,*
They can't be call'd ſo vil'd, as they are born.
Amidſt the crowd, next I my ſelf convay'd,
For now were come (White-waſh, & paint being laid)
Mother *and* Daughters, Miſtreſs *and the* Maid,
And Squire *with* VVigg *and* Pantaloons *diſplay'd,*
But ne're could Conventicle, Play *or* Fair
For a true Medley with this Herd compare.
Here Squires, Ladies, *(and ſome ſay)* Counteſſes,
Chandlers, Egg, Bacon-women *and* Semſtreſſes
Were mixt together, nor did they agree
More in their humours, than their quality.
Here waiting for Gallant *young* Damſel *ſtood,*
Leaning on Cane, and muffled up in hood.
The VVould-be-wit, *whoſe buſineſs was to woo,*
With that remov'd, and ſolemn ſcrape of ſhoo
Advanceth bowing, then gentilely ſhrugs,
And ruffled Foretop into order Tugs.
And thus accoſts her, Madam, methinks the weather
Is grown much more ſerene, ſince you came hither.
You influence the heav'ns; and ſhould the Sun
With-draw himſelf to ſee his rays out-done,

Your brighter Eyes could then ſupply the Morn,
And make a Day, *before a* Day *be born.*
With mouth ſcru'd up, conceited winking eyes,
And breaſts thruſt forwards, Lord, Sir, ſhe replyes,
It is your goodneſs, and not my deſerts,
Which makes you ſhow this Learning, Wit *and* Parts,
He Puzl'd, bites his nail, both to diſplay
The ſparkling Ring, and think what next to ſay.
And thus breaks forth afreſh, Madam, I Gad,
Your luck at Cards laſt Night was very bad.
At Cribidge fifty nine, and the next ſhow
To make the game, and yet to want thoſe two.
Gad Damme, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my life I ſaw the like before.
Tir'd with this diſmal ſtuff, away I ran
Where were two Wives with Girls juſt fit for Man,
Short Breath'd, with pallid Lips, and Viſage wan.
Some Court'ſies paſt, and the old Complement
Of being glad to ſee each other, ſpent,
With hand in hand they lovingly did walk,
And one began thus to renew the talk.
I pray (Good Madam) if it may be thought
No Rudeneſs, what cauſe was it hither brought
Your Ladyſhip? She ſoon replying, ſmil'd,
We have a good Eſtate, but have no Child;
And I'm inform'd theſe Wells *will make a barren*
Woman, as fruitful as a Coney-warren.
The firſt return'd, for this cauſe I am come,
For I can have no quietneſs at home:

My

My Husband grumbles, though we have got one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son.
Is't ſo (quoth t'other) faith, I pity then
Your Husband much, and all ſuch ſapleſs Men.
Poor fooliſh Fribbles, *who by ſubtlety*
Of Midwife (*trueſt Friend to Lechery*)
Perſwaded are to be at pains and charge,
To give their Wives occaſion to enlarge
Their ſilly heads; for here walk Cuff *and* Kick,
Who wait for Women, or lay wait to Nick.
From theſe the Waters *got the Reputation,*
Of good Aſſiſtants *unto Generation.*
Now Warlike men were got into the throng,
With hair ty'd back, ſinging a Bawdy Song.
Not much afraid, I got a nearer view,
And 'twas my chance to know the dreadful Crew;
Who are (though gaudily they thus appear)
Damn'd to the ſtint of Thirty pound a year.
With Hawk *on fiſt, or* Greyhound *led in hand,*
The Dogs *and* Foot-boys *they command.*
And having trim'd a caſt off Spavind-horſe;
With three hard pincht for Guinnys *in the Purſe,*
Two ruſty Piſtols, *Scarf about the Arſe,*
Coat *lin'd with* Red, *they here preſume to ſwell;*
This goes for Captain, *that for* Colonel.
So the Bear-Garden-Ape *on his Steed mounted,*
No longer is a Jackanapes *accounted,*
But is by virtue of his Trumpery, then
Call'd by the Name of the Young Gentleman.

Bleſs

Bleſs me thought I, what thing is man, that thus
In all his Shapes he is ridiculous?
Our ſelves with noiſe of Reaſon *we do pleaſe,*
In vain Humanity *is our worſt diſeaſe.*
Thrice happy Beaſts *are, who becauſe they be*
Of Reaſon *void, are ſo of* Foppery.
Troth I was ſo aſham'd, that with remorſe,
I us'd the Inſolence *to mount my Horſe;*
For He *doing only things fit for his Nature,*
Did ſeem to me (by much) the Wiſer Creature.

The next things we ſhall inſiſt upon muſt neceſſarily be the *Paſſions*, which are oppoſit to the ſix former we have already diſcourſt of; the firſt was *Love*, and its contrary is

HATRED.

IF the *Wheedle* were an univerſal good, he would love every particular good, and were he endued with all the perfections that are found in all men, he would find none that would contrary him; but he is unjuſt, becauſe he is poor, and his averſion takes its original from his Poverty. Hatred then, as it is a weakneſs in his Nature, ſo it is a proof of his indigence, and a Paſſion which he cannot with Reaſon employ againſt any of his Fellow-Creatures, nor irritate, or provoke one againſt the other, for any ſelfiſh deſign.

Self-love is a considerable Propagator of this disorder; for were he more regulate in his affections, he would be more moderate in his aversions, and not consulting his own interests he would hate nothing, but what is truly odious; but he is so unjust as to judge of things only by the credit he bears them, condemning them when they displease, and approving them when they like; he would have them change qualities too, according to his several humours, that, like *Chamelions* they should assume his Colours, and accomodate themselves to his desires; nay he would be (if it were possible) the Center of the World, and that all Creatures should have no other Inclinations than what he possesseth. Whatsoever is most fair, seems ugly to him, if it likes him not; the bright beams of Virtue dazle his eyes, because that Virtue condemns his faults; and Truth becomes the object of his Hatred, because she censures his Lyings, Flatteries and abominations.

To conclude he loves none, but whom he may gain by, and hates all that any way impede, or obstruct his crafty designs; yet he carries his hatred to all so closely, that Revenge shall be executed before any discovery can be made, and knows how to excuse it too to the offended, & by throwing the fault on some other of his supposed foes, obtains the benefit of a double Revenge. In

short

ſhort he loves himſelf ſo well that he can be a real friend to none, and the beſt way to ſecure your ſelf from him, is to have no correſpondence with him; but if you needs muſt, let him never enter into a familiarity with you, and then like the *Adder*, loſing his forked Sting, his Love, and Hatred will be uſeleſs, and ineffectual: The next Paſſion we treated on was Deſire and its oppoſit, is,

Eſchewing, or Shunning.

SInce puniſhment is more ſenſible than Vice, it is eſchew'd with the greater care and fear, and there are few People who do not rather love to be faulty, than unfortunate. We run from an infected City in ſuch Droves, as if we were going to defend the Fronteers from ſome Forreign invaſion, and a *Lord have mercy on us* writ on a door, will make us go a mile about to ſhun the infection, and yet we draw near to all ſorts of bad and infectious Company, ſo long, till the *Lord knows what will become of us.* Peſtilential Infections may work an alteration in our health, but evil Society will rob us of our innocency. Good natures by compliance to company are frequently depraved, and though they have a natural love to good things, yet the *Wheedle* by contrary ſuggeſtions choaks thoſe

honeſt deſires, for he never gets by *Virtue*; it is *Vice* that is the *Iackawl* which finds him out his ſuſtenance, and to this end he defends Vice, who to enlarge the Empire thereof, endeavours to make it appear lovely and glorious; but he hath a ſpecial care not to ſhow her by daylight, he hids her in dark and obſcure places, and none but complices are witneſſes of her beauty. Sometimes the *Wheedle* with his other Partakers, will raiſe her on a Throne, and uſe their utmoſt craft to win her glory; they cover it with the Mantle of Virtue, and if it hath any thing of affinity with its Enemy, by changing names, they make one paſs for the other; thus Revenge they call greatneſs of courage: *Incontinency*, Natures irreſiſtable commands, *&c.* and no wonder if the ignorant are deluded with theſe falſe titles, when the beſt *Wits* ſuffer themſelves to be perſwaded and led away by their looſe and lewd Reaſons.

In a word all that the *Wheedle* can act as to this Paſſion is to hinder men from loving Virtue, and to ſtop their deſires in ſeeking after her, and by his evil Counſel lead them a quite different way, teaching them to lay traps for chaſtity; prompting them to pleaſure, exciting to Choler, and at laſt loſing all ſhame and fear they give freedom to all their Paſſions, to their utter ruine and deſtruction.

Of

Of DESPAIR.

MAny are the advantages which men make of *Hope*, buoying it up in others, for their own particular advantage: but as to the contrary Paſſion, *Deſpair*, I know not what uſe the *Wheedle* can make of it, unleſs it be to perſwade ſome of his Rich Relations to hang themſelves, as a Father or an elder Brother, or a perverſe peeviſh wife, whom he would have to quit the ſtage of the world, that another (whom he hath already unlawfully choſen) may act her part with him in her ſtead.

But now if we rightly conſider the nature of Deſpair, we ſhall find it doth as well prompt us to conſult our preſervation, as precipitate us into deſtruction; Let others, when threatned with ſome great diſaſter, or involved amongſt a thouſand intollerable Evils, lay violent hands on themſelves, this *VVheedle* will make another uſe of this Paſſion; for he prudently obſerves that as this Paſſion takes men off from the purſuit of a difficult good which ſurpaſſeth their power, ſo are there a thouſand occaſions met withal in mans life, wherein ſhe may be advantagiouſly made uſe of, and there is no condition how great ſo ever in this world, which needs not her aſſiſtance. For mens powers are limitted,

and the Greater part of their deſigns are very difficult, or impoſſible; *Hope* and *Audacity* which animate them, have more of heat than government; Led on by theſe blind *Guides* they would throw themſelves headlong into precipices, did not *Deſpair* withhold them, and by knowing their weakneſſes, divert them from their raſh enterprizes: *Hope* engageth us too eaſily in a danger, but then we muſt praiſe *Deſpair* which finds a means to free us from it.

Our *Wheedle* always implores the aſſiſtance of *Deſpair* before things are gone too far, and reduced to an extremity. If Princes took this courſe, and ſō meaſure their forces before they undertake a war, they would not be enforced to make a diſhonourable peace. If they know their forces inferiour to thoſe of their enemies, whereby the advantage lyes not on their ſide, *Deſpair*, wiſely managed, cauſeth them to retreat, and this Paſſion repairing the faults of *Hope* and *Audacity* makes them keep their Soldiers till another time, when they may aſſuredly promiſe themſelves the Victory; for Deſpair is more cautious than couragious, and aims more at the ſafety than glory of a Nation.

In ſhort, theſe are the two Principal uſes are to be made of this Paſſion. Firſt, *Deſpair* in its birth is fearful, and hath no other deſign than to divert the Soul from the vain ſeeking after

after an impoſſible good; this is a great piece of prudence and policy, to keep aloof from a difficult good, which we think we cannot compaſs. Secondly, and laſtly, when the miſchief is extream, and the danger is ſo great as it cannot be evaded, then muſt we make a Virtue of neceſſity, and give battail to an enemy, which *Hope* it ſelf durſt not aſſail, it often plucks the Lawrel from the Conquerours head, and performs actions which may paſs for Miracles.

Of FEAR.

NAture ſeems to have given us two Paſſions (*Hope* and *Fear*) for our Counſellours in the diverſe adventures of our life; the firſt is without doubt more pleaſing, but *Fear*, the ſecond, is more faithful; *Hope* flatters, to deceive us; *Fear* frightens, to ſecure us. For Fear is natural wiſdom, which frequently frees us from danger by making us apprehenſive thereof; thence we grow ſhye, and affrightned with the evils ſhe diſcovers: She ſtudies not what is paſt, ſave only to know what is to come, and ſhe governs the preſent time, only to aſſure her ſelf of the future, which draws along with it a prodigious train of adventures, which cauſe a thouſand alterations in Individual men; ſo as futurity is the chief object of wiſdom, which conſiders

the other differences of time, only that ſhe may the better judge of this. The time to come is as doubtful, as conceal'd, and therefore it behoves every man to look out ſharply to foreſee a danger approaching, and to avoid it; to diſcern a little Cloud, but a hands breadth, which brings a ſtorm with it next akin to an *Hurricane.*

Much may be ſaid of this prudent, and provident Paſſion, but I ſhall refer you to thoſe who have writ largely upon that ſubject, and paſs to another ſort of fear, which ſome call Cowardiſe, of which the *Wheedle* muſt have a ſpecial care he ſeem not guilty, or tainted therewith: if he be, farewel all plots, and crafty projects, for he will be the contempt of all men, and be like a Foot-ball kickt from Pariſh to Pariſh, till they have loſt him.

To prevent this inſufferable miſchief, the *Wheedle* (though the rankeſt Coward living) muſt indeavor by all means imaginable to ſeem Stout and Couragious; he muſt look big, and his Speech muſt be conformable; he muſt continually make the Coward the ſubject of his raillery, and yet have a care of provoking the man that will fight: Amongſt innocent harmleſs things he may *thunder* where he is ſure no danger, or miſchief will enſue, and *Lighten* the reckoning on them in concluſion: this way of huffing (with the dreadful appearance of a *Toledo* blade) hath

hath made many a tame *Fop* go home without ever a penny in his pocket, well contended, and glad he came off ſo, though they made him ſwallow ſo many falſe Dice, as had like to have choakt him, and not ſatisfied with this, gave him the Box to boot. In the next place I ſhould treat of *Choler* and *Sorrow*, which laſt Paſſion is in oppoſition to *Delight*, but I ſhall deſiſt, having ſpoak already of them in thoſe Chapters which contain the Temperaments.

The Policy of the Paſſions briefly ſum'd up.

SInce Men by Nature are addicted to Converſation, and one dependeth upon another, therefore it is a buſineſs of importance for a man to know how to ſecond or croſs other mens affections, how we may pleaſe, or diſpleaſe them; making them our Friends, or Enemies: but ſince the Subject is infinite, I will only ſet down ſome general Rules, whereby the *Wheedle* makes his advantage in all Societies what ever.

Firſt all men (commonly) are pleas'd with them whom they ſee affected with thoſe Paſſions whereunto they are ſubject and inclined. The reaſon of this Rule is this; all likelineſs cauſeth love; it follows therefore that he who would advantagiouſly pleaſe muſt apparel himſelf with the affections of them he converſeth withal; love,

where

where they love, and hate, where they hate, no matter whether real or pretended; ſoothing of other mens humours (ſo that it be not diſcovered to be Flattery) is the path that leads men into an univerſal friendſhip, and how advantagious a general friendſhip is, I will leave it to any one to judge; out of this Rule may be deduced this

Second, which ought no leſs to be obſerved in converſation than the former; that men uſually hate thoſe, who they know to be of contrary Paſſions; hence comes that Proverb, *He that hateth whom I love, how can he love me?* Fire and fire may, but fire and water will never agree.

Thirdly credulity muſt be avoided, having danger continually for its attendant, and yet there muſt be a ſeeming belief; as we muſt not believe every thing, ſo we muſt have a care of believing nothing that is ſaid; there is a mediocrity to be obſerved, you may hear and ſay (in a thing that is very doubtful) *it may be ſo*, but never conclude any thing *to be ſo*, till you have evident demonſtrations thereof before your eyes; a crafty propoſal (well backt) may make a man believe things contrary to ſenſe, and reaſon; wherefore it behoves every man to ſtand upon his guard when an overture of advantage is made: every man is for himſelf, and he that hath attain'd to the greateſt height in the *Art of Perſwaſion*, is capable of

of *Out-Wheedling* all the reſt.

Fourthly, let judgment be ſuſpended where a queſtion is demanded, or evaded, and put off upon ſome other, by whoſe arguments you may find his weakneſs, and means to ſtrengthen your own.

Fifthly, There is no oppoſing any vehement Paſſion by reprehenſion, or indignation; the *Wheedle* always complies with it, or ſays nothing, or wiſely withdraws the matter of anger out of ſight.

Sixthly, no man ought to be employ'd to any Office, nor put upon any deſign, act, or exerciſe contrary to his humour, paſſion, and inclination. This obſervation very much concerns all ſorts of Perſons, in all Profeſſions, and Occupations; Maſters in the employment of Servants; Parents in the education of their Children; Schoolmaſters in the inſtruction of their Scholars; *Vide Examen d'los Ingenios*; *the Trial of Wits in Engliſh*, *&c.* and every one knows a Play muſt be rightly caſt, or it cannot be ſo well acted, as to Merit an Applauſe.

Seventhly, and this Rule hath a reſpect to great Perſons, who ſeldom reſiſt their Paſſions, therefore if a man once underſtand their inordinate affections, he may be very well aſſured to have gained much ground in prevailing with them. Whoſoever then intends to work upon ſuch

ſuch a perſon addicted to this or that affection, to win upon him, he muſt foſter up ſuch fancies in him; if delighted in Muſick, he muſt furniſh him with Voices, or inſtruments; if Venereally inclined, Pimp for him, and proſtitute his Wife, rather than loſe an opportunity for preferment; if he delights in riding, he muſt play the Iockey, and ſhow him horſes well ſhaped, far Fetcht and dear Bought; if in hunting, he muſt procure him Dogs; If he diſeſteems his own Country-breed, he muſt preſent to his View ſuch as are really ſo, yet muſt ſwear that they were ſtoln from ſeveral Noblemen in France, brought hither with great labour and expence, and for no other intent than his Recreation. If his delight conſiſt in books, he muſt bring him the *Annual Catalogues* of *Franckfort Mart*, or what are printed elſwhere, that out of them all he may pick what is moſt agreable to his ſtudy; and if he have ſo much ingenie to play the part of a cunning *Bookſeller*, he may recommend waſte paper for commendable pieces, and with a little prejudice to the Buyers time, he ſhall not only have the large thanks of the Seller, for vending his bad commodities but reap ſome more ſubſtantial benefit to himſelf.

To theſe general Rules let me add theſe cautions, which ought to be imprinted in all mens memories.

Before

Before the *Ingenious*, and *Judicious*, beware of ſhowing either *Extravagancy*, or *Stupidity*.

Before the *Wiſe*, or *Conſiderate*, ſeem not *Heedleſs* or *Sottiſh*.

Before the *Prudent*, and well adviſed, ſeem neither *Simple*, nor *Crafty*.

Before the *Diligent*, be neither *Slothful*, nor over haſty.

Before *Juſt* and *Honeſt* men, be not *Miſchievous*.

Before the *Modeſt*, be not *Bold*, or *Impudent*.

Before the *Temperate*, be not *Immoderate*.

Before the *Religious*, be not *Profain* or *Impious*.

Before the *Faithful*, and the down-right man, avoid *Flattery*.

Before the *Affable*, and the *Civil*, ſhow no *Ruſticity*.

Before the *Continent*, be not *Petulant*.

Before the *Liberal*, be not *Avaritious*, or *Covetous*.

Before the *Compaſſionate*, ſhow no ſymptoms of *Cruelty*.

Before the *Frugal*, be not *Prodigal*.

Before the *Moderate*, be not *Voluptuous*.

Before the *Humble*, or *Ambitious*, be not *Proud*, or *Lofty*.

Before the *Magnanimous*, be not *Preſumptuous*, or *Puſillanimous*.

Before

Before the *Cheerful*, be not *Sowr*, or *auſtere*.

Before the *Serious*, play not the *Mimick*, or *Buffoon*.

Some Centuries of ſuch like Sentences might be here inſerted, which I pretermit for brevity ſake; haſtning to the diſcovery of the practices of the ſeveral *Wheedles* of the times, according to each Sex and Profeſſion; but before I enter upon it, I ſhall conclude the preceding Theory with a ſhort account of *Converſation*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Of Acquaintance and Converſation.

SOciety is that which is coveted, and deſired by all Creatures, nothing in the Creation is averſe to it, but the Melancholick, the malignity of whoſe humour and ſolitary inclination renders him unfit to live, being ſo incongruous to the ſociable Inhabitants of the Vniverſe. Rather than be abſolutely alone, *Ovid* ſaid it was ſomething to live with ſharp and cruel winds.

Scilicet eſt aliquid cum Sævis vivere ventis.

But how dangerous a thing it is to venture into a general acquaintance, every one knows that hath been accounted a Company-keeper. It is not the Multitude of Acquaintance, but the goodneſs thereof ſhould be covered, and it is impoſſible but he muſt be ſoil'd with Vice, who runs into all Companies: this was it which made *Seneca* thus complain; *Avarior redeo, ambitioſior, imo crudelior, & inhumanior quia inter homines fui.*

But what cares our *Wheedle* with whom he aſſociates, they cannot be worſe than himſelf; he cares not what their Vices are, ſo that he can extract the beſt benefit from them; and the larger

larger his acquaintance is the better for him, having more variety of ſubiects to work upon, and his comfort is, he cannot want them, ſince there is nothing eaſier than to create them; the meer being in company once doth it, and this ſhall be reaſon ſufficient for him, if he meet the Perſon ſome years after, to ſhake him by the hand, and with a counterfeit countenance of joy embracing him, invite him to the Tavern, where ten to one he makes him pay the reckoning for this unexpected ſalutation: if he will be borrowing money of him, there is no better way for that Perſon that would be rid of him, than to lend him ſome; for, this ſhall keep him at a greater diſtance with his Creditor, than if his conſtant Companions were *Pox*, *Peſtilential Bubo's*, and a thouſand *Carbuncles*: not but that he will borrow mony ſometime for no other end than to pay it exactly according to time prefixt, that by his honeſt punctuality he may have a better opportunity of borrowing a greater Sum, of which he never intends to pay a farthing.

Acquaintance is the firſt draught of thoſe whom he deſigns to make his friends, and lays them down often before him, as the foul Copy before he can write perfect and true; from hence, as from a Probation, he takes his degree in Mens reſpects, till at laſt he wholly poſſeſs them: by this means he impropriates, and encloſes to him.

himſelf what before lay in common to others. The ordinary uſe of acquaintance is but ſomewhat a more boldneſs in Society, a Copartnerſhip in diſcourſe, News, Mirth, Meat, and Recreation; but our *Wheedle* makes a further advantage by making all theſe ſubſervient to ſome deſign, according to the nature of them. For, as to diſcourſe, the gingling words of others don't delight him ſo much as their giddy brains; and no talk ſo pleaſant, as that which detects the intrigues of other men; he is then all Ear, and if he ſpeak it is but to provoke others to talk on for further diſcovery: if he talk himſelf, it is with ſubmiſſion to the company, and concludes that condeſcention with *Your faithful friend, and Servant*, and being gon never thinks of any of them, but when he muſt uſe them, or ſtands in need of their aſſiſtance. Next as to News, he finds it more beneficial to him than an *Office of Intelligence* to others, and picks thence more beneficial matter, than if he had pickt up in the Street Rings, Watches, &c. ſo often mentioned in the *Gazette* to have been caſually dropt, and loſt: as to meat, drink, mirth and recreation he makes them not only ſatisfy Nature, and pleaſe the Senſes, but he makes them alſo inſtrumental in cloathing the body, and that not meanly, as occaſion ſhall require; and this is a thing ſo eaſily to be done, that in this caſe, I judge it

needleſs to demonſtrate it in what manner.

Friendſhip, like Children, is engendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together; wherefore when the *Wheedle* intends an invaſion on the Secrets of other mens hearts, he firſt diſcovers ſome of his own (of no great conſequence) with a thouſand injunctions, and engagements not to diſcover the leaſt tittle thereof to any Soul living; by this he engages the other to a bold diſcovery of his own faults, Paſſions, and Vicious inclinations, his fear, ſhame, and, it may be, ſomething that may tend to the ruin of the Relator, if it be diſcovered, which the *Wheedle* vows ſhall never be ſo done by him till death, nor then neither; yet, for this unadviſed folly he will be ſure to make him his ſlave all the days of his life, and fear ſhall ſo ſhackle him, that he muſt neither diſpleaſe, nor deny him any thing that lyes within the Verge of his eſtates ability. A Secret, when diſcover'd, no longer is our own, but his that hears it, and is no longer his than there is a compliance with the humour of that Perſon: at length being proſtituted by two many owners, it becomes the ſhame, and infamy of the firſt imprudent Guardian.

Much more might be ſaid of Acquaintance, the ſubject being very large; now to avoid prolixity I ſhall skip from this, and fall upon the next branch of this Chapter, *viz.* Converſation, which

which renders men ſociable, and makes up the greateſt commerce of our lives, and therefore we cannot take too much care to render our diſcourſe pleaſing, and profitable.

It is not my intent to diſcover the means conducible to make every man (juſtly) ſucceſful in converſation, but I will only declare (as briefly, as I may) what courſe the *Wheedle* undertakes to make his deſigns hit, according to the nature of thoſe Perſons with whom he hath converſe. He hath (or ought to have) a Memory inricht with variety of matter, in conjunction with ſuch a Judgment, that may both regulate his ſpeech, and engage him to view with circumſpection what he is obliged to obſerve: for Example ſake; would it not be ridiculous inſtead of amorous courtſhip to entertain a young Lady with School-boy queſtions, as what is Latin for a Dripping-pan, and Greek for a Pair of Tongs; or to talk of nothing for an hour together to a *Quaker*, but what rare ſport there was the other day at the *Bear-Garden*, or, to tell him what excellent Scenes there are in *Macbeth*, and the late rectified inimitable *Tempeſt*? Things as incongruous to ſome company I have ſeen brought in by head and ſhoulders in diſcourſe, but the *Wheedle* taking notice what great offence it gave, and how tedious, and intollerable ſuch talk was to thoſe whoſe humours were at enmity with ſuch

Converſation, keeps aloof from this dangerous way of ſpeaking, and takes a courſe not to diſpleaſe, by talking well upon that ſubject he underſtands, (if not, to be ſilent) and likewiſe by taking ſpecial notice of the Time, and Place wherein he doth diſcourſe, and in that, as all men ought to have a regard to Truth, he does not, yet loves it well in others: he holds this as one principal *Article* in his *Creed, that none can thrive apace, and proſper without a continual diſſimulation, and profeſſion of never ſpeaking his thoughts aright*; ſo far he may be excuſed, that if he is about ſome good Employ, or ſome advantagious deſign by Bargain or Sale, *&c.* I hold it not requiſit, nay ridiculous, if he proclaim his pretentions, or diſcover the means he intends to uſe for advantage; for ſhould he be ſo indiſcreet he then would give light to others to anticipate, and prejudice his projections. A prudent diſſimulation is allowable, eſpecially of ſome dangerous truth, when the effects of it will be only an unſeaſonable exaſperation, and perhaps draw upon our ſelves, Envy, Hate, or Contempt. It is the continual lying and diſſimulation that muſt be condemn'd, and hated, if for no other Reaſon, than that in proceſs of time no man will believe its conſtant Practiſer; for though he careſs well, promiſe much, be civil, and obliging; yet, by his frequent lying, he will at length be found

out

out; then will all his actions be narrowly ſcan'd, and by them found to be as an *Hireling* in a *Play-houſe*, who ſays what he thinks not; whoſe only care is to acquit himſelf well of that part he hath undertaken to Act, knowing he ſhall not (when the Play is ended) go without his Reward, with future encouragement.

As he can in other diſcourſe lye, reſerve, and equivocate for his own benefit, ſo by the help of Nature, and his own Labours, he hath treaſured up in his Memory, a great number of choice things, which makes him reſtitution, when he hath occaſion to make uſe of them, which is a great and neceſſary ſuccour to him when he intends to delight, and win upon the company by his Railery, which by its deſigned delicacy and fineneſs, heightens converſation when it is flagging, and infinitely obliges in Society. When he jeſts himſelf, he ſpeaks ſo indifferently, and is ſo ſeemingly unconcern'd, that one would think he underſtood not what he ſaid; but this is his cunning, that thereby he may the more pleaſingly ſurprize, and by his ſilence make room for others laughter; but when others jeſt, there ſhall be nothing wanting in his face which may not expreſs a more than common ſatisfaction. He ſtudies Jokes, Repartees, *&c.* to no other end than to pleaſe in Converſation; for, nothing contributes more to delightful diverſion, than returns

which are facetiouſly ſurprizing; wherefore he takes ſpecial care to muzzle all his biting jeſts, and never lets them ſhow their Teeth, till he is too Satyrically overwitted, and then, to the reſcue of his reputation, he freely lets them run without conſtraint.

Sometimes the *Wheedle* (perſwaded by his good cloaths, and puſht forward by his confidence) gets admittance into the Society of ſuch as are much above him, where if he hear any vain, effeminate, and impertinent perſon, eagerly diſcourſing the conduct of ſome amorous Female Conqueſts, as the Wife of Mr. *Fribble*, my *Ladies Woman*, or an *Actoreſs*, I ſay, if it be his chance, or deſign, that caſt him into that Company, he will give all attention imaginable, and with as much aſtoniſhment, as at the deſcription of ſome Bloody Siege, if in the Relation, the Amoriſt borrows Metaphors from War to illuſtrate the Infamy of that Victory.

To pleaſe this *Lump of Brutality* the more by his words and behaviour, he makes him believe, that in ſuch an adventure he ought to eſteem himſelf the happieſt of Lovers, by magnifying his Victory, not depending on Chance, or the weakneſs of the Sex vanquiſht; but to his irriſtible Perſon, Wit, and Eloquence, adding other commendations which may make his Maſculine Vigour and Courage look big in his own

own Eye, ſo that he may believe himſelf to be in no capacity of fear for any Competitor, and an abſolute Conquerour when e'er he intends to attaque any *Maiden Fortreſs*, or well fortified *Old Garriſon*.

Having poſſeſt him with ſo good an Opinion of his own excellencies in general, he then ſingles him out, and for further proof of his prodigious Valour, whiſpers him in the Ear, where lies the perfect pattern of all Beauty, and its concomitants, inſinuating withal the greatneſs of her Virtue and ſevere Continence; that this admired piece deſerves his trial, having tyred all her Aſſailants by the long continued Siege, and none could ever yet make a breach in her Walls; that if he could (coming laſt) ſtorm, or enter this Cittadel by a voluntary ſurrender, he might then conclude the total conqueſts of all other VVorlds of Women, and ſit down at length with *Alexander*, and weep there are no more to conquer.

The Gallant thus prickt on, and animated to make this bold attempt, is impatient till he enter the Liſts; the *Wheedle* ſhows him then where this *Inchanted Caſtle* lies; what *Avenues* there are to it; what ineſtimable *Treaſures* it contains; how guarded and defended by two mighty *Gyants*, *Chaſtity* and *Temperance*; two *Angels* her conſtant *Centinels*; how deeply

Moated and *Intrenched*; two *Ivory Pillars* ſtanding at the *Entrance* of the *Gate*, &c. all theſe do rather encourage, than diſhearten the bold *Knight*, who without any help (nay, not ſo much as his *Squires*) boldly makes an *Onſet*, and in the attempt, ſurpriſeth the *Centinels*, deſtroys the *Gyants*, dams up the *Moat*, enters the *Trenches*, and with his ſingle hand makes himſelf *Commander* of the place, but endeavouring to find out where the *Treaſure* lay hid, was blown up by a *Mine* of *White-Gun-Powder*, which though it made no Report, yet did Execution to his great dammage and diſhonour.

But to return to our purpoſe; let the *Wheedle* be where he will, and in what company ſoever, he is very cautious how he ſpeaks to the diſadvantage of another, but to the advantage; and though ſome impute this way of ſpeaking to flattery, ſince it is advantagious, he holds it excuſable; thus ſome are of opinion, *That if a lye bring dammage to none, and is of profit to ſome, it may be diſpenced with, if the nature of the Subject forbid it not.*

Superiours, and thoſe from whom he expects ſome kindneſs, he ſeldom or never contradicts, fearing to offend, and ſo loſe them; and the truth of it is, contradictions are ſeldom grateful and acceptable to any. The opinions of others, though in themſelves very extravagant, he glibly ſwal-

ſwallows as approved Maxims in appearance, and the little follies, indiſcretions and levities, which are committed in his company, he is ſo far from reproving, that he reproves himſelf thereby, by approving ſeemingly of them, and by conſidering wherein they may be profitable to him, whether for the preſent entertainment, or future accompliſhment of any other deſign.

There is no remedy but that there muſt be ſome indulgence to flattery, but not in all its kinds: for great flatteries ſometimes ſucceed worſe, than if there were uſed none at all; becauſe, he who is ſo flatter'd, is apt to enter into an opinion that there is an intention of deceiving.

To ſum up all, as well *Princes* as other men are compoſed of the four Humours, and are thereby inclined in their affections, according to the degree of the humour which is moſt predominant in them, regarding their change by *Age*, *Affairs*, and *Converſations*, ſo the manner of the *Wheedles* procedure changeth too, and anſwers the inclinations of both Sexes, which are various, and almoſt infinite. To the *Voluptuous*, he is a *Pimp* to ſerve his pleaſures; with the *Drunkard* he will drink, ſo that he may advance himſelf thereby, as a mean *Scab* was preferr'd before many Noblemen of *Rome* to the *Queſture*, becauſe he had pledg'd *Tiberius* a whole

Amphora

Amphora of wine; with the falacious *Nero* he will be *Tigilinus*, or a *Petronius* to be *Arbiter* of the elegance of his Luxury. I need not produce more inſtances how he Inſinuates into all humours, but conclude, that he who will (like the *Wheedle*) gain the favour of all men, and make advantages of them in all reſpects, muſt comply with, or ſecond their Inclinations and Paſſions.

Give me leave to add ſome few Obſervations concerning the Age, and Fortune of Men, and I ſhall conclude the Theorical part of the *Art of Wheedling*.

He that intends to be skilful in this *Art*, muſt well obſerve the exterior conditions of Perſons, which are ſubſervient to the judging of the interior, and whence they proceed, *viz.* from Age, or from their Fortune; the Age of Man, in which the difference of manners are principally to be obſerved, are Youth, Man-hood, and Old Age.

The young man is ſoon led away, ready to execute his deſires, ardent in the proſecution, and not eaſily ſatisfied in the enjoyment of Pleaſures, Inconſtant, ſoon Cholerick, Profuſe, or Prodigal, as having never tried what want means, *Having never had the Black Ox tread on his Toe*, he is ſimple for want of Obſervation and Experience, which were enough to lay him too open to the ſubtlety of the ſelfiſh Inſinuator, if

if the foregoing qualities were left out.

Moreover young men having never been deceived, nor cheated any way by the *Wheedling Crafts-Maſters* of the Town, knows not what it means, and being puſt up with Hope, they promiſe to themſelves Mountains, and are buoyed up by the fair promiſing pretences of theſe *Town-ſhifts*, till they have an opportunity to effect their ends. Theſe young mens hopes are great, and being Cholerick to boot, they readily enterpriſe any thing, and the hopes they have of effecting what they propoſe to themſelves, makes them affraid of nothing, and do eaſily enter into a confidence of themſelves and others: *Danger is never nearer than when ſecurity lies at the Door:* and following rather ſplendid Vanities than what is profitable, they either by the ſubtle inſtigations of the *Wheedle* diſable their flight, by ſinging their wings at the flame of a (glittering) Candle, or being ſuffocated with Sweets, lie Buried in a Hony-pot.

Love and Friendſhip is more ſtrong in youth than any other Age, and both of them (without great caution) prove equally deſtructive.

Old men are of a quite different humour; for by their long aboad in the world, and converſe with men of divers ſorts, they have been frequently cheated and deceived, and therefore are ſuſpicious and diſtruſtful; the effects of that

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fear which freezes their hearts, and the experience they have of the infidelity of men, makes them love none, and are jealous of all; wherefore the premiſes conſidered, I know not what advantages can be made of him (if he be covetous too, which is natural to all aged people) unleſs, like the Hog, after deceaſe to feed his Relations, whom in his life time he half ſtarved by his boundleſs Avarice.

From theſe two Extremities it is eaſie to deſcribe the Age of Manhood, who is at an equal diſtance from the preſumption of the Young, and timerouſneſs of the Ancient; and if there be adjoyn'd unto it all the advantages which are ſeparate from young and old Age, and the defects and exceſſes of Ages more moderate, ſo that Age becomes leſs lyable to the prejudices the *Wheedle* doth deſign againſt it.

From the Ages of man I ſhould proceed to their different Fortunes and conditions, but that is a work I deſign for the following Section, where I ſhall endeavour to give you a faithful account of ſeveral private and publick Practicers of this myſterious Art and Science.

Proteus

PROTEUS REDIVIVUS,

OR THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

ART of *WHEEDLING.*

Containing a true account of ſeveral private and publick Practicers of this Myſterious Science.

CHAP. I.

Of the variety of Wheedles or Inſinuators.

FRom the Signification of the word *Wheedle*, which (as I have already ſaid) imports a craſty Inſinuation into the affections of one another, by conſulting, and ſtudying the Temperaments, Inclinations, and Paſſions of each other, whereby he that can beſt comply and ſuit with them, reaps the moſt certain advantage to himſelf, if alſo he takes his meaſure from their ſeveral Ages, and Profeſſions; I ſay, from this Interpretation of the word *Wheedle*, we may be bold

bold to ſay, that there are as many ſeveral *Wheedles* as there are Profeſſions and Occupations amongſt both Sexes, which are weaker or ſtronger, leſs happy or more ſucceſsful in the conduct of their projects and contrivances, according to the Sex and Age that governs them.

It is impoſſible for me to enumerate the hundred thouſand part of all thoſe ſubtle ways, and ſtratagems Men and Women uſe to bring about their own deſigns, nay Children muſt not be exempted out of their number, ſince they no ſooner begin to prattle and run about, but they ſtudy their little plots, and uſe their fallacies to delude their School-fellows of their play things; and being abuſed find out ways for revenge; nay in this tender age they will adventure to ſet upon Father, Mother, Uncle, Aunt, or any whom they know do love them, and having dexterouſly and ingeniouſly, cheated or perſwaded them out of what they had a mind to have, go away rejoicing in their childiſh conqueſts to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of their Relations, to ſee their young kindred ſo forward to live in the world by Wit, Circumvention, and Inſinuation.

As all *Wheedles* whatever muſt, if they intend to thrive by it (as I have ſaid) ſtudy the nature of men, and know their inclinations and paſſions by converſation; ſo from the very breaſt the Infant begins to ſtudy the Mothers diſpoſition, and as he grows

grows more intelligible, he examins his Fathers; if the child have any promiſing natural parts he will ſoon ſhow them, by diſcovering his knowledge of the Father and Mothers humour, what will pleaſe, what diſpleaſe, how to abſcond his juvenile errors from their ſight, and be acting ſtill before them what he finds they moſt delight in, and every day produceth ſome little invention which more and more rivets him in their affections, till by this continued pleaſing Inſinuation, from rewards getting into their hearts, he at laſt takes poſſeſſion of their whole Eſtate. It is not ſo much natural affection, as ſubtle inſinuation that moſt commonly ſo engageth the hearts of Parents towards their Children; do not we daily ſee that (like *Jacob* and *Eſau*) brethren rob one another of their birth-right only by their deportment: Elder Brothers have been diſinherited for not complying with the inſufferable humours of a croſs Father, whilſt the colloguing younger Son hath run away with all; I might give you an hundred inſtances of the like nature, but let this ſuffice, and ſo proceed.

If we look into the City, and number the ſeveral Trades and Profeſſions contain'd therein, we ſhall find, that as we know not how to manage any one Trade, ſcarcely, to which we ſerved no time to learn that *Art* or *Myſtery*; ſo, did we know and underſtand their mannal operations,

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yet we ſhould never underſtand every mans particular *Wheedling-way* in procuring cuſtomers in vending good commodities at a dear rate, and putting off bad in Trucks or otherwiſe; in getting credit at firſt, and either keep it when thus gotten, or ſupport it when tottering, and finally ſecure ſomething after cracking. Now ſince we cannot give an account of all, yet we will lay open as many as come within the verge of our knowledge, diſcovered by a ſevere and ſtrick indagation: in order thereunto we will begin with the moſt general *Wheedle* called the *Town-ſhift.*

CHAP. II.

The Gentile Town-ſhift.

THe *Town-ſhift* as he changeth his Lodgings often, ſo he goes by diverſe names of his own invention, beſides thoſe which his actions beſtow on him; and though thoſe names ſeem to belong to ſeveral Perſons of different Profeſſions, yet in the winding up we ſhall find, that there is but one Soul in one body which animates it in diverſe actions.

This *Town-ſhift* is ſometimes called *Wheedle, Bully, Huff, Rook, Pad, Reformade, Pimponio, Guarde-*

Guarde-lupanie, *Philo-puteiniſt*, *Ruffin Shabbaroon*, *Subtler*, with many more I cannot well remember, which titles diſtinguiſh the diverſity of his employs, which he faſhions himſelf to, according to the opportunity offer'd for him to make uſe thereof.

There are two ſorts of them eminently taken notice of in this *City*, whoſe original extraction are as different in Splendor, as the two *Poles*, or *Zenith*, and *Nadir* are diſtant, and remote each from the other.

The one is a younger Brother, and him I call the Gentile *Town-ſhift*, whom his Father dealt withal, as *Pharaoh* with the Children of *Iſrael*, that expected they ſhould make brick, and gave them no ſtraw; ſo he makes him live at home as a Gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it; he hates with the *Iriſh-man*, that his Son ſhould be a Tradeſman, for fear of murdering his gentility, and yet never thinks, that after his deceaſe the Gentleman muſt be converted into a Serving-man, and it is well if it be no worſe; ſo that the Pride of his houſe hath undone him.

What would you have this poor Gentleman do; the Father being dead, his Brothers old ſuits and he are much alike in requeſt, and caſt off both together with a little money in his pocket, that the ſight and memory of him, and his Father, may periſh together.

To *London* he comes, (having ſpent it may be almoſt all what he had given him to be rid of him to *France* he goes, there to learn the Language of theſe inconſtant Times, their Alamode Shrugs, Cringes, and ridiculouſly Antick faſhions) I ſay, coming thither, his Birth and bringing up will not ſuffer him to deſcend to the means to get wealth, and ſo is forced to ſtand to the Mercy of the World; but Nature foreſeeing into what extremities the imprudence and improvidence of his Father muſt reduce him, in Compaſſion furniſht him with a greater ſtock of Wit than his Brother, having no other Revenue to ſubſiſt upon.

Having gain'd a general Experience by Obſervation in Company with men, and ſoft converſation of the ſmooth and milder Sex, by which he comes to underſtand the humours of the Town not without ſeveral brisk rencounters with the *Jacobin* and *Holbornian Furioſo's*, he then *ſets* up for himſelf, and makes all the *Places* of publick reſort, in or about the City, his *Exchanges*, leaving his other Brother *Wheedles* of meaner, or Dung-hill extraction to act by themſelves apart; who according to the baſeneſs of their birth and breeding perpetrate vild and unworthy things, and if by chance any of them have the courage to mount (*comme les Gens des Armes*) and dare boldly bid a man ſtand, it is not long before either

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their own imprudence, or the treachery of their Aſſociates pulls off their Vizard Mask, by which he is diſcover'd to Juſtice, and ſo their blooming extravagancies make their timely Exits at Tyborn: more ſhall be ſpoken of theſe in the next Chapter.

As others trim up their ſhops by ornaments of paint and other things, ſo he furniſheth up his body after travel with a Suit *Alamode*, if he hath not money, the firſt trial of his wit is, by procuring them ſome other way, either by a letter to this perſon of quality, or to the other (for we muſt allow him the knowledge of perſons of worth by reaſon of his gentile family) in which miſſives muſt be repreſented the meaneſs of his condition occaſioned by Travel, and the unkindneſs of relations; that he is aſhamed to be ſeen till better garb'd *&c.* if this produce no good effects, a Poetical Panegyrick on ſome proud Lady, or conceited Gentlewoman may do it with a whiſper in the ear by the Meſſenger, that the Author would have preſented them with his own hands, but that newly coming from ſome foreign Country, and not furniſhed with habiliments proper for a viſit to a Perſon of ſo much worth, he muſt be patient till he hear out of the Country; if this will not do, the poor Gentleman hath hard fortune, and muſt apply himſelf to his wonted, and laſt refuge, his unconſcionable Taylor,

who with a ſhrug, where it doth not bite, and ſome feigned ſcruples, he becomes ſo good natur'd as to compaſſionate the Gentleman, by making him a ſuit for Twenty pound which might have been bought for Seven with ready money.

The firſt thing he does, is to wind himſelf into the Society of men eminent for their dignity and fortune, and hath learn'd, that nothing gains upon them more than Complaiſance and reſpect, which they take the more kindly and cordially from him, as knowing, or hearing that he is well born, and better educated, better I ſay, for birth without breeding is not much to be valued, and an extraordinary breeding (though meanly born is to be prefer'd before ſome eminent births, that have little or no good education.

Towards theſe he behaves himſelf with all humility and ſubmiſſion, and in his words and actions expreſſeth nothing more than reverence, knowing, there is nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſom addreſs with graceful language, nay his manner of behaviour is not only full of humility and ſubmiſſion, but of ſuch a degree, as therein he abaſeth himſelf very much; no matter ſo that this his lowly deportment raiſe him high in their eſteems, and finally, by their own means at firſt, be placed little inferiour to themſelves.

In all his actions and motions he is ſo careful (whether

(whether walking, ſtanding, eating, or ſitting) to cloath them with ſuch a meen and grace, as may evince, that he not only reverenceth his Superiours, but adores them. This he hath learn'd as a Maxim, *That no man ever miſcarried through exceſs of reſpect, nor was diſgraced for retaining a conſtant and proportionate ſenſe of the quality or merit of his Superiour*; Not but that he knows how to be intimate enough with ſome, though of an honourable quality, but then he knows their humours with whom he uſeth this familiarity, who will command, rather than condemn his blunt freedom, and recompence his boldneſs.

His general practice is to proportion his reſpects according to the quality, and Wealth of thoſe to whom he doth addreſs them, by which means he often times gets into ſome good employ under them, or if there be no vacancy, they give him a turn over to ſome other perſon in authority by a Letter recommendatory, and that may prove every whit as profitable; if he aims not that way, yet, by theſe gentile deportments and ſubmiſſions, he may ſo far ingratiate himſelf with the whole family, that he may have his admiſſion when he deſires it, either publickly or privately, and having Madam and her womans good opinion and eſtimation, I know not what may be ſecured in the whole houſe from his

handling, and to make them amends at laſt for all their favours, it may be ſteals the Heireſs, or ſome Neice belonging to that family.

This laſt inſtance (before I was a ware) runs me upon the gentile *Town-ſhifts* converſation with Gentlewomen, who by his frequent attendance on Ladies, and Perſons of Quality, hath acquired that air of the world, and that politeneſs which no Lecture from the beſt Maſter of Gentileſs could give him.

In his diſcourſe with that tender-hearted merciful Sex, he avoids all rough, and briſtly language of War, and is not guilty of the incorrigible folly of ſome, whoſe head being full of Fire, and Sword, Aſſaults, and Batteries, ſpeak of nothing but Sieges, or Sea-fights; what a great ſlaughter of men there was at the taking of *Maeſtricht*; how the Turks in one City did put a 1000. Souls, Men, Women, and Children to the Sword; or how in the laſt *Engagement* the fight was ſo bloody, that the Decks of each ſhip ſeemed like a Shambles of mans fleſh to be ſold by the piece or Mammock; this way of entertaining the Ladies would rather make them affraid, than give them any deſire to ſeek his Converſation. He takes another courſe, and is very cautious that nothing may be offenſive in his language, or in his Countenance, but ſtudies all manner of ways to pleaſe, and accomodate himſelf to their manner of behaviour. He

He entertains them with a new Song, a ſmart Epigram, witty ſayings culd out of Plays, and if he finds them in a brisk jolly humour, he reads them ſome Lampoon lately made on ſome great Perſon, and cunningly skips over the Bawdry. Inſtead of ſpeaking in the form of Syllogiſms, and Pedantry, like things newly flutter'd out of the *Univerſity*, and being not throughly fledg'd come hopping to Town, I ſay, he indeavours not to puzzle them that way, but divert them with what they underſtand, by telling them of Balls, where ſuch and ſuch Ladies are bravely entertain'd this night, and to morrow what excellent new Play is to be acted; if he perceive them melancholy he propoſes to them Muſick; if they are reſolv'd to be ſerious, he can be ſo too; if he ſees any wantonly inclin'd, he knows how to ſingle her out (not to give offence to the reſt) and can give her her belly full of toying: from whom he quickly retires for fear of cloying, for it is not to his benefit to dwell too long in one Chamber; he hath variety, and makes his viſits accordingly, and his fain'd deportment (with his good cloaths, gives him frequent admittance into the company of thoſe he was never in before. For his prudent expence in habits bears him through all; it opens all doors to him, and always procures him an obliging reception: as the exteriour part, ſtriking firſt the ſight, is that which makes the firſt

impreſſion in our Spirits, ſo he takes a very great care to render that impreſſion favourable.

As the furniture of his body very much captivates the eye and heart of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen, ſo his pregnant Wit renders him as capable to pleaſe the ear, being able to raiſe diverſion out of every ſmall occurrence: when in one Scene he hath given a Lady all the delights he can, he ſhifts into another, never continuing in one humour ſo long till it become diſguſtful; choiceſt delights do ſooneſt ſurfeit, and feeding always on one diſh (though ever ſo good) will nauſeate the Stomach; he varies therefore his diverſions conformable to the humor of that Sex, which makes his viſits always acceptable, long'd for, and his departure is never without regret.

This amorous gentile *Town-ſhift* hath always leiſure enough to wait on this Sex (unleſs when his attendance on ſome great man is required, in the expectation of ſome boon for himſelf, or the advantagious ſoliciting for another) and if they have a mind to be treated he doth it with much generoſity and gallantry, and knows how to pay himſelf in the concluſion.

Out of his uninclofed *Seraglio* he plays the *Grand Seignor*, and picks out one of the crowd, waits upon her at a Play, to a Ball, or to the Park, each of which doth infinitely pleaſe, giving her the opportunity of making oſtentation of her

Beauty

Beauty and Gallantry; and whilſt ſhe is endeavouring by all her Arts and Subtleties, to ſet her ſelf off for ſale, ſhe little thinks how near her *Chapman* ſets, who will without ſcruple take her *Commodity* on truſt: and that he may not tickle his Trout too long, and ſo loſe her, an Aſſignation (with ſome few doubts and difficulties) is made, and hand and ſeal binds her in a Bond of perpetual friendſhip and affection.

As he does by one, ſo he deals with all, but by different means; for there is much variety of humours, inclinations and Paſſions in women, as there are in men, and muſt be wrought upon accordingly by a due conformity for advantage. It lies not within the reach of my knowledge to diſcover all the Stratagems, Plots, Snares, Whims, Contrivances, Projects, Inſinuations, and Flatteries he uſeth himſelf, and by Proxy Procureſs, to riggle himſelf firſt into Gentlewomens affections, and having made himſelf Secretary to their honour, he diſpoſes of their Reputation and Eſtate, according to his own diſcretion.

He now begins to look upon his Elder Brother with ſcorn, who not long ſince beheld him with a countenance of ſtern awe, and checkt him oftner than his Liveries. He treads the ſtreets boldly, triumphing over his former mean fortune, and looks another way when he meets his quondam Taylor though he owe him nothing.

His

His garb and attendance differ him in nothing from a Person of Honour, which now capacitate him for few, but such company, and can dispence in some measure with the largeness of their expence; will now and then throw away a hundred Guinneys on a horse-hoof, knowing so well how to take the length of a womans foot; at a *Cock-pit* he will lay ten to one, and win the *Battle*; for by instinct he knows the best Cocks, being himself of a Game-brood; but here is the mischief of it, he is now and then addicted to play with the great Ones with Box and dice, by whom he is *Nickt* out of all he got by Minutes in a Nights time. He recruits his pockets again, it may be, but not being able to recruit his bodily strength, and rally his routed Spirits, he becomes a greater object of the female scorn, than he was formerly of their love, and untimely growing old, and infeebled *per nimiam Venerem*, they more indeavour to avoid his company, than before they desired it; which he timely observing tacks about and steers another course.

His crazy, leaky Vessel (for there is as many holes near his Keel as there are in a Cullender) he now thinks fit to lay up in safe harbour, whose lading is Guinney-gold, Silks, Stuffs, Hats, Linnen, Perriwigs, Ivory (i. e. artificial Teeth) Perfumes, Ribbons, and Looking-glasses *cum mille aliis.*

Applying himſelf to his former *Air of Wheedling* (being an excellent *Tongue-pad*) he, in a little time, with ſome pains finds a Cuſtomer that will take all his commodities of him by the lump; and Mort-gage an Eſtate to him to make him what ſatisfaction he pleaſes; to ſay the truth, the Merchant may nor be lookt upon ſo contemptible, but that he deſerves a good price for his Ware; he is a man proper enough, and hath a good face, but that it looks ſomewhat pale and thin by a late fit of ſickneſs: as for the *Nodes* in his head and front, gotten by a deſperate ſurfeit, thoſe his twelve pound flaxen Wigg abſconds; what *Puſtulæ* circumvolve his body, the goodneſs of his cloaths both hide and grace: it is pity thoſe Stilts, on which this ſeemingly fine Fabrick ſtands, had not a covering too; but what needs that now I think on't, ſince his Stockings are bolſter'd, to make his calves look the bigger. Let all theſe things paſs, it is enough that he is gentilely born, and from thence derives his Art of making a Gentlewoman, wherewith he baits ſome rich Widow, that is hungry after his blood; beſides this, he wants not various guilded pretences to ſet himſelf off ſo advantagiouſly, yet deluſively that at length he involves this wealthy Veterane in the Labyrinth of Wedlock, that he may the better cheat her by Authority. In the end, finding out each

others

others imperfections and corruptions; ſhe his pocky diſtempers; he her old halting leacherous humours, they both conſent to a voluntary divorce, ſhe living upon what he pleaſes to give her (who might have liv'd as ſhe pleas'd but for her dotage) whilſt he can hardly live himſelf by the vaſt expence he is at on *Doctors*, *Chirurgeons*, and *Apothecaries* to ſupport the tottering Fabrick of decayed nature.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Ordinary Town ſhift.

THere are ſeveral ſorts of ordinary *Town-ſhifts*, but ſince it will be too tedious to particularize them, I ſhall include them all under this general head; the Vulgar or ordinary *Town-ſhift*. It is a fellow that pretends to greatneſs of birth, and to back the reputation he would force from thence, gives a large account of his rich Relations, who ſhall live too remote for any one to inquire into them. Yet if any one is deſirous to know his extraction, he need not trouble himſelf any farther than to examine his Name, and he ſhall know the Pariſh wherein the cruel Whore his Mother bare him, by his bearing the ſame Name of the Patron of that Church.

Some of theſe ordinary *Town-ſhifts* come out of the Country, who not daring to live there longer (their rogueries being ſo generally known) hoof it to *London*, who by the way, for food ſake, are any ones Servants that will imploy them, and for want of that muſt go ſupperleſs to their bed of ſtraw, and glad they lye ſo well. Coming to *London* their happy ſtars (it may be) directs them to an Inn, where immediately for ſome eminent

nent parts, they commence Boot-Ketchers; from thence they proceed gradually to under Hoſtlers; whilſt in that employ, ſome one may be obſerved by his Miſtreſs to have good features and well limb'd, who (out of pity to the ſtripling, whom for the kindling love ſhe bears him, thinks him better born than he is) removes him from the Stable to be a Chamberlain, and intruſting him with the ſheets, hath a months mind to lye in a Bed of his making. By ſo unexpected a favour, and not able to manage this fortune, he grows Proud, Inſolent, and Talkative, for which he is kickt out of doors, and meeting with a debaucht *City Rambler*, (a Renegado from his Trade, and one who is reſolv'd to be wicked, maugre all the good counſel of Maſter and Relations) he finds him a fit Inſtrument of Miſchief to joyn with, and ſo they become both ſworn Brethren in Iniquity, and joyning with others of the ſame ſtamp, make up a Corporation of *Diveliſm*, and act according to the Helliſh Precepts which their Grand Maſter dictates to them. To add to the number of theſe Miſcreants, ſome broken Credit-crackt-fellow-ſteps in among them, whom all other means hath failed, and now reſolves to live by his ſhifts; a needy fellow caſhir'd out of all civil company; for the World hath flung him off, and he would willingly be reconciled unto it, but wants

wants ſome wealthy Arbitrators to decide the controverſie between them. He may be fitly compared to one drowning, who faſtens upon any thing that is next at hand, and if he muſt ſink, whatever he lays hold on ſhall down with him. Amongſt other of his Shipwracks, he hath haply loſt Shame, and this want ſupplies him; for by his confidence, or impudence rather, he will ſhuffle himſelf into any company, and what he cannot do by fair means, he will effect (if he can) by foul; if his *Wheedling* perſwaſions, and crafty inſinuations produce not their deſired effects, he then applies himſelf to threats and violence; by the one he frightens ſome *Fops* into an humour to do him a kindneſs, by the other he compels them. That little wit he hath, he imploys to the utmoſt advantage; for as his Life is a daily invention, ſo his Meat, Drink, Lodging, Cloaths, and all that belongs to him, are the Products of his Stratagems. When he wants mony, his borrowings are like *Subſidies*, and deſires the loan of mony, according to the quality of the perſon, or what he hath about him; and rather than be totally denied, he will accept of the loan of a ſhilling, though his requeſt be twenty; he borrows ſo often, that few of his acquaintance but are his Creditors, and they fear, and ſhun him in the concluſion, as much as if they were indebted to him. They know

know his *Wheedling* tricks ſo well, that they dare not ſhew him any countenance, for fear of renewing acquaintance; at firſt, finding him a good fellow, and Complaiſant Companion, they never lookt further till experience taught them what he drove at, intereſt, which (though never ſo ſmall) ſhould not eſcape him; if towards dinner time he find but a good look, which promiſes his welcome, he becomes their half boarder, and haunts the threſhold ſo long till he forces good natures to a quarrel, and yet know not how to be rid of him, like the poor Scholars thredbare Cloak, a long hanger-on, and being willing to be rid on't, walking in *Moor-fields* dropt it in one of the Quarters, and then ran from it as faſt as he could; but the people at ſight hereof cry'd out to him, *d'ye hear, Sir, d'ye hear, Sir, you have left your Cloak behind:* which made him with regret return and take it up again.

Much more might be ſaid of his Character in general, but deſigning brevity I ſhall ſupply in ſome nature what is deficient in his particular *Wheedles* following.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Wheedles between the Town-ſhift, Vintner, and Drawers.

MOney with the *Town-ſhift* Ebbs and Flows, ſometimes it over-flows the banks of his Pockets, and at other times they lye dry. *Borrowing*, *Pimping*, *Padding*, *Filing*, *Gilting*, *Budging &c.* are his *Exchequer*, whence he is continually ſupplyed with money, till *Tyborn* ſhuts it up, and his *Pay-offices*, or Houſes of Diſburſements are *Taverns*, *Bawdy-houſes*, *Inns*, and *Coffee-houſes*, *&c.* of which I ſhall treat in their due places.

Having money he ſcorns an Ale-houſe, but he is all for the Tavern, which is three Stories higher than that paltry-houſe as he calls it, and there he may be drunk ſooner, and with greater credit, and then the thoughts of a Coffee-houſe ſhall not come within his noddle, but to make him more ſober to be drunk again.

Firſt he pitches on that Tavern in which he never drank before, and having acquainted half a dozen of his Com-rogues with his deſign of being merry, and to have Money and Wine to boot, a Foot-boy is diſpatcht to the place deſign'd,

with a Guinny to be delivered to the Master of the house, ordering him to provide such & such dishes for the next days dinner; if the Boy be demanded his Masters name, he readily tells him (with a submissive bow)--Squire *&c.*--- at the time appointed they come all as well apparel'd as their Roguerys can furnish them, and being seated, behave themselves with more civility than they commonly use; wine passes about freely, but not entravagantly, and dinner being ready the Master or Mistress is invited up, and with much importunity one is placed at the Table. According as it was designed before, their ordinary discourse is interlin'd with their pretended great concerns in the country, and each takes a seeming modest liberty to praise one anothers estates, which each endeavours to lessen, and magnify the others. but dwell not long upon this subject to avoid suspition, and to add to the happiness of their conditions they all go for Bachelors.

The Cloth being remov'd, the good Gentlewoman of the house, well warm'd with wine, with-draws, to make room for her husband, and in this they are much like two Buckets in a Well, when one descends, the other mounts up, who (with the common saying, *d'ye call, Sir.*) invites himself to sponge, and so anticipates their desires, for that is the thing they would have.

My Gentlemen now fall to Repetition, saying before

before him, what they ſaid before his wife, to the ſame effect, though in different terms; and having drank very briskly, a reckoning is cal'd for, a Bill is brought, the total only lookt upon, without examining the *Items*, and the money paid to a farthing, with ſomething to the Drawer. Hereupon my Landlords Bottle (and that really a flower) rides poſt up the ſtairs to the breaking of the Drawers ſhins for haſte.

This is ſo high an obligation, that they all ſwear they will make this their houſe, and will ingage their friends likewiſe, and to ſeal the bargain, they muſt drink one Bottle of the ſame wine with their landlady at the Bar: where all the diſcourſe is about their kind uſage, the goodneſs of the wine, the well ordering of their meat, and the civility of the houſe; the Bottle being almoſt out, a young Gentlewoman is eſpied peeping behind the Bar, and ſhe muſt be known who ſhe is by all means; being inform'd ſhe is the daughter of the houſe, with a *Con Licencia* they enter the Kitching, where they paſs ſuch complements, and devoirs as become men of better quality, and having drank a Bottle or two more (dropping a ſhilling into the Cook-maids hand) they take their leave.

The houſe being clear'd, and the Maſter and Miſtreſs having liberty and leiſure to talk of that days proceedings, they particularly diſcourſe

on this, thanking their kind ſtars for ſending them ſuch good Cuſtomers, concluding them perſons of no mean quality.

The next day ſome of the Gang (eſpecially the Contriver) comes and asks for the reſt, who though they find them not there, yet will have the civility to dine there, before they go in queſt of them. This repetition of the firſt kindneſs it may be obliges the Vintner to give them the civility of his Cellar, and the rather that he may ſhow them how well ſtockt he is of all ſorts.

To be ſhort they viſit him ſo long till they are not only intimately acquainted with the good Man, but inwardly with his Wife, and Daughter, and now it is high time for them to think of picking up their expences.

The Ale-draper uſes to ſay, *that the Tap is a great Thief if not well lookt after*, but many Vintners, to their great grief, may ſay, the Bar is a greater, which had it been carefully eyed, *Dublin* and other places would not have been ſo peopled with *Drawers*, *quondam Vintners* of *London*.

To inlarge their credit in the houſe, they ſum up what money they can together, and pretend to play; one ſeemingly loſing all, ſees how much he can borrow in the houſe, and obſerves with what willingneſs it is lent, that he may know how to ſteer his courſe for the future: whatever is borrow'd, is thankfully paid the

next

next day, and whatſoever Wine is ſent home, as they call it, (not truſting any body with it but a Porter, a Creature of their own) is paid for in like manner; ſo that ſuſpition cannot faſten on ſuch honeſt dealing: but to winde up all, they borrow money of the husband, without the knowledge of his wife of the wife, without his knowledge, and of the Daughter, without the knowledge of them both, but the Bar pays for all; the wife dares not acquaint the husband of what ſhe hath done, leſt the loan of the money ſhould confirm the growing jealouſie of her diſloyalty; the Daughter dares not ſpeak a word of her deeds of darkneſs; for, ſhould ſhe do it, ſhe knows ſhe ſhould receive a double puniſhment for a double offence, in picking her Mothers pockets, and robbing her of her pleaſure.

Theſe generous Gueſts not coming to the houſe as they were wont, makes the poor Vintner run horn-mad, ſwearing for the loſs of his money, and vowing revenge by an arreſt, this frightens his wife out of her wits, fearing the action might provoke them to a diſcovery of their paſt amorous intrigues. The *Town-ſhift*, foreſeing what would be the effects of this ſtratagem, ſends a Spy into the houſe to ask for him of the Miſtreſs, who, glad to hear of her errant Lover, enquires more after him, than the Meſſenger, who whiſpers her in the ear, ſays, he is not far off, but dares not come by reaſon of a debt due to her husband;

ſhe overjoy'd that ſhe ſhould ſee him, puts the money into her pocket, and is convey'd where he is, who after ſome dalliance receives the money of her, and with it pays the poor Cuckold in his own kind, which he would not have done, but that otherwiſe he muſt loſe a friend that will continually ſupply him.

If She be Rich and handſom, on my life,
No better Friend than is a Vintners Wife.

There are ſeveral ſorts of *Tavern Wheedles*, and ſo numerous, that it is an impoſſible thing to give an account of them all, wherefore I ſhall conclude this Chapter with ſome obſervations tending thereunto.

There is a baſe ſenſual ſneaking fellow, who to ſave his money, and to gorge himſelf with Wine, makes it his buſineſs to be acquainted with as many Drawers as he can (whoſe Maſters live not too near the *Compters*) a ſmall expence informs him of their names, then he dives into their inclinations; whether they fancy *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Gaming*, *Wenching* with other paſtimes which youth takes moſt delight in, and as their deſires tend, he fits them moſt agreeably; this ſo infinitely engages the young *Daſh* to gratify his Palate, that if there be any one Faucet that can betray neat Wine to the *Bar* it

it ſhall be arraigned before him ſooner than before a Perſon of Quality.

He is not long in making himſelf acquainted; the 2d ſight ſhall be ſufficient to call him honeſt *Jack*, or *Tom*, and making him (*Sans Ceremonie*) ſit down, obliges him to drink a full glaſs, and is a Pledge for his ſafety, whilſt he drinks, by carefully peeping through the jarring door, to ſee whether Maſter or any elſe are coming to diſturb them in the interim. This action makes honeſt *Jack* grow confident, inſomuch that his Pint is offer'd at his Maſters coſt, and another being ſacrificed on the ſame account, *John*'s Brains begin to crow, and though his Head be full, and belly too, yet not content, he will have his Breeches as full as they.

The *Wheedle* by this means, hath ſtruck his Fiſh not eaſily to get looſe again, yet gives him line enough to play up and down, till by a ſuddain jerk he is thrown out of a deep River of plenty, into a contrary Element, that proves his Ruin and Deſtruction.

Whilſt humour'd by this *Wheedle*, the Drawer ſtudies to pleaſe him, by undoing his Maſter, and himſelf too; for *Canary* he cries a Pint of *White*; and for variety a Bottle of *Claret*, whereas 'tis *Sack* coated with *Red-wine*; or he will bring a Bottle in his Codpiece, ſaying, jocoſely and roguiſhly, *Sir, take this to ſupply*

the other when it is out, but let but one be ſeen at a time; my Maſter hath a good Eſtate, but no Children; wherefore ſince he is able, as long as I am his Servant, I will make him treat his friends; at length by theſe frequent practices he is diſcovered, and turn'd out of doors; and having been *Wheedled* out of all credit, he at length for five ſhillings learns to play upon the *Tongs*, or upon a *Violin*, taught by ſome *Barber* (whoſe chiefeſt Muſick is a *Cittern*) and with theſe accompliſhments is admitted as a Menial into a *Minſtrel-Bawdy-houſe*.

This *Wheedle* hath more ſtrings to his Bow than one, two, or half a ſcore, ſo that as he breaks one, he faſtens on another, whom, when he hath once corrupted, he makes him his perpetual Slave to ſerve his unlawful deſires, by threatning a diſcovery of all without a preſent compliance to his propoſitions.

Some Drawers are ſo crafty they will not be *Wheedled* by any *Cunningham* of them all, pretending how much it goes againſt his conſcience to deceive his Maſter, that he had rather ſpend his own mony, than wrong him of a farthing, yet will *Wheedle* for himſelf ſo cloſely, that none ſhall diſcover him, no not his Maſter, but by his ſenſible decay, by his Servants purloinings, by ſcoring leſs, yet taking the whole reckoning; by ſcoring juſtly, yet taking more; by drawing

ing continually Flowers, or the choiceſt Wines for reward; and principally in the Night, by conveying whole Rundlets away. If his Maſter anger him, he ſhows no diſcontent, but very patiently ſteps into the Cellar, and there to be friends with his Maſter, drinks a health to him in a glaſs of Sack, not omitting the remembrance of the leaſt of his progenie, though there were twenty, and will ſee that his fellow-Servant, honeſt *Ralph*, ſhall do him Reaſon; if their Fiſh want Butter, as they think no greater injury can be done them, ſo they will revenge it, by making it (after it is eaten) to ſwim in good Canary; much better Houſewifery in the Miſtreſs, if ſhe had allowed them two pounds of Butter to three Sprats, and ſo have pleas'd them, than to be at that expence.

It is now high time to ſpeak a little of the Vintners *Wheedle* in his Gueſts. If he be wiſe, and crafty for his own ends, he muſt be all ſubmiſſion to the *Velvet-Coat*, *Pantaloon*, or ſplendid Thing that is in faſhion, and make a noiſe with his Bell, and Mouth, as if the houſe were all in Flames, the one jangling to alarm the people, and his mouth ſpeaking nothing but *Tom*, *Will*, *John*, ſhow a Room, which becauſe it cannot be heard by the inſufferable noiſe of the jarring Bell, one would think he call'd out for Buckets, and water to quench the Fire. The noiſe

noiſe ſomewhat allay'd, he begins again with his feet and haſty running up, that he may have the firſt honour to ſerve the Gentlemen with bad Wine, having more authority to brazen it out with a lye; his hat is under his Arm, and underſtanding what Wine it is they will drink, he inſtantly ſwears they ſhall not drink better Wine in *London*, though they cannot drink worſe elſewhere, and it may be puzzle a good judgment whether it be Wine or no. Their Palats being diſpleas'd, the Maſter in all haſte is called for, whoſe place is ſupply'd by *John*, who cringingly deſires to know their Worſhips pleaſure, & underſtanding they diſlike the wine, he then asks what fault they find with it, to no other intent than to try their judgment; if they want Vintners terms, and ſay the Wine is *ſweet*, he ſtreight way cries, I will draw you *greener*, Gentlemen; if they ſay it is *ſour*, he then propoſeth *Richer*; but if they ſay it is *foul*, for no benefit to himſelf, and little to his Maſter, he mortgages his Soul to the Devil, by ſwearing damnedly there is not a *cleaner* piece of Wine between *Aldgate* and *Weſtminſter*, however he will change it, if they pleaſe; 'tis done, and ſomewhat better than the former, yet not ſo good, but that the Maſter muſt be call'd up again, who, excuſing himſelf that he is very buſie, doing nothing, at length comes up, and deli-

delivering a Key (which never belong'd to any Lock of his knowledge) to his ſervant in their ſight, bids him bring up a Bottle of that Wine which is to be ſent in to his *Grace, the Duke of*-- this muſt take, or elſe the Devil's in't; ſometimes he bids the Drawer go to the Third next the wall, and though it be a common draught, the *Faucet* ſhown in the mouth muſt evince the contrary, and ſo between the Maſter and the Man, it is well if the Gueſt drinks one third of Wine that is tollerable, and if you have a good farewel at laſt, you muſt not thank the kindneſs of the houſe ſo much, as the Drawers expectation of a Six pence, or the evening of the reckoning.

I ſhall ſay nothing of his large Bills, nor his dark working in his Vaults and Cellars, where he ſo ſubtlely plays the Brewer, that *Anniſeed Cleer* had never *Combatants* about her ne're half ſo crafty in their Art of compoſition; the ſending *Mum* to Sea, brew'd at *St. Katherines*, to purge it ſelf, and ſo come in for Mr. *Brumſwick*, is a meer Bauble to this profound Myſtery: Now, ſince it is impoſſible to detect the Art and Myſtery of a Vintner, (but indifferently) without ſerving a time to the Profeſſion, and that thoſe who have ſerved two Apprentiſhips are ſtill *Novices* in their own Trade, I ſhall leave them amongſt their *Cans, Tubs, Casks, Cranes, Bellows,*

Bellows, &c. and being in the dark, groap my way up ſtairs, and creep into the Bar, which ſhall be the ſubject of my next obſervation.

The Daughter or Kinſwoman, which is handſomeſt of the two, is Bar-keeper, which frequently proves more beneficial to the houſe within, than the entiſing Signe without, and yet both uſe the ſame artifices of painting to allure and delude, yet differ very much in their compoſition and ſubſtance, the one being a gravid heavy body, ſupported by almoſt a riſing Conſtables eſtate in Iron work, the other is (it may be) *gravid* too, yet very light, whom a Feather placed in the contrary ſcale, will weigh down, and not bluſh at it, and yet her cloaths in her finery, if ſold to the beſt advantage, would amount to a portion fit for a Country Bride, and raiſe her husband, if a Citizen, to a large fortune.

In the Bar ſhe ſits with much accuſtomed patience, and her good face and cloaths angles for all ſorts of cuſtomers, whilſt her eyes are groaping for Trouts, whom ſhe intends to tickle for her own particular advantage. All in civility lowr their Top-ſail as they paſs by her, but if with the uſuall welcome ſhe beſtows on them a gracious and pleaſant Smile, though under Sail in a ſtiff gale, this is the *Remora* that ſtops the Veſſel, and makes it ride *per* force without dropping Anchor.

Where

Where there is a noted Beauty a Bar-keeper, ſhe draws cuſtom from all parts of the Town, as cunning Pidgeon Merchants with baits ſtore their own Dove-coats from other mens, and at length engroſs more of that commodity than they know well what to do with.

In the forenoon ſhe is retired, to be the better attired, and when beſt dreſt, ſhe ſhows her willingneſs to be undreſt, and cares not how ſoon, ſo ſhe may be aſſured her pleaſure is not greater than her profit; to that end ſhe leaves her Honey-pot ſometimes uncovered on purpoſe, that the gawdy Waſps, and Humble-Bees, may lick and taſt thereof, till with it's glutinous quality, like Bird-lime, ſome ſo ſtick therein, that they cannot get out, till they have dearly paid for their ſtoln ſweets: though ſhe hath broken her leg, ſhe is found enough for a Drawer newly out of his time, who having credit for wine, his houſe is furniſhed with the money that did ſet his wifes broken leg̃, with ſome addition of her Uncles; beſides, we muſt not imagine ſhe was ſo careleſs of her ſelf in the management of the Bar, but that ſhe laid by ſomething for a lying in in the Country, if need required: being thus married, and ſet up, either on the Merchants credit, or on Tunnage, they are now more at liberty to *Wheedle* for themſelves than formerly, he is all complaiſance and cringe, and will be ſure

to

to ſcore a bottle in the reckoning extraordinary, that he may preſent that company with one upon their going, the more to endear them to the houſe; he is very free of his fleſh without exception, and is full of invitations, eſpecially to a Sundays Dinner; for uſually he hath then ſomething more than ordinary, and then drinks, and ſays, you are heartily welcome, and drinks, and tells you ſo again ſo often, that in the end you will find it cheaper to Dine at a Crown Ordinary; and yet ſtill ſtand obliged for theſe eating kindneſſes.

Here note, that in whatſoever Wine you drink to the Miſtreſs of the houſe of your own calling for, ſhe modeſtly refuſes, though ſhe like it better than any other ſort, that, you knowing her diſlike, may call for what ſhe only deſires to augment the reckoning; and to oblige you for that kindneſs, ſhe becomes free in your company, both in ſpeech and behaviour, to enlarge your hopes of a future fruition, which by continual expence, and lying cloſe Siege, may be obtain'd, but when all is ſumm'd up, the Beſieger will find himſelf a great loſer by the Surrender. Trading growing bad, (and ſo it muſt be when forc'd) the young man, and his younger wife lay their heads together, how they ſhall ſhoar up their falling houſe; ſhe cries leave all to me, (and all ſhall be well enough) and

and then ſhe thinks of leaving him; hereupon ſhe takes all, and pays all, and if any comes to him for mony, he ſends them to his wife, as loth to be troubled in the weighty concern of drinking, and ſponging with every body; if he be ſober, and but few or no gueſts in the houſe, he treads more ſteps up ſtairs and down ſtairs in an hour, than a Porter in a Crane does for half a day; running into this Room, then into that, bawling aloud, that he may be heard in the Street, *Harry*, *Tom*, *Will*, *&c.* ſpeak in the *Dolphin*, ſpeak in the *Moon*, *&c.* having before lighted Candles in every Room, as a lightning before Death; the Bell goes inceſſantly all the while, which haply may Toll ſome company in, with whom our young Maſter will drink, or it ſhall coſt him a fall, at length he gets drunk, or ſeems to be ſo, and going to Bed, ſhows how confident he is of his Wifes honeſty, who wrongs him no more in her Perſon, than in his Eſtate, and at length, ſeeing her husband ſink, ſhe adds more weight, and then ſhifts for her ſelf; not long after ſhe may be ſeen in a Bawdy-houſe, or an Hoſpital, whilſt the poor helpleſs man lyes buried alive in ſome Priſon, where he receives no other kindneſs from his friends and relations, than what will barely contribute to to the ſupport of his life, and by the prolongation thereof, becomes more ſenſibly miſerable.

If

If the Daughter keep the Bar, ſhe is more reſerved, and leſs toying in it than the other, not for any averſion ſhe hath to petulant expreſſions, the Parents of wanton thoughts, and looſe actions, but for fear ſhe diſpleaſe her rich Father and Mother, who guard their Daughters chaſtity with as much care and vigilancy as the Golden-Fleece of old. All private conferences are forbidden; if ſome humouriſts will be dialoguing with her, there is, it may be, a retiring room behind the Bar; the Matron then ſupplies the Daughters place, who under the pretence of ſecuring her honour, is more willing to receive the ſhock her ſelf, for her deſign is, that her Daughter ſhall be only ſeen there and heard, not felt and underſtood. The pride of the Vintner makes him look on better Matches for his Daughter than ſhe deſerves, to be too mean; and by reaſon of his mony, is ſo long chooſing an Huſband for her, that ſhe is almoſt paſt chooſing, and therefore thoſe that make their own indifferent choice, are not much to be condemn'd; a notable *Wheedling* ſtory I have heard tending to this purpoſe, which I ſhall not omit, and ſo conclude this Chapter.

A Vintner of eminent note having a very handſom young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, was Courted by a Country-Gentleman, who had an Eſtate of about Sixſcore Pounds, a year,

year, which though conſiderable, appeared ſo contemptible in the eye of this ambitious Vintner, that hearing what propoſals were made, as to Marriage, he was ſo irrationally angry, and highly incenſed, that he not only committed his Daughter cloſe Priſoner to her own Chamber, but forewarn'd the Gentleman the houſe, notwithſtanding he was before this Courtſhip, and ſince, a conſiderable Gueſt to the houſe; the Gentleman, it ſeems, had ſo plyed his buſineſs before he diſcovered his intentions to the old Ones, that the young Gentlewoman was totally at his devotion by ſolemn promiſe, and other tyes, for a perpetual union in affection.

Somewhat troubled, the Gentleman retired into the Country, not without contriving a way by the Maid-ſervant to have mutual converſation with each other at a diſtance by Letter. The young Gentlewoman impatient of her Lovers abſence, and not being able to indure the cruelty of her paſſionate Father, ſent him word, if he would come up to *London* on ſuch a day, ſhe would make an eſcape out, and be married to him, he, overjoy'd, obey'd the Summons, and meeting each other were by a Miniſter lawfully Married; and to confirm it the more, went inſtantly to bed, where lying about two hours, ſhe aroſe, and dreſſing her ſelf, went with the Maid, her Guardian, home again unſuſpected. Taſting

thoſe ſweets of Love which before ſhe was unacquainted with, prompted her ingenuity to find out ways how to repeat their charming viſits; in which a womans wit is ſeldom unſucceſsful. The pleaſure ſhe injoy'd began now to diſcover it ſelf by too many apparent ſymptoms to the Mother, as Paleneſs, Puking, Qualms, *&c.* who examining her Daughter very ſtrictly, confeſſed ſhe was with Child, and gotten by ſuch a Gentleman; the Mother, thinking it was illegitimately begotten, called her Whore, Stainer of their Family, and hitherto untainted Reputation, with ſuch like Villifying expreſſions: having given vent to her immoderate anger, ſhe conſider'd that what was done, could not be undone, & now all her thoughts were impoly'd about the means of concealing this infamy from her Huſband, whoſe humour ſhe had been too well acquainted with, and knew his Pride at this affront would make him run raving mad; ſeeing it was impoſſible to do it, ſhe made it known to him, preparing him as well as ſhe could beforehand, but when once he came to underſtand it, his rage bare down what ever reaſon could be alledged to pacify him. The good old people having vext themſelves ſick by raving by themſelves, and ſcolding with the Daughter, they at length conſider, what is to be done in a buſineſs of this importance, and it was concluded that a threatning

threatning reproachful letter ſhould be ſent into the Country to this Gentleman, to ſee how he would take it, he return'd them another in like manner, reviling them for abuſing him, taxing them with unkindneſs, and laying the fault on their Daughters eaſineſs, not his eagerneſs; that if they would force him to keep the Child, he could not avoid it; but then he hoped that they would be ſo juſt as to ſee their Daughter ſeverely puniſht, and the like; this netled the old People to the heart, however they ſent another letter, but in much milder terms, deſiring him to come up and diſcourſe with them; he ſent them word again, that he had buſineſs of more importance there than to neglect it, to look after Baſtards, *&c.* the third time they ſent again, with ſo many powerful charms contain'd in that paper, that yielding to their requeſts, he came to *London*, and was invited by them to a ſumptuous dinner, at which you may imagine Wine nor good Cheer was wanting, to expreſs their gallantry, and his welcome; after dinner they fell into diſcourſe concerning their Daughter, which he ſeem'd to ſlight, alledging that his eſtate was ſufficient for a very good Match, though they look't on it contemptibly; beſides, if he had a love for their Daughter heretofore, this wanton act of hers had in a manner extinguiſht his flame, *&c.* To be ſhort, they offer'd him a

thouſand pound if he would repair, their Daughters honour by marriage, which he refuſed; ſeeing that, they cauſe her to be dreſt in as ſplendid a manner as the ſhortneſs of the time would permit, and cauſed her to be uſher'd in to tempt him to an acceptance of their proffer; but this wrought no effects; they ſeeing his obſtinacy offer'd him a thouſand pound more if he would be inſtantly married, he now thought it time to cloſe, accepting the proffer, provided they would give him five hundred pound more at the birth of the Child, if it were a boy; which was likewiſe agreed to and a Miniſter ſent for, which was the ſame who had Married them before; according to inſtruction whilſt the Parſon was going about to commence the Ceremony, the Gentleman burſt out into laughter, which ſtrangely amazed the old man, who askt him what he meant, not to be married now, quoth he, but you ſhall ſaid the other (I have you faſt enough) or I'le make your land fly into the air; hereupon the Son and Daughter kneeling down gave their former certificate into their Fathers hand, asking him bleſſing, with ſome pauſe, and with much more aſtoniſhment it was granted, and taking them up in his arms, he hug'd his new Son-in-law ſaying, well, ſince thou haſt ſo outwitted me, I will cheat my ſelf voluntarily of one five hundred pounds more, to make up the even ſum of three

three thouſand; and afterwards liv'd a long time, not only to their own great contentment, but the general ſatisfaction of their Relations.

CHAP. V.

Wheedles of a Town-ſhift in a Coffee-houſe, Ordinary, Theatre, Inn, on the Road, with the Watch, and his Lodgings.

THis *Wheedle* in the firſt place takes great care in keeping good cloaths on his back, and he is to be commended for it, for they not only uſher him into better Company than himſelf, but likewiſe procure him eſtimation where ere he goes. By means of ſome ſmall ſcraps of learning, matcht with a far greater ſtock of confidence, a voluble tongue, and a bold delivery, he hath the luck to be celebrated by the vulgar for a man of parts, eſpecially if he have a lucky hit at quibling, and can introduce now and then an odd Metaphor, a conceited Irony, a wild fetch, an unexpected inference, and hath withal a pleaſing knack in humouring a Tale, and is reſolved never to be daſht out of countenance; by theſe arts, dexterouſly managed, he engroſſes a vaſt repute: he can ſpeak *extempore* on all ſubjects, and this emboldens him to venture himſelf in any Com-

pany, where he ſtrains himſelf to the utmoſt, to be accounted a notable Head-piece, and ſcatters his wit as Beggars do Lice, or Muſkcats perfumes, not that he values popular applauſe on any other account than to enrich his pocket, and makes men pay dearly for the over-rate they put upon him. *Vide Character of a Coffee-houſe.*

A Coffee-houſe is this *Wheedles* Bubbling-Pond, where he angles for Fops, ſingles out his man, inſinuates an acquaintance, offers the Wine, and at next Tavern ſets upon him with high or low Fullams, Goads, *&c.* and ſo plucks my Widgeon, and ſends him home featherleſs.

Full fraught with this ſucceſs, he ſteers his courſe to an *Ordinary* the day following, and will be ſure to be there about eleven, that he may the better take notice of the voluntary uninvited Gueſts, who thither do reſort, and walking up and down ſcornfully and careleſly, ſelects ſome particular Perſon to aſſociate with in his traverſes, ſuch a one who may ſet him off, and publiſh him better than the Play-houſe, with whom he diſcourſes much, no matter to how little purpoſe, ſo that he make but a noiſe, and laugh in faſhion, and changing the Scene of his countenance, he cloaths it on a ſuddain with grim looks, to promiſe quarrelling, whether neceſſity or not require it: and to make himſelf the more obſerved, he urgeth how frequently he hath

hath Duell'd, and not a Dutch fight in which he hath not been engaged; that, being Captain, he was forced to ſhift his Ship twice, that *De Reuter* coming up, he made him with a warm reception looſe, and ſtand another way; that then the Prince hearing of his eminent ſervice in the Fleet, *&c.* here he ſtops, and crys, but no matter, I ſcorn to trumpet out my own praiſe, though upon this very ground I was deſired to attend his Grace againſt *Maeſtricht*, that I was the next man that entred after him, *&c.* Perceiving the untravell'd Company ſwallow down this glibly, he plyes them with more ſtuff of the like nature, how he, as ſimply as he looks, interpreted between the Emperour and the French King, and this he makes uſe of as an Herauld to proclaim his knowledge of Languages, if he hath any, which he prodigally flings about the table, but will hardly be induced to venture upon Latin, it is too general.

Sometimes he will pretend to have great favour at Court, and then all his diſcourſe tends to the obtaining of ſuits, and cunningly ſifts every mans inclinations, who would make uſe of the intereſt of a Great Man to the King, and having not ſo much Grace left in him as to bluſh, he thanks his kind Stars in beſtowing on him ſo great an influence over powerful men, though he knows in his own Conſcience he dares not (but only upon

the priviledge of handſom faſhionable cloaths) preſume to peep within the Court-gate.

Dinner being ended, which is commonly extraordinary, to entice Gueſts to come, and though the Maſter loſes by it, yet he knows he ſhall lick himſelf whole by the benefit of the Box, I ſay after dinner the general propoſition is play, which croſſes the Proverb, for though their Bellies be full yet they will not let the Bones be at reſt; Box and Dice are made ready and Waiters to attend.

Hear note, that the prudent Gameſter will not ſwear at play, becauſe it argues a violent impatience of parting with his money, and betrays his want and needineſs, and, therefore, that none may undervalue him for his ſuppoſed neceſſity, when he hath loſt his money, he ſits down as patiently as a diſarm'd man does, when he is in the hands of unmerciful Serjeants.

By day-light he can do little, and therefore patiently waits as an idle Spectator till the nigh approach, at which time Beaſts of prey do rove abroad, and ſo do Rooks of all ſorts, as Huffs, Setters, Biters, Croſs-biters, *&c.* the Candles being lighted, he then is buſied in a continual motion from one Table to the other, till he can diſcover ſome unexperienced perſon, and unskil'd in the black Art and myſtery of Gaming, whom the *Wheedle* calls a Lamb, and like a Wolf doth

ſeize

ſeize and prey upon him, by engaging him in ſome advantagious Bets at firſt, to draw him on, and having won all his money, the common ſaying is the Lamb is bitten.

He is a careful obſerver of the Winners, of whom it ſhall go hard but he will borrow money by ſome plauſible pretence. If he throws himſelf, he will frequently let the Box-keeper go with him, that the Raſcal, by violating his truſt for advantage, may lend him, when he ſees good, a Tickler, that ſhall do his buſineſs. If he ſees a Winner dropping off, he preſently cloſes with him, and by wiſhing him joy in his ſucceſs, and commending his prudence in leaving off a gainer, as he pretendedly hath done, he proffers him a glaſs of Wine, and warming him therewith, makes him repay at the Tavern that kindneſs with the loſs of all he won, with what he had beſides. If any time he thus picks up a ſure Bubble, he will purpoſely loſe ſome ſmall matter at firſt, that he may engage him the more freely to bleed, (as they call it) and if he ſuffer him to go off a Winner let him look to himſelf the next meeting, where Wine and good Cheer ſhall be plentiful, but before he goes he ſhall pay for the roaſt,

When it grows late and the Table becomes thin, then is the time for the *Wheedle* to uſe his *Hocus Pocus* Tricks, and if there be none left

whom

whom he ſuppoſes bubbleable, to keep his hand in action, and that it may not cool, he will venture his money among thoſe of his own profeſſion, and then cheat that cheat can; theſe of late are called Rats, and when they thus engage, and playing for Coats or Cloaks, wanting mony, the winner then according to the term of Art, ſays, he hath bit of ſuch a Rats tail.

I might enlarge my ſelf very much upon this ſubject, but ſince it hath been treated of already, I ſhall forbear *Cramben bis cottam apponere*, and refer you to a Book called the *Compleat Gameſter*, diſcovering the manner of playing and cheating in moſt Games, either originally our own, or foreign invention.

From the Ordinary we will wait upon this *Wheedle* to his Lodging, and obſerve his deportment by the way; and firſt, if he meet with a drunken man, he will offer him his aſſiſtance in conducting him home, and pay himſelf for the trouble, either by picking his pocket, or pretend an abuſe offer'd him, then beat him cauſeleſly, and finally rub off with an upper Garment; if a wench chance to croſs him, feigning himſelf more than half drunk, he ſwears dam him, he will give her one Bottle, the ſilly Whore accepts of it, and then he carries her where he is known; Venery is the leaſt of his thoughts, it may be, ſome deeper deſign is on foot, to get mony;

for

for having drank a glaſs or two, he ſuddainly cryes out his pocket is pickt, the houſe is alarm'd hereupon, and the Maſter being his friend, ſhe is threatned with a Conſtable, who conſcious to her ſelf of former guilt of this nature (though not of this) dares not ſtand the teſt, but parting with what moneys ſhe hath about her, is forced likewiſe to leave a petticoat behind in Mortgage for further ſatisfaction.

In his going home, if he fear meeting with the Watch, he obligeth the Drawer to accompany him, and having given him his Leſſon, approaching the Conſtable, he falls a railing at his man in a language as lofty as High-Dutch, becauſe he hath uſed him ſo like a Raſcal, in not giving him attendance, and vows the next morning to pull his blew Livery over his ears, though he pay but eighteen pence a Week for his Lodging, and that in a Garret. If he meets with the Grand Round, he then orders his *Will-with-a-Wiſp* to ſpeak aloud, Sir *John*, will you turn this way, or down that ſtreet; if he be alone, to eſcape the danger, he pretends to ſpeak no Engliſh, but hath more diſcretion than one had, to tell the Conſtable ſo in the ſame Language.

If he chance to go home ſeaſonably to his new Lodging, (for his Rogueries oblige him to change often) he then picks up ſome of his gentiler

tiler acquaintance, and drawing near the door, he talks of none but Perſons of Quality, with whom he hath been that day, and p'ay'd a game at Cribbidge; about to enter his Lodging, he ſalutes his Companions by no other Titles than Squire, or Sir *William*, though all a pack of pitiful beggarly Raſcals; and to raiſe himſelf a further reputation in the houſe, he tells his Land-lady, being more credulous than her Husband, that he and his Shoal of Gallants ſwam through an Ocean of Canary, that he danced ſo much out of heels, and that in Wild-foul there flew away ſo much, and to confirm them in this belief, he before hand draws up a large Tavern Bill-of-fare, and dropping it in the houſe, loſeth it on purpoſe to be found, and read to the increaſe of his reputation.

He is very ſolicitous to get acquaintance with ſome of the Actors, not out of any reſpect he bears to their Ingenuity, but to gain ſo far an intereſt in them, as to be let into the houſe now and then *gratis*, and upon no other ſcore, than to pick up a Bubble, or ſome unpractiſed young Female, whom he pinches by the Fingers, and cries, *Damme*, Madam, were you but ſenſible of that Paſſion I have for you, you could not but inſtantly ſhow ſome pity to your languiſhing Vaſſal, this he utters at firſt ſight, and if the firſt ſhow him no countenance, the next he comes

at

at ſhall have the ſame Compliment; having trim'd his Wigg and careen'd his Breeches, he cruſeth to and fro the Pit, (not minding the Players who Act their parts ſo well on the Stage, that Ladies ſend for them to act in their Chambers) and never is at quiet till he hath made prize of ſome or other, whom he tows off to a Tavern, and there rummages the Hold at pleaſure.

When he intends to go on the Pad, then Inns ſome time before are the chief places whither he reſorts, to get information of Hoſtler, Tapſter or Chamberlain what booties they can inform him of, and by knowing the time of the Travellers ſetting out, and which way he goes, he knows accordingly when and how to ſurprize him; it is needleſs here to inſert what *Wheedles* the Pad uſeth to effect his deſigns, ſince they are at large diſcover'd in *Clavels Recantation*, and in the life of the *Engliſh Rogue*, or the *Witty Extravagant*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Wheedles of a Quacking Aſtrological Doctor.

BEfore I ſhall relate to you how *Doctor Cunning-man Wheedles* with his poor ignorant Patients, it is requiſit I deſcribe him by the way as briefly as I can, acknowledging my ſelf beholding to his Character ingeniouſly written by my very good friend. This fellow is the tag-end or Pug of a Conjurer, who wanting courage, never durſt look his Grand-Sire in the face, yet loves dearly to hear of Him, and his infernal Relations; to that end he hath got *Cornelius Agrippa* by heart, and though he underſtands not Latin, yet he reads every day *Trithemius* his *Stegonographia*, the better to imprint the names of his Brethren in his memory, and to furniſh his Mouth with ſuch words as may become as dreadful to the Non-intelligent as his exorciſms, or a magical Circle with Devils crawling round it. By his ſerious looks he beſpeaks the reputation of a knowing man, and undertakes to tell other mens fortunes merrily to ſupply the pinching neceſſities of his own, and that he may avoid the

the cenſures of the Vulgar, he by his Bills (which Chequer every piſſing place) proclaims himſelf *Secretary to God and Nature*, and the *Stars Privy-Councillor*, that it lyes in his power to jilt the Cabinet of the Deſtinies, and ſteal thence their greateſt ſecrets, whereas he is nothing but a *meer Hocus*, *and his whole Art is but a well contriv'd faculty or Legerdemain to bubble inquiſitive and credulous Fools of their money.*

His natural impudence and a ſtollen Ephemeris *ſet him up, and he begins at once to be a Student and a Profeſſor. No ſooner hath he learn'd the myſtery to erect a ſcheme, but he fancies himſelf a whole Sphear above* Tycho Brahe, *&c. and thence forward his cloven tongue is tipt with Prophecy; let the diſcourſe be what it will, he ſtill ſpeaks Aſtrology, and never opens his Mouth but it is bearded with a Planet.*

Some ſay he took his beginning from a Cunning-woman, and ſtole this Black-art from her, whilſt he made her Sea-coal fires; whoſe impudence and ignorance ſo ſuted with hers, that ſhe could do no leſs than take him from that drudgery, and employ him in a greater, by marrying him, and making him Copartner in her ſecrets; if he will not condeſcend to this, ſhe thruſts him out of his warm Neſt half fledgd, and rambling up and down, he knows not where, hardly eſcaping the Cage, at length he percheth where ſome famed

med Figure flinger liv'd before, and ſo raiſeth himſelf upon his reputation.

To ſupply his defects in learning, he will frequently quote, *Ptolomy, Cardan, Eichſtadius, Argol,* and ſeveral others, yet never read his Accidence, however he hath raked together a damnable many hard words, *with which he ſtartles his trembling Querents, who take them for names of his Confederate Devils*; which he conjures not up all at once, but intermixeth his diſcourſe with Tranſition, Direction, Schemes Profectional, Radix Genethliacal, Excentrick, Epicycle, Sextile, Trine, Quartile, Acronick, Helio-centrical, and a thouſand more words as terrifying. I have often wondred why ſo many Knights of the Croſs-legd Order have been great Proficients in this deep Art and Myſtery, it may be, ſitting *in a Garret four ſtories high, they have the beetter opportunity to contemplate the cœleſtial bodies, and ſearch out the meaning of their reſpective Twinck-lings*; But that which makes me wonder moſt of all, is that a parcel of pitiful, debaucht, atheiſtical Fellows, *ſhould ſo frequently look upwards, and perpetually pore on Heaven, buſying themſelves about a place they are never like to come to.*

His groundleſs Gueſſes he calls Reſolves, and compels the Stars (like Knights of the Poſt) to depoſe things they know no more than the Man in the Moon.

Some

Some of them have ſo much practice they ſcorn to meddle with Theft, whereas it is nothing but fear that hinders him from picking the Querents pockets to help to his goods again. A poor ſervant that hath loſt but a Silver Bodkin muſt put a ſhilling to his mouth before ſhe can unskrew his jaws, and when ſhe hath got them open, *Baalams Aſs* ſpoke a thouſand times to more purpoſe. Since Plate triumph'd ſo much in every petty Ale-houſe, he hath been forced to uſe ſome other means than his uncertain Art, and I commend him, he took an excellent courſe for a more certain diſcovery of goods ſtoln or loſt either by maintaining a ſtrict correſpondence, with Budges, Gilts and Lifters, as ſome raw young Phyſical Practicers, with applauding Midwives, and recommending Nurſes, or elſe by laying aſide (into what houſe he comes) Bowl, Beaker, Spoon, Tankerd, or any other thing he can, undiſcover'd, lay his hands upon: by the firſt he keeps up his credit by the ſame Hermetick learning *Mall-cut-purſe* heretofore profeſt; and by the latter means he buoys it up to no leſs admiration; for he tells them how and where it lyes, to the Eaſtward of the houſe, in ſuch an Angle, under ſuch and ſuch rubbiſh. O Wonderful! but ſurely he that hides can find.

At other times laying aſide his Art, he hath

recourſe to his never failing way of ſifting; if by ſubtle interrogatories he pumps out any thing from the Querent, he is ſure to remember it ſo as to make uſe on't; and to avoid the ſuſpition that his prediction proceeds from conjecture, he ſpends ſome time in ſcrawling out a Scheme, and plays the part of an Herald at Arms in ordering the Planets in their proper places, but goes no further till he receive his mony, and herein imitates a Welch Cuſtom; The Miniſter at a funeral ſtops half way in reading the Ceremonies for the deceaſed, and proceeds not till ſome Relation pays him his fees and then goes on; *then he begins to tell him back his own Tale in other language, and he takes that for Divination which is but Repetition, neither regarding antient Rules or the true poſitions of the Heavens, but follows his own fancy and ſays what he thinks will pleaſe moſt*; and ſending home ſome brisk young maid big with the hopes of being ſpeedily married, ſhe brings whole Shoals with her the next day to be reſolved of the ſame queſtion.

In his greener practice he meddles much with ſtollen goods, but being arrived to a Velvet Jacket, by the ſucceſs of his *Wheedling* and craſty deluſions, he then ſends his petty Clients to the young fry of the Aſtrological Art, and reſerves the better ſort to himſelf to practiſe upon.

The young Gallant bribes him with a Guinny to know

know when his covetous Father will have the civility to go to Heaven, and is ſo pious as to double it, if by Art he can expedite his journy. The old toothleſs, ſtumpleſs, nay ſapleſs Lady, cannot be quiet till he hath reſolved her concerning the ſeventh Husband, the Married that are wearied by length of time, and other ways, inquire which ſhall dye firſt, Male or Female; the broken Citizen, flying confinement as a Contagion, asks him which way he were beſt ſteer his courſe for advantage; a young woman comes to know whether Mr. ſuch a one will marry her to ſawder up that crack he made in her virginity; to all theſe he diſpences *Oracles* with a confidence equall'd by nothing but his ignorance, and if any preſume to ſcruple his *judgment*, the room will be too little to hold him and them, and if they go not voluntary out, 'tis ten to one he will be ſo ſaucy as to tell them, their company is troubleſom to his ſtudious retirement.

Hell hath not three ſuch Miniſters in all its territories for amorous Intrigues, as the Midwife, Nurſe, and this Aſtrological Bill-Doctor; for he will Pimp for a Stallion if he will bring him on his back a load of Hay. He will betray a conſiderable Fortune to a Foot-boy, and if he may go ſnips in the portion, he knows an hundred ways how to effect his deſign; by furniſhing the young man with good cloaths as Bawds do

Whores, that they may ply their buſineſs to the better advantage; then *Wheedles* with the Heireſs, and tells her at ſuch a time a young man, ſo complexion'd, featur'd, form'd, and in ſuch a habit, ſhe will accidentally ſee as ſhe is walking home, the Stars have decreed ſhall be her huſband, that there is no reſiſtance to be uſed againſt their all-powerful influence, and that if ſhe ſhould be ſo imprudent as to oppoſe their powers, ſhe will never meet with the like opportunity, and die miſerably and unpitied in a ſingle condition. If unhapily by his means two are conjoy'd of different humors and conditions, and they condemn him for being the unlucky inſtrument of their miſery, he excuſes himſelf and lays the fault on Heaven by ſaying it is their deſtiny. He gives out that he is the only *Love-procurer* in *Europe*, the noiſe hereof attracts to his lodgings every day whole Flocks of *Turtle-Doves* of both kinds, who poor ſilly creatures buy his powder of *Cuckow-pintle* for an excellent *Philter*, who did they not uſe ſome better means would never reap the enjoyment of their deſired billing. He makes young Bubbles believe he knows the Minute, the critical preciſe minute wherein it is impoſſible for the chaſteſt woman living to hold out, and to that purpoſe appoints them meetings which ſhall be moſt ſafe and leaſt obnoxious to diſcovery.

Now

Now as ſome Creatures are amphibious, living like *Rats* and *Frogs* both on *Land* and *water*, ſo this cunning Devil of a Doctor is equally skill'd at *Scheme* and *Urinal*, and fearing he ſhall want mouths to praiſe him (being conſcious to himſelf of his own defects and Inabilities) he opens his own wide, and where ever he comes brags out his own eulogies in running over a long Catalogue of what dangerous diſtempers he hath cured, and leſt what he tells every one ſhould not leave an impreſſion deep enough in their memories, he Prints his Bills ſo often upon tick, that he is forced to remove his Lodgings as often, if for no other cauſe than to ſhun the inceſſant clamours of the needy *Ballad Printer*. If by *Wheedling* he can cheat the people into an opinion of his abilities, and make them believe he is a Scholar, becauſe now and then he lards his lean diſcourſe with ſmall ſlices of Latin, and by this means gets a little money into his pocket, he then hath the impudence of publiſhing a Book of anothers writing, having neither Wit nor judgment ſufficient to do it himſelf, with his Picture prefixt, done by an Engraver whom he bribed to make it not like but handſom, and as his ſtock encreaſes, he will have diverſe of them by him cut in Braſs, not half ſo brazen as his face, one in a Perriwig, another without, one in a Coat, and the other in a Doctors Gown and

Cap, although he was never dub'd Doctor but by a Licence from the Commons.

When he is in the company of men he draws forth some of his *Paper-Books*, and scatters them about, as a prodigal Goose flutters about her feathers, and then with a loud voice and serious countenance, he relates what cures both internal and external he hath effected in such a County, and shows you in his book their names printed, besides several written Certificates he carries about him, pretending they came too late to be inserted. Thus he perswades the sound man to make himself sick, if for no other reason than to experiment his famous Physick; and you must not refuse to take a Box of his rare universal Pill, with a Pamphlet to wait upon it, to keep the Viper from doing you any harm; sure it must work wonderful effects in the body of man, since the supposed *Author* at first knew not how to write the name he gave it, but past thus from *him*, and the *Printer*, as ignorant as himself, *Pillulæ radiis Solis extractum*, and being laught at for it, was constrein'd to bribe a boy of one of the lower Class to reconcile the difference he had made between the *Substantive* and *Adjective*.

If he be in *Female Society* his discourse runs in another Chanel, but fouler and polluted; for if he have not read the learned *Roderieus a Castro de morbis Mulierum*, or the sportive Italian *Sinibaldus*

baldus his *Gyneanthropeia*; he is ſure to con over and over the *Man-Midwife*, *Culpepers Midwifery*, *&c.* to furniſh him with the names of Womens diſeaſes and their cures: and having ſifted ſome Servant of the houſe, who is ſick therein, or diſorder'd, according to the Age and Diſtemper of the Perſon, he poſſeſſes the Miſtreſs thereof with a ſtrange opinion of what wonderful feats he can do, as thus, if ſhe hath been married any while and hath no Children, he then whiſpers her in the ear that her Womb is foul, and muſt be cleanſed, for which purpoſe he hath incomparable *Pillulæ Fœmininæ* of a purgative cleanſing faculty, opening *Obſtructions* of the *lower Region*, and *Vains* leading to the *Matrix* and *Privy parts*, by which it takes away the accidental cauſes of *Barrenneſs*, or he hath a *Peſſary*, if ſhe pleaſe to uſe it, *&c.* If he ſee any in the family that are troubled with the *Green Sickneſs*, Suffocations of the Womb, Fits of the Mother, or the like, he hath other *Feminine Pills*, which infallibly carry all offending matter from thoſe parts incident to that Sex, and to forward or perfect the cure, he hath *Reſtaurator Naturæ* (as it is called) being an excellent Spirit to reſtore Nature, to heal, knit and ſtrengthen, Reins, Loin, Womb, and Spermatick Parts, ſtrengthen conception, preventeth miſcarriages, eaſeth after pains; as for weeping of the Womb, Whites, or Running

of the Reins he hath a never failing Pill, whoſe name is not to be remembred without difficulty; in ſhort, there is no diſeaſe, belonging to the body of mankind, of which he pretends not the perfect cure, and could he do all, or one half of what his Bills contain, we might then truly ſay, that Miracles are not ceaſed yet, and we might allow him to boaſt his knowledg in Medicine as he doth, and ſhould not blame him for ſaying, that theſe remedies are prepar'd by a skilful hand, and rightly adapted from a true and perfect knowledge of Nature, grounded on the ſoundeſt Reaſon and matureſt Judgment, and that, by long Experience, theſe Preparations are far beyond any *Elixir*, whatever, and are not inferiour to the beſt *Arcanums* in the *Univerſe*. Admirable Operator! that can skin a Flint, make leaf Gold of the Rays of the Sun, and make ten pounds in Silver from the powder of a Brick-bat.

As in cheating there is a *Bonum utile*, ſo in being cheated there is a *Bonum jucundum*, the *Wheedling* Quacking Impoſtor, impreſſing an expectation more pleaſant than ordinary on his Patients fancies, which doth not a little tickle their dull Spleen, as rare Cordial VVaters for Languiſhing People, called by ſtrange names, *viz. Elixir Proprietatis*, *Elixir Salutis*, *&c.* reſtoring Drooping Spirits to life and vigour, curing old and inveterate Conſumtions, Dropſies, Scurvies,

Scurvies, and what not, cheers the heart, and are Health and Lifes Preservers, and prolongers. And, as I have heard some *Mountebancks* in a *Rhodomontado* humour swear, he deserves not to practise Physick, that cannot at any time plentifully supply his necessities with money gotten out of a Brick-bat pulverized, so it is generally known how a *Heel-maker* arrived to an estate of many thousands, by selling Barley water with a few drops of Spirit of Salt in it. It is strange that Persons should suffer their Purses to be gelded, and their Bodies Anatomized by an huddle of such *Wheedling* Empericks, as the *Hatband-maker* once of *Moor-fields*; the *Gunsmith* in *Barbican*, and that old doating piece of Non-sense in *South-wark*.

Since the practices of such Ignoramusses are of so general & dangerous a consequence to such as use them, I shall now open to your sight the Skulls of such as are commonly intrusted with your Health, where you may behold the Wheels of their Brain framing subtle practices to drain your Dropsical Purses, and play the Knave and Fool with your consumptive Bodies.

The Knacks and *Wheedles* of this Quacking Practitioner consists in three Notions. First, that a Patients grievance is either a discernable evident disease, which his own confession makes known what it is; or, Secondly, an inward Pain;

or

or thirdly and laſtly, Endemick Diſeaſes, as Scurvy, Conſumption, or Pox, this is his Theory, which is ſo deeply engraſted on his *Dura Mater*, which he either acquires at home by a fourteen years ſtudy, after he hath left making Fires for ſome *Chymical Operator*, or abroad by his money, which he gradually, or by little and little, ſtole from his Maſter, when ſleep and the fumes of wine had rendred him unſenſible of the Cheat; it is no difficult matter for a mans Coyn to be dub'd Doctor in Foreign places, the formality whereof moſt commonly conſiſts in this, *Accipiamus Pecuniam, & dimittamus Aſinum.*

But now let us conſider how he makes applycation of the aforeſaid three Notions. The Doctor demanding of his Patient the cauſe of his complaint, or where his grief doth lye, he replies, it may be, that he is troubled with Vomiting, Looſneſs, want of Appetite, Cough, bad Digeſture, Difficulty of Breathing, Faintneſs, Jaundice, Dropſie, Gout, Palſie, Ague, Feaver, *&c.* all theſe are evident; if the Diſeaſe be not evident, the Dr. then concludes, it muſt be either an inward Pain, or an Endemick Diſtemper. The Patient then complaining of an inward Pain, the Doctor then falls to his old trade of gueſſing, enquiring firſt in what part; if in the right ſide under the ſhort ribs, he tells him it is

an

an Obſtruction in the Liver; if in the left ſide, then in the Spleen, if in the Belly, he calls it the Colick, if in the Back, he perſwades him it is the Gravel or Stone; if a Stitch in the Breaſt, he terms it wind or Pleuriſie; and if the Perſon be reduced to a poor and lean Carcaſs, then he tells him that he is in a Conſumption, but being troubled with ſeveral pains at once, as want of Stomach, change of Complexion, Looking Yellowiſh, Duskiſh, or Greeniſh, then Mr. *Wheedle* whiſpers him in the ear, that he is troubled with the Scurvy, or if he have running ſores, ſpots, pimples, or botches in the Face, Arms, *&c.* or Nodes in the head, he calls that the Scurvy too, if the Perſon have the diſcretion to behave himſelf as a ſober diſcreet man, that can go in, and come out of Brothels at ſuch convenient times, and in ſuch various Diſguiſes, that, with the help of a Muffling Cloak, he paſſes undiſcovered though he meet his wife at the Threſhold; otherwiſe if the Patient be youthful and inclined to Venery by his Complexion, then the forementioned Diſeaſe muſt be called an inveterate Clap, or in down right Engliſh the Pox.

In Diſeaſes of Women, the *Mother* or *Matrix* he accuſeth: If a Child, within the ſpace of ſix Months, be ſick without the appearance of an evident diſtemper, then he affirms it is troubled with

with the gripes, which, if not speedily remedied, will turn to a Convulsion, but if that happen not according to his prognostication, to prevent the forfeiture of his skill and repute, he then cunningly acquaints the Mother it had inward fits, and so craftily *Wheedls* with her, that she poor silly Woman verily believes it: if after seven months, the Child be discomposed, it is then breeding Teeth; having bred all the Teeth, if it fall ill, then he avoucheth it is troubled with VVorms.

Let us a little farther consider the subtlety of his fancy in groaping out the cause of Diseases, which though cloathed with the darkest Clowds yet by virtue of this following Principle, he aims at this mark immediately, *viz.* that most Diseases are caused by the four Temperaments, Choler, Phlegm, Melancholy, or abundance of Blood; of these, two are hot and two cold, and so are causes of hot and cold distempers; now these four being reduced to two general *Categories* under the notion of hot and cold, any one, having but the sense of distinguishing *Winter* from *Summer*, may instantly appoint a cause for almost every disease; hereupon the Patient complaining, *Mr. Wheedle* the Doctor hath no more to do but to take him by the fist, to feel whether he be hot or cold; if cold, he summons in his cold causes, as Phlegm and Melancholy, which

which ready pronouncing of the Cauſe upon a meer touch ſtupifies the Patient through admiration of this *Æſculapian Oracle*, hitting him in the right Vein to an hairs breadth, and upon this the Patient confeſſeth that the Doctor undoubtedly underſtands his Diſtemper; for every morning, (quoth he) as ſoon as I wake, I ſpit ſuch a deal of Phlegm, and moreover I am much inclined to Melancholy. This jumping in opinions betwixt them makes the Doctor ſwell with expectation of a large Fee, which the Patient moſt freely forces upon him, and ſo the Fool and his money are ſoon parted; and it is two to one but both are diſappointed, the one in his judgment, the other in his belief; for ſuppoſe the Diſeaſe takes its growth from Choler or abundance of blood, there is ſcarce one in an hundred but is ſubject to ſpit in the Morning, and being reduced to weakneſs by his ſickneſs, and in continual pain, cannot otherwiſe chooſe but be Melancholy; for mirth and chearfulneſs ſeldom lodge in indiſpoſed bodies.

I doubt I have been ſomewhat too ſerious for my ſubject in this diſcovery of his phyſical knowledge, which is no more than what any ordinary Perſon may arrive at in a very little time, only he hath a greater ſtock of Impudence to puſh him forward, ſubtlety to conceal his Ignorance in the Art and myſtery of Phyſick, and Craft to

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inſinuate himſelf into Families and acquaintance, whom he makes believe he can do wonders, and if he effect but one Cure in an hundred, that Perſon ſhall be continually quoted (nay after death) for one among ſome thouſands on whom he hath wrought miracles by his skill in Phyſick. Here I might give you an account how he manageth a Stage to his advantage both in City and Country, what Tools and Cattle he carries with him (for he is not ſo confin'd to a Chamber but that he will ſometimes mount the ſtage, whereon *He* and *Merry-Andrew* play the Fool to pleaſe a company of gaping Fools and Pick-pockets, but none ſo dexterous at that Art as the worſhipful *Mr. Doctor*) I ſay ſo much might be ſaid concerning his practices on the ſtage, that it would afford matter to fill a volume. How firſt his Buffoonries are exhibited in publick to attract the People, and having congregated a great many, *Mr. Doctor*, who is in ken, comes and aſcends the Stage, where having walkt to and fro very ſtately, and filling his hands with papers, and ſmall vials, he then begins to diſgorge the names of thoſe diſeaſes he not long ſince ſwallow'd, which, like vomits, will no longer be contain'd; he then tells you what excellent Pills, Plaiſters, Powders, Spirits, Ointments, Balſoms, Waters, and Elixirs he hath for all diſeaſes that ever were, or ſhall be; how he did cut off ſuch

a Wen, ſuch a ſore Breſt, heal'd ſuch an Harelip, and in confirmation hereof whole crowds of diſeaſed perſons, cured by him, aſcend the Stage, and confirm the truth of his ſaying; to raiſe him further credit, he openly proclaims he will cure the Poor for Gods-ſake, but thoſe who buy his ingredients ſhall in the price pay for ſuch Poor and themſelves together. At length about to depart out of the Town, wherein he hath ſojourn'd ſome time, and being on the Stage, he in a ſtudied Speech acknowledges to the People how much he hath been beholding to them, and, to expreſs his gratitude, if the Poor will aſſemble here to morrow (for he informs them he muſt go away that day) as many as come ſhall have twelve pence apiece, the People with abundance of Poor aſſembled the next day, and thoſe that are able bought ſeveral of his ingredients, and fearing they ſhould never ſee this worthy charitable Doctor again ſtored themſelves with ſomething of every thing he expoſed there to ſale; when he had done vending, now ſaid he I muſt be as good as my promiſe to the Poor, and ſo I ſhall, in beſtowing upon every one of them a ſhilling, look you then ſaid he, here is a Powder good for all Wounds, Ulcers, Fiſtula's, *&c.* the price I ſell it for is two ſhillings, I will take but one: here is a rich Cordial water, the price half a Crown, I will take but eighteen pence, and ſo after

after that rate went on, but when the Poor saw themselves deluded by this *Wheedling* knavish *Doctor*, they began to handle his Stage so roughly, that had not he presently fled for it, and mounting rode in all haste away, I know not but (like *De Wit* by the *Dutch Rabble*) they would have made him a sacrifice to their revenge.

But to proceed, our *Doctor Wheedles* best by Proxy, and more succesfully; for if he make a true sound on the Trebble of the females fancy, it will produce such a Harmony as shall sound his praise through City and Country, and indeed without these female instruments, or she-trumpets it is almost impossible for our *Doctor* (notwithstanding his own *Wheedles*) to arrive to a famous report, who having once by the musick of his [illegible] enchanted the women, doth by the same [illegible] subject the opinions of men to his advan[illegible] generally usurping or impropriating [illegible] of their husbands health to their [illegible]ment: for if a man chance to fall sick, [illegible] asks his wife what *Doctor* he shall [illegible] gives her direction to him [illegible] ears last.

In [illegible] *Doctor* shows himself no [illegible] in *Genesis*, who to [illegible] first to deceive [illegible]

T[illegible] *Wheedles* with

with his female Patient. Firſt, (as I have ſaid before) if ſhe hath had no Children, he pretends to put her into the way how ſhe may have them, than which nothing can oblige her more, moſt of the Sex being of *Rachels* humour in ſome meaſure, *Give me Children, or I dye.* If ſhe be with Child, he tells her ways how to ſtrengthen the womb, facilitate labour *&c.* If at any time ſhe ſeems to be diſorder'd, He knows ſhe loves to be told that ſhe is melancholy, though of never ſo merry a Compoſure, and in that part of the *Litany* this *Doctor* is a perfect *Reader*; if ſhe complain of drowſineſs, want of Stomach, Cough *&c.* he preſently tells her that ſhe is in an ill ſtate, attended with many dangerous diſeaſes, which all proceed from Melancholy, or probably, quoth he, from the unkindneſs of husband or Relations, which inſtantly makes the *Poor Heart* put finger in eye, force a deep ſigh, and all this for being denied what ſhe requeſted of him; this certainly aſſures her the impreſſion of that Melancholy to be the Original of her diſtemper, ſince her Phyſitian diſcourſes to her as much, though ſome months or years paſt, and for ſo doing admires him, withal intending to give an ample teſtimony to the World of her *Doctors* profound skill: but this is not all, he purſues his buſineſs, peeps into her eyes, where ſpying a ſmall wrinkle or two in the inward or leſſer angle,

he tells her ſhe hath had a child or two, then perſwades her at her laſt lying in her *Midwife* did not perform her Office skilfully, whereby ſhe received prejudice; by taking cold, diſplacing the Womb, *&c.* which inſtance ſquaring ſo exactly with the premeditated ſenſe and opinion of his *She-Patient* (moſt women though never ſo well accomodated in their labour being prone to call the behaviour of their *Midwife* in queſtion) he hath now produced a far greater confidence than before: and laſt of all to compleat his work, now at the exit, of his gulled or *Wheedled* Patient, of rendring her thoughts, opinion, and confidence Vaſſals to his Service, fame, and advantage, makes one overture more of a great cauſe of ſome of her Symptoms, declaring to her ſhe is much ſubject to fits of the Mother, occaſioning a choaking in her throat: and here alſo they jump in their ſentiments, ſcarce one woman in an hundred but one time or other is aſſaulted by thoſe uterine ſteems, eſpecially upon a Tempeſt of any of her Paſſions, of fright, anger, love, *&c.*

In the next place let us conſider this *Aſtrologico-phyſical Wheedle*, as he is a *Water-Gazer* or *Water-Caſter* alſo, who by the ſtreams of the Urine pretends to gratifie his Patients nice curioſity of being reſolved what was, what is, and what diſeaſe is to come; and what is more,

he

he ſometimes by his great pretended cunning aims to diſcover as much by the Urinal, as he does by the Stars.

By the way give me leave to relate you a ſtory how an *Engliſh Doctor* at *Leyden*, not many years ſince, promoted himſelf by his moſt wonderful ſagacity in Urins, hundreds, nay rather thouſands repairing to this ſtupendious Oracle to have by that means the ſtate of their body deſcribed. Upon his arrival, at the place forementioned, he had in his company a bold fellow that haunted the moſt noted Taverns and Houſes of entertainment, where by way of diſcourſe divulged the good fortune that was come to the Town by the arrival of an *Engliſh Doctor*, whoſe great *learning* and particular *skill* in *Urins* would ſoon render him famous to all the Inhabitants; this being pronounced with a confidence ſuitable to the ſubject, occaſioned three ſick *Scholars* (two *Hecticks* and one *Hydropical*) then preſent, to make tryal of the truth of his words; the next morning, agreeing to mix all their ſeveral waters in one Urinal, and commit the carriage of it to *him* that was *Dropſical*. In the mean time *Mr. Doctor* is advertiſed of it by his Companion, which made him ſo skilful, that when the *Dropſical Scholar* preſented him with the *Urinal* to know the ſtate of his diſeaſed body, he ſoon gravely replied, that he obſerved three *Urins* in

this one *Urinal*, whereof the two lowermoſt parts of the *Urine*, appeared to him to be conſumptive, and the third that floated atop Dropſical, withal that their conditions appear'd deſperate, and that at the expiration of ſix months they ſhould be all lodged in their graves. This admirable dexterity of diſcerning diſeaſes by the urinal was ſoon proclaim'd by the Scholars themſelves, who all having finiſh'd the courſe of their lives within the prefixd time proved an undoubted argument of his unparallel'd parts in the Art of Phyſick, which immediately procured him an incredible concourſe of people for many years.

That the effects of confederacy in promoting a Phyſitian to a popular vogue are as powerful as diſingenious may evidently be deduced, not only from this Narrative, but from the common deſign of vulgar *Empericks*, who to raiſe their fame high as a Pyramid ſend forth ſeveral Mouthers to Mouth in all publick places, Taverns, Coffee and Ale-houſes their vaſt Abilities, expecting with that bait to hook in as many Patients as will ſwallow it.

Sometimes, to counterfeit his great practice, he will order an Apothecary, or ſome other, to call him out of the Church at an afternoon Sermon to haſten with all ſpeed to ſome ſuborn'd Patient, to the intent the People may be advertiſed of the weighty buſineſs the *Doctor* is concern-

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ed in. At other times by inſinuating into the *Speaking-men* and *Holders-forth* in Conventicles he entiſes a far greater employ, than his real capacity in Phyſick can pretend to, and mounting himſelf thereby turns tail to thoſe who held the Stirrup to him; and by his Equipage, eminent houſe, and by the frequent waiting of his hired Patients on him, he gains ſo great a reputation in the world, as to purchaſe quickly either an Eſtate or a Priſon.

To ſum up all, when he is in Company where he dares preſume to talk, his diſcourſe is all *Aphoriſms* though his Reading be only the School of Phyſick, *Alexis Secrets*, or the *Regiment* of *Health*. The beſt cure he hath done is upon his own Purſe, which from a lean ſicklineſs he hath made luſty and in fleſh. His learning conſiſts much in reckoning up the hard names of diſeaſes, and the ſuperſcription of Gally-pots in an Apothecaries ſhop, and muſt be admired for his going a Simpling annually. He is hardly language'd otherwiſe than in diſeaſes, and ſpeaks Greek many times when he knows not. He makes it one great part of his buſineſs to intrude himſelf where Phyſicians of note are conſulting about ſome deſperate cure; if he eſcape the ignominy of not being excluded the ſociety, and the Patient recover, his whole diſcourſe for a month ſhall be, how he and ſuch and ſuch Doctors

of note conſulting about a deſperate recovery, following his advice, the Perſon is now in good health though given over by half the Colledge, and this breeds his reputation, and that his practice.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Phanatick Wheedles of a Self-Edifying Non Conformiſt.

THe word *Non-Conformiſt* includes all Separatiſts from the Church of *England*, and therefore I have made uſe of it to the end I may not tire the Reader with a character of the diviſion of their Sects, and the ſeveral Fryes that are contained under them, and ſeeing the diſtinctions would be infinite, I ſhall not confound him with ſub-diviſions and new names: for every Sect takes up a new Name with the old Villanies, they change the name but retain the Sin: he that can perſwade the People that from an old Sinner he is become a New man, may under that diſguiſe cheat with greater liberty, and by the *Saints Practice* prove, *It is lawful for the Saints to cheat the Wicked.*

You may know this ſort of Cattle by theſe Marks: their words and their works do ſeldom agree; they are infinitely conceited and opinionated of their own perfections and condemn all others. A Lye in their own or a Brothers mouth is truer than truth it ſelf in another mans.

They ſuſpect and conclude all men to be wicked but themſelves.

They begin all their miſchiefs in the name of the Lord, and what is unjuſt in another mans caſe, is moſt juſt in theirs. They will believe none but the confiding men of their own party. In a word the world is their Stage, and they act the Devils part thereon in the ſhape of an Angel of Light, a part that has been acting ever ſince the world began, and will not be finiſhed until the worlds end. They are a People generally ſubtle, Frugal, and wary in their dealing, by which, and their large pretenſions to a punctual honeſty, they have engroſſed a great part of the Nations Trade; and ſince that equivocation is as common to them as Oaths and Curſes to a Loſing Gameſter, he that deals with them has need of more eyes then *Poets* beſtow on *Argus*, for they out-wit a *Genoes* for ſubtlety, and an *Amſterdam Jew* may ſerve as their Apprentice, and by their crafty trading can teach him how to make his beſt advantage: for, *Self* is the Center whereunto the lines of all their actions tend, and like an Hedg-Hog, wrapt up in his own warm Down, turns out briſtles to all the world beſides. They would not appear in a plain habit but to gain thereby, and therefore it was well obſerved by the Ingenious Satyriſt againſt Hypocrites,

Meekneſs

Meekneſs they preach, yet ſtudy to controul.
Money they'd have when they cry out, Poor Soul;
And angry, will not have, Our Father ſaid,
'Cauſe it prays not enough for Daily bread.

Their Conventicles are but a holy cheat at beſt, where *Extempore* effuſions, Sanctified Non-ſenſe, and ridiculous Fopperies flow as inſenſibly as excrements from deſperately ſick Perſons, and if any accuſe them for their poor, flat, jejune, impertinent, ſeditious and Blaſphemous expreſſions, he is reviled by them for abaſing by Nick-names thoſe pretious Soul-piercing, yea Soul-ſaving, heart-breaking, Sin-deſtroying, yea Faith-comforting truths: calling them *Boanergeſes*, Sons of Thunder, and ſo they are in ſome ſenſe Sons of Thunder, for, inſtead of Soul-ſaving truths, they thunder out Soul-deſtroying, State-deſturbing, King-reproaching doctrine: this they thunder out ſo powerfully, that the Siſters, thoſe Weaker Veſſels cannot chuſe but fall before them, and proſtrating themſelves, petition the ableſt Members to ſtand to them, profeſſing their readineſs at all times, eſpecially in theſe days of more Light, or rather more light days, to lay down themſelves with their whole ſubſtance, and though they may fall back a little, yet not totally fall away.]

Theſe

Theſe are a parcel of Fellows who beat more on the Cuſhion than the Text and make the Pulpit groan more than the Hearers; thus otherwiſe expreſt,

Sans Compliment the pretious man begins,
The ſuff'ring Pulpit groans for Iſraels *Sins,*
Sins which in number many though they be,
And crying ones, are yet leſs Loud than He:
Half melted, but more out of breath He cryes,
Not knowing what to ſay, He wipes his eyes;
And then at laſt that he may raiſe new fears,
And make his Gang ſhake their myſterious ears,
All is not well he doubts----

He is much admired and beloved too for having the Art of Memory to retain Non-ſenſe; he ſpeaks all by heart, never looking into his Book; indeed 'tis no wonder, for it was a thing he never was accuſtomed to uſe. He will hardly condeſcend (for fear of ſpoiling his reputation) to open his Bible when he names the Text; and if he does 'tis,

------ *As you'l find it writ,*
Repeats his Text, and takes his leave of it,
And ſtreight to's Sermon in ſuch furious wiſe,
As made it what 'twas call'd an Exerciſe.

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It is impoſſible for him to make a Preachment, but that he muſt rail againſt the Pope, calling him by an hundred more beaſtly names than the Grand Seignor hath titles, hating no Whore worſe than her of *Babylon*; in the *interim* a prick ear'd Brother is indeavouring to gratify the Old man with a kind green Apron whom he hath in view, and the bawling Impertinence being finiſht, he ſingles her out, and by a Lecherous touch of the hand, under the pretence of a purer ſalutation, he finds by her rampant pulſe and tempting turning up of the Whites that her deſires are at flood, and ſo they retire together for mutual edification.

The Speaker having raved two hours like *Mahomet* in his *falling fits*, or the *Devils* Prieſts at *Delphos* (who never deliver'd their lying *Oracles* but with extravagant geſtures and ſtrange deſtortions of body) he then conſults his carnal intereſt too, and will not privately in the company of friends refuſe the refreſhing Bottle, provided it be not known in *Gath*, nor publiſhed among the wicked of *Ashalon*, for he confeſſeth the uſe of the creature (eſpecially when it comes on free coſt) to be exceeding lawful.

There is a certain fellow call'd a *Wet-Quaker*, & rightly ſo nam'd, for I have ſeen him drink his liquor like a Fiſh, and after the ſame faſhion without paſſing the cup about; this man dares drink

drink in publick, whereas his preciſer Brethren do it only in private, and there is none of them all, of what Sect ſoever, who deſire not to fare deliciouſly and with plenty.

On Geeſe and Capons with what Zeal they feed,
And wondring cry, a goodly Bird indeed.

Their ſpeech & habits they cannot indure ſhould be like their Neighbours, and are very curious to be in all things contrary to the common mode, that they may be taken notice of for ſingular men, (only private venery and luxury excepted) and are ſo ſtuft with contradiction, that they will do nothing commanded by Authority; ſo that the only way to have them do any thing is to forbid them the doing of it on pain of death. Having ſcrew'd his face into a religious form and tun'd his voice to a puling *ſanctimonious Key*, he uſes it as a *Low-Bell* to catch *Larks*, or rather ſuch *Owls* as will be bubbled out of their money, meerly on the repute of his conſcientious dealing; though by *Yea* and *Nay* he will cheat worſe than a *Long-Lane Broaker*; for the pretence of dealing at a word is the Hook by which he draws in his Cuſtomers, and that which engages them to come again to be cheated is, *I tell thee plainly friend*, and to let the world know his punctuality to his word, if his Cuſtomer tells him he will not

not give him so much yet returns and offers him his price he sends him away without the commodity, yet with a reproof, saying, friend, I will not be guilty of thy lye, yet values not his own; for though he will not swear, because it is unprofitable, yet lyes in many cases he holds venial, and in two meritorious, either when they make for the interest of the beloved seed, or reflect scandal on the Government.

Now since lying is so generally used and practised among this sort of People, give me leave to hold forth a little, and show you what pleasure and profit they make of Lying.

Lying in general as it is nakedly, and abstractly considered, first implyes rest, for by this means we enjoy rest, that which all things even to the lowest inanimates tend unto with a strong propension.

Secondly, Lying implyes health, that is to say in women, according to the French Proverb, *La femme est bien malade quand' elle ne se peut tenir sur le dos.*

Thirdly, Lying implyes pleasure that is, *quand' l' homme Couche avec la femme:* but these are not the lyings I intend to insist upon, there are three other sorts of lying which shall be my present subject, and they are the officious, Jocose, and Pernicious lying,

First, an officious lying, and that is when a man

man lies with his own wife, but this is a thing out of fashion now adays, and therefore I'le but lightly touch upon it.

Every man that would be accounted honest, ought to lye with his wife *ex Officio*, but this Age it seems is generally grown wiser, and will not tye themselves to duty in this kind; Therefore the *Italians* say, *Gli huomini da bene si maritano Gli savii no*; honest men marry, but wise men tarry.

But there is another sort of Officious lying, hurtful to none, but profitable to most men, and may be lawfully used sometimes; as thus, if a General of an Army should see a kind of despondency in his Soldiers, and he encourage them by telling there are auxiliary forces coming to their succour though it be false, yet it may be dispensed with: *Plato* allowed a Lye lawful, either to save a Citizen, or deceive an Enemy; this kind of Lying *Abraham* used with *Pharaoh*, and *Abimeleck*, and his Servants, and the *Hebrew* Midwives in *Ægypt*.

This is of such universal use, that there is no living for Trades-men without it, and it passes as a secret Maxim not to be denied among the Self-edifying Brethren; *No Lying, no Living:* There are no wares scarce vended without it, either at home or abroad; they think they can gain no Custom, without this custom of Lying:

oh ſaith one, *it coſt me more*, when you have bid money for a Commodity; this is commonly practiſed in the *Exchange*, where ſcarce any thing is ſold without the *exchange of a Lye*; and if you ſhould ſeem to ſuſpect the truth of what they ſay, the woman will be apt to fall on you Tooth and Nail, and you ſhall be pelted with the Hailſtones of opprobrious words, which will fall thick about your ears like Fiſh-women, who rail at their Cuſtomers for biding one third leſs than they demand, yet in that ſcolding raving fit take it.

In all Ages people have been ſo vicious, as to ſwallow a Lye glibly, if benefit accrues thereby; when *Livia* the wife of *Auguſtus* the Emperour promiſed *Numerius Attieus* five and twenty thouſand Crowns if he would ſwear that he ſaw *Auguſtus Cæſar* after his death aſcend into Heaven, think you he was ſo great a Fool, nay Sot, to refuſe ſo tall a Sum for an Oaths ſake, no, no, *Quis poteſt tot armatis reſiſtere*. Nay the very Brother-hood (as I have hinted before) will make no bones of being head of a Faction, nor will they Scruple to have for benefit a hand in Faction.

There is lying too for credit, as well as profit, but ſuch a one as tells a Lye to ſave his Credit, *wipes his Noſe on his ſleeve to ſave his Handkerchief*. I ſhall ſay no more of this firſt head of Offici-

Officious Lying; the next is jocoſe Lying; but ſince it is not much to our purpoſe, I ſhall skip it over, and come to the third; and that is pernicious Lying, and this is twofold; one is when a man Lyes, and hath neither pleaſure nor profit by his Lying; he that is guilty hereof deſerves to be ſeverely cenſured: the ſecond is when one hath a little pleaſure at firſt, and hath dolour afterwards; now this is ſuch a Lying that is deſtructive and hurtful to both parties; for Example, when a man Lyes in the Torrid Zone of a *Betty Br* ---- or a *Moll Sn*--- *&c.* or ſome other proſtituted vitiated ſhe-bed-fellow, and gets ſuch an heat that he can never claw off again; this ſort of Lying you ſee is very dangerous, and healths deſtroyer, according to the Italian Proverb *Quello che hà un piè in Bordello hà l'altro nello Spedale:* he who hath the one Foot in a Bawdy-houſe, hath the other in an Hoſpital. Thoſe Perſons that do ſo freely indulge themſelves in ſuch wild ranges, little conſider how much their deſultory promiſcuous conjunctions do diſturb the mind, and render it unfit to undertake ſerious matters; they are ſo much for Generation work, that at the laſt they wholly incapacitate themſelves for the ſerving of their Generations; beſides the many miſchiefs the body receives by thoſe fatal venerable encounters, which are often times

the

the productives of Miſery and infamy, which they intail to their poſterity; for though their ſtolen waters ſeem at firſt to be ſweet, and you ſhall have ſome Gallants in the apprehenſion thereof riſque Fortune, honour, nay, life it ſelf, and all to enjoy a Miſs, yet they will prove waters of *Marah* bitter in the end.

To winde up all, I ſhall declare in the laſt place, that Lying is very edifying, it tends much to edification, for by that means the Siſters being wrought upon, will greatly encreaſe and multiply, and they being extraordinary plumpt up before, it is a pregnant argument of their thriving condition; now you muſt know, they edify not alike under all Teachers, thoſe that they moſt edify by, are a certain confident ſort of declamers, who mount the Pulpit as Mountebanks do the Stage, with equal impudence and ignorance, they vent the fooliſh and ridiculous whimſies of their diſtemper'd brain, for profound and ſolid Divinity; they admire theſe moſt, and account them the ableſt men, eſpecially that are of long ſtanding, not caring how ſhort they are of underſtanding: much more might be ſaid, but let this ſuffice for this time.

There are another ſort of Godly *Wheedles*, who labour wonderfully till they ſweat again in their Weekly exerciſes, where a Fleet of Coaches arive laden with ſanctified Silk, and other

rich Commodities to truck for Wind, as Marriners at *Lapland* do with Witches.

These babbling *Pains-takers* are those *Medusas* heads environ'd with Snakes, whose Carkasses are cram'd with venom, and yet have such lovely flattering outsides as would deceive *Eve* again if she liv'd in Paradise, and do beguile her progenie to this day, whose Groans and Whinings haue deluded more than *Mahomet* and his *Pidgeon*: and with their labouring hands they have so moulded that silly Sex, called women, that they will receive no other form but that of *Non-Conformity*. They have heard their Teachers talk so often of the Rag of *Rome*, that they think Popery a very sluttish Religion, and rail at the *Whore of Babylon* for a very naughty Woman. They look upon it as a damnable Sin (if in health) not to be present at Week-dayes Exercise, and esteem them above Sundays, because devotion being customary, theirs is lost in the Multitude, and cannot be observed.

At one of these meetings, how doth the pretious Man melt the strong and stony hearts of the Sister-hood. Into how many forms doth he distort his Face to insinuate into the Auditory; he sometimes shuts his eys so close as if he were asham'd of himself, place and company, and then suddainly blasts them up, as if he intended to caper through the Roof to be rid of them.

What an heart-converting sight is he in a Conventicle, when he hath exalted himself and is doing Penance in the surface of a white Cap environ'd with a long Mourning Cloak, which helps instead of an *Hum* or *Ha* to spend time by pulling it forwards, first on one shoulder, than on the other, whilst the unwilling matter which sticks below is pull'd up and brought to utterance, and then 'tis hard if any escape conversion, I mean of being converted to his use; by his divine Rhetorick he conquers the men, and consequently must overcome the women, and though his pretences are Piety, for the most part, you shall find his designs are nothing else but honour and profit; he indeavors to be admired and esteemed by the Brethren as a pretious Heavenly-minded man, whilst in the mean time he aims at nothing more than *self-interest*: thus elegantly exprest by a late Satyrist.

Two Caps he had, and turns up that within;
You'd think he were a Black-Jack *tipt with* Tinn;
Now when he did relate, how little wit
The Foolish Virgins had, then they do sit
Weeping with watry eyes, and making vows
One to have Preachers always in her house,
To dine 'em well, and break-fast 'em with Gellies,
And Candles hot to warm their wambling Bellies;
And if the Cash (where she could not unlock it)
Were close secur'd, to pick her Husbands pocket.

And as by all outward demonſtrations of ſanctity he indeavours to make himſelf famous among ſuch as are of his Congregation, ſo by his Example he teacheth them to gain a reputation one amongſt the other by the ſame way of pretended Piety, and that they may the more infallibly effect their deſign, they ſeldom pray but it ſhall be next the ſtreet, and at ſuch times as the noiſe in the ſtreet ſhall not be ſo loud as their voices; and after evening Sermon it will not be amiſs for him to ſing a Pſalm, it will add very much to his credit, and the continual practice of it, for ought I know, may keep him from being Shipwrackt in the turbulent Ocean of his greateſt misfortunes.

Here I might expoſe our *Wheedling* Saint to ſhame enough by diſcovering his nakedneſs, and pulling off that Vizard-Mask with which he doth deceive the World: but when I conſider that it is impoſſible to enumerate half his cheats, and they are ſo frequently practiſed that every one meets with them, I purpoſely forbear any particular account, referring you not only to the Hiſtory of the late times, wherein they ſwarm, but likewiſe to your own experience.

To conclude, inſtead of a Catalogue I preſent you with a *Chariot*, which, like *Phaeton*'s, ſets the world on fire. This *Chariot* is the *Self-edifying* Phanaticks cheat I now ſpeak of; the *Wheels* are

are the *Ignorance* of the People, and the *Admiration* they have of him; the *Horſes* that draw this *Chariot* are his *Pride* and *Covetouſneſs*; the *Self-edifyer* is the *Driver*, and a *Conventicle* is his *Whip*. The Chariot hath almoſt a Stage in every Town of all Countries, and travels up and down the World being carried to every thing by the Horſes Pride and Covetouſneſs.

The firſt *Wheel* is *Ignorance*, and this is a good *Wheel*, on this the *Chariot* runs ſwiftly; where the People are learned the *Chariot* moves ſlowly; Letters are like Clogs, and good Rudiments are ſuch a Burthen it cannot ſtir; where men are well educated in the principles of Religion this Chariot can hardly paſs, but amongſt the Ignorant it runs poſt.

The Second *Wheel* is *Admiration*, which is as good as the other; for when he has once inſinuated himſelf into them, ſo that they have a good opinion of him and admire him, then the *Chariot* gets ground and flies merrily, then all he ſays is *Goſpel*, nay more authentick than the Goſpel it ſelf, and having thus gotten poſſeſſion of their hearts, he can ſeize when he pleaſes any part or parcel of their eſtates; and their whole families are at his devotion.

Of the *Horſes*, *Pride* or *Covetouſneſs*, I cannot tell which excels. *Pride* has moſt Mettle, but *Covetouſneſs* is the ſureſt Drawer. To be ap-

plauded for *Excellent parts*, for a *Singular man*, for a *Gifted man*, for a *Leading man*, to be called *Rabbi*, to be esteemed a *sure Guide of Souls*, a *true setter of Conscience*, to be wiser than those that follow him; to have liberty to speak what he pleases, and that more to the Nodification than Edification of the Beholders, these preheminences puff up, and make him presume to take the wall of his Betters, and sp ak imperiously to his superiours. A little Pride many times induces a great Cheat, yet this *Horse* is often jaded; for although our seeming Saints ambition makes him aspire above Heaven it self, yet frequently I have known, when *Covetuousness* draws one way and *Pride* another, *Covetuousness* has got the better, and went away with the *Chariot*. To be Head of an Assembly, Sole Teacher and Instructer is very acceptable; but a good Living, a Fat Benefice hath made our Saint leave them all, and be subordinate to legal Authority; it is but Preaching a Recantation Sermon at most, and if the great government should change (as God forbid it should) it is but face about again.

Thus have I known Mechanicks lay aside their Trade being lazie or not able to live upon it, and first turn seekers, and from thence travel through as many Various strange opinions as there are in *Ross's Pansebeia*, at length, having gotten

gotten by religious prating enough to ſubſiſt upon, have turn'd tail to all and having tryed all Religions have in the end acknowledg'd none: This again according to the Satyriſt.

Every Mechanick, either wanting ſtock
Or wit to keep his Trade, muſt have a Flock;
The Spirit cry's he moveth me unto it,
And what the Spirit bids, muſt not I do it?
But profiting more than his Flock by teaching,
And ſtept into Authority by Preaching,
For Lay-office leaves the Spirits motion,
And ſtreight retreateth from his firſt devotion.

But to return where I left off, which was the Second Horſe in this *Chariot*, *Covetouſneſs*; this is it which makes him prey upon the Brethren themſelves, he has warmed their Zeal ſo hot by preſſing the Duty upon them of raiſing Money to build a Conventicle, they have contributed one would think enough to build one, but that is not ſufficient had it been twice as much, but more being rais'd, the foundation is laid and the ſtructure is rais'd but cannot be finiſh'd without a third contribution, which is preſt, after the Sermon is ended, in this or the like manner. Beloved, you are not inſenſible of the pains I have taken to raiſe an houſe for the Lord for his glory and our mutual comfort,

yet all my indeavours will become as nothingneſs, I ſhall ſink under the burthen if you lend me not once more your aſſiſting hands. Beloved, in a Word, do as a Widow did in this preſent Congregation; when ſhe heard that the work of the Lord was began, though a poor Cinder-woman, ſhe brought me five ſhillings, profeſſing ſhe had but two groats left to buy her and her children food till ſhe had wrought for more, and I took it kindly from her; when ſhe ſaw this good work ſo nearly finiſht as you now ſee it, ſhe then brought me ten ſhillings, which ſhe ſaid was all ſhe had, and I took it from her; Beloved, rather than the work of the Lord ſhould not go on but ſtand ſtill as the Sun did in *Joſhuas* time, be as this poor Widow, bring again and again, and think not much to lay out all for Chriſt, *&c.* This Conventicling houſe in now finiſht, which at a diſtance appear'd to me to be ſome Noblemans houſe newly built for the benefit of the air, but when I was told it was a new erected Conventicle, it impudently ſtood ſo near an orthodox Church, that I thought this fanatical Cathedral had robb'd *Stepney* of her Steeple.

Another had money ſufficient given him to build a Conventicle, and when it was built he made uſe of the Houſe for himſelf, and turn'd the Brethren out, telling them the Houſe was not ſo convenient as he thought it would have been,

and

and that he knew of another place much fitter for the purpoſe, and wrought upon them ſo that they made a new collection and built another Houſe; and thus this *Self-edifier* hath ſerv'd them ſo three or four times, converting their Conventicles into dwelling Houſes.

Ah, This *Horſe*, *Covetouſneſs*, is an unruly Beaſt, he draws our Saint to all manner of Vices, to Lying, Hypocriſy, knavery in dealing, nay even to the ſins of the fleſh; many yea many a time hath he drawn our Saint to his Neighbours wife, and there ſo kicked and friſked that he hath thrown him upon her; ah! threw him even upon her.

This Horſe is ſo ungovern'd that no man can live in quiet near this Saint, he breaks down his Neighbours fences, eats up his graſs and his corn, and is ſo often taken *dammage feſant*, that was he not a ſerviceable Horſe, and very profitable to this Saint, he would not keep him.

One faculty this *Horſe* has which makes his Maſter highly prize him, he is an excellent Stretcher of Conſcience, take him in a morning when he is freſh, and put him to the *Self-edifying* Saints Conſcience, he will draw it ſo wide that 'twill ſwallow any thing. In the next place we come to the Whip, which is no common whip, but a whip of many Cords moſt ſuitable to his deſigns, and that's a Conventicle, and in which

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plauded for *Excellent parts*, for a *Singular man*, for a *Gifted man*, for a *Leading man*, to be called *Rabbi*, to be eſteemed a *ſure Guide of Souls*, a *true ſetter of Conſcience*, to be wiſer than thoſe that follow him; to have liberty to ſpeak what he pleaſes, and that more to the Nodification than Edification of the Beholders, theſe preheminences puff up, and make him preſume to take the wall of his Betters, and ſp ak imperiouſly to his ſuperiours. A little Pride many times induces a great Cheat, yet this *Horſe* is often jaded; for although our ſeeming Saints ambition makes him aſpire above Heaven it ſelf, yet frequently I have known, when *Covetuouſneſs* draws one way and *Pride* another, *Covetouſneſs* has got the better, and went away with the *Chariot*. To be Head of an Aſſembly, Sole Teacher and Inſtructer is very acceptable; but a good Living, a Fat Benefice hath made our Saint leave them all, and be ſubordinate to legal Authority; it is but Preaching a Recantation Sermon at moſt, and if the great government ſhould change (as God forbid it ſhould) it is but face about again.

Thus have I known Mechanicks lay aſide their Trade being lazie or not able to live upon it, and firſt turn ſeekers, and from thence travel through as many Various ſtrange opinions as there are in *Roſs's Panſebeia*, at length, having gotten

gotten by religious prating enough to ſubſiſt upon, have turn'd tail to all and having tryed all Religions have in the end acknowledg'd none: This again according to the Satyriſt.

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are many rich men, and they ſerve as ſo many Cords for the *Horſe*, *Covetouſneſs*; in it are many Admirers of this *Pſeudo-hagiſt*, and they ſerve as ſo many Laſhes for the other *Horſe*, *Pride*. Theſe motives are the Spurs that prick on the Palfreys which hurry away the Chariot.

He is never ſo rampant as at a Conventicle; here his Pride ſnorts and prances, ſpurns againſt Government, condemning and contemning all that are not of his way, and ſcornfully pitting all thoſe poor loſt Creatures that gainſay a Meeting-Houſe. Ah poor Souls! they live in ſin, they are ſtupified, and have no ſenſe of the joy and Refreſhments that we have at our Meetings, *&c.*

In the mean time *Covetouſneſs* claps his Tail betwixt his Legs, lays his ears cloſe to his head and leers at the rich and wealthy Brethren. He pulls the Chariot hard towards the Siſters Silver and Gold Bodkins, and with ſuch Concupiſcence, that ſometimes he gets Bodkin Siſter and all.

It is fit I ſhould now inform you how he handles his Whip, and the place where Policy hath taught him to put the Whip: That Ale-houſe, that Inn, that Tavern is beſt ſcituated, and moſt dexterouſly contrived that hath a thorough-fair (as 'tis called) in it, for by that convenience cuſtom is gain'd; ſo our Saint that hath all the Tricks of a Tavern or Tipling-houſe, hath

hath likewiſe this, and places his Conventicle where there may be a Common way or paſſage through it, in hopes thereby to catch ſome ſilly Gudgeon or other that comes near his Net; ſo Mountebanks gain Company: and he well knows that many perſons fall into the looſe ſport of Pidgeon-holes meerly upon the occaſion of paſſing by them.

In a word his whole life is nothing but an holy *Wheedle*, he prays with men at home one day to beg or borrow the next; he preaches himſelf into a ſweat till he ſtink again in the Conventicle, that concluding his Sermon with a prayer for the people, he may then uſe that opportunity to pray them to conſider his neceſſities, and having reminded them of their former liberal contributions he then reproves them for ſlackning their hands. Ah! ſays he, are not theſe ſad times? Is not this a ſad Age? When the Saints and Children of God are ſo ſlow to good works. Miſtake me not, the ſadneſs doth not ariſe from my want of that abundance of money your liberal contributions uſed to ſuply me with, but from this that your defect herein is a ſign you are fallen from Grace, 'tis a ſign your Zeal is not ſo warm as it has been, 'tis a ſign the Doctrine we preach has not ſuch an influence upon you as it ought, 'tis a ſign of a diſſolution, and that the World will be at an end.

The

The Wheedle of the Shop-keeper.

METhinks I ſee him ſtanding at his Shop-door this cold Weather, either blowing his fingers, eagerly waiting (if he be a young Man) for one kick at the Ball, or baſting his ſides with his own hand, and ſo makes every cold day a *Good-Friday* to chaſtiſe him for the ſins he hath committed. If any perſon paſs by him, and but looks into his ſhop, he fondly imagins him a Cuſtomer, and intreats for his own neceſſities by asking others *what they lack*; if any chance to ſtep in, he hath *Hocus tricks* enough to delude them, and rarely ſhall they ſtir out, like ſheep engaged in Bryers, but they ſhall leave ſome Fleece behind them.

Some have dark ſhops, with falſe lights, which wonderfully ſet off a commodity: others for want of that make uſe of their tongues, arogantly commending their own things, and proteſting whatever they exhibit to view is beſt in the Town, though the worſt in his ſhop; his words are like his wares, twenty of one ſort, and he goes over them alike to all Comers; and when he hath done with his yard, he invites you to the Tavern, to oblige you for the future; you may there ſoon

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meaſure his underſtanding, which extends no further than the Longitude of his ſhop, but for the latitude of his Conſcience it is as little known as the *North-weſt-paſſage:* Others ſay that he has no ſuch thing now as Conſcience; for finding it a thing that was likely to lye upon his hands, he was forced to put it off, and in its ſtead took upon him the pretence of Religion, that by the profeſſion thereof he might take the greater liberty of Lying, which he does by rote, having ſpent moſt of his time in learning that Art, and the language, and crafty phraſe of ſelling dear, and that to his friends, and acquaintance, rather than other perſons, knowing he can make more bold to cheat them, than Strangers; from hence you may gather that he never ſpeaks more truly than when he ſays *he will uſe you as his own Brother*, you may believe him, for he will not ſtick to abuſe the neareſt Relation he hath in this kind, and in his Shop thinks it lawful. He is commonly of that Religion which brings him in moſt Cuſtomers, and is never more angry at others tenets, than when they bring him in no profit, and ſo by a mis-interpreted ſenſe of Scripture, *to him Godlineſs is great gain.* How obſequious, and full of cringes he is to him that pays ready money, but where he does befriend a man, he is a Tyrant, and by his frequent duns makes a man weary of his native Country. One

thing

thing I like in him very well, he takes ſpecial care of not letting Conyes burrough in his Shop-book, knowing 'twill be hard ferretting them out again.

In he be rich, he not only commands a credit, but hath the benefit and previledge of paying his money when he pleaſes, and the poor Creditor many times when neceſſitated for it dares not make a demand for fear of loſing his Cuſtomer; the intrigues of buying and ſelling are infinite, nor is it poſſible for any to enumerate them but *A Jack-of-all-Trades*; Wherefore I ſhall leave him with all his tricks, and deluſive devices, and come to the poor cracking Shop-keeper, whoſe credit being out at Elbows, what hard ſhifts doth he make to keep himſelf from ſinking, and lays hold on every petty thing that is next him; like a Lover, he is ſo continually tired with breaking of Oaths, Faith, Vows, and promiſes, that he hath neither time, nor ſtrength to perform any other exploit.

A Saturday is the Melancholieſt part of the whole Week, not ſo much by reaſon of the frappiſh, and humourſom *Planet* that governs it, but by reaſon of too many inſufferable *Dunns* who tread the ſtreets in terrour, and that 's the reaſon ſome Citizens can as well be hang'd as keep out of *Nine-pin-houſes* in *Moor-Fields* on this day, to be out of the ſight of thoſe ghaſtly apparitions

that

that haunt their Ghosts at the heel of the Week. *Poverty*, and *Necessity*, the God of the *Andreans*, that could stop the mouth of *Themistocles*, cannot appease the wrath of a City creditor, whose empty mony bag twisted about his hand is as killing as a *Gorgons head*; and therefore 'tis well the poor man is out of the way, and is only practising those sports which are like to be his only lively-hood in short time; and what a kindness it is for a man to be removed from the cares, and labours of this world to the sweet pleasures of drinking, smoaking, and other sportive recreations.

'Tis well these *Desperado's* in Estate are not so strong as *Sampson*, for they would then not put their Landlords key underneath the door, but take away key, house, and all. What abundance of Travellers should we meet upon the Road with Houses, and Shops furnished? And what Landlord seeing a man standing on the Sea-shore with his house upon his back, swearing he would send it to the bottom of the Ocean, but would come to any composition? Besides they were out of the reach of the Law; for there is no *Statute* in *Bolton* against removing Houses, so a man carry them whole without breaking; but the lineaments of Fate are certain; *the Cobler cannot go beyond his Last*: therefore now adays it is better for Debtors to fall to their prayers, beseech,

as *Daniel* out of the *Lyons Den*, or *Jonas* out of the *Whales belly*.

I ſhall conclude with a word of advice, he that has a Creditor over-cholerick, let him not be too haſty; for 'tis time, and Straw that mellow *Medlors*; but ſhould thy Adverſary make uſe of a Lawyer, do thou make uſe of a Lawyer and an half, and having brought thy Noble to Nine-pence, never ſpare at the bottom, and having whitten thy Mil-poſt to a Pudding-prick, in the full of the Moon go hang thy ſelf, leſt *Poverty* and cold *Weather* overtake thee napping together.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Practicing APOTHECARY.

IN *Galens* time, and many Ages after him, Medicines, for their greater ſecrecy, were prepared and compoſed by *Phyſicians* only; but people growing numerous, and diſeaſes encreaſing by intemperance, their multiplicity impoſed a neceſſity upon *Phyſicians* (being unable to attend all their Patients as formerly) to diſmember their Art into three Parts, the ſervile into *Chyrurgery* and *Pharmacy*.

The *Phyſician* (as I ſaid before) having variety of Patients, and having not leiſure to make up his own Medicines, cauſed his ſervant to fetch them already prepared from the Apothecary, and from thence to convey them to the Patient, by which means the Apothecary was kept in ignorance, as to the Application and Uſe of the ſaid Medicines, not being ſuffered to be acquainted with the Patient, nor the Diſeaſes, leſt they ſhould preſume to venture on Practice. In time, the *Phyſicians* honour and vaſt riches in the eye of the Chyrurgion and Apothecary, proved ſeeds ſown in their minds, that budded into Ambition of becoming Maſter, and into co-

vetouſneſs of equalling them in wealth, both which they thought themſelves capable enough of aſpiring to by an Empyrical skill, the neglect of their Maſters had given them occaſion to attain unto, for they ſent them to their Patients with Medicines, and did entruſt them with the preparation of their greateſt ſecrets.

This truſt they ſoon betrayed, for having inſinuated into a familiar acquaintance with their Patients, perſwaded them, that thoſe that had made and diſpenſed the Medicines, were able to apply them to the like diſtempers, as well as they that had preſcribed them; by this means they arrived to a Copartnerſhip with their Maſters in reputation, title and eſtate, and having got enough, they ſcorn to take pains by manual operation, as formerly, but leap boldly out of a ſhop into a Doctorſhip. The Bookſellers original in ſome meaſure runs parallel with the Apothecaries: Before Printing was there was Book-binding, for what Manuſcripts were then in being, were made publick by tranſcribing them, by certain Clerks writing a good Hand, and made a livelihood thereof; the written Books were convey'd to the Binder, who bound them after what manner the Owner directed him, as Authors

and

and Books encreaſed, ſo did his profit by his Trade, inſomuch that ſome of theſe Binders g w rich, and purchaſed ſo many Manuſcripts as to furniſh a Shop indifferently according to thoſe times, and dying left their ſons well ſtockt; but Printing comeing in, broke the neck of the writing Clerks, but yet gave a conſiderable lift to the riſing Book-binder, who not only bound for others but himſelf, and Printing his own Copies, had work enough to do to bind his own books, his ſtock encreaſing by the benefit of Printing, it was buſineſs enough for him to minde his Shop, and ſee that his ſervants pleas'd his Cuſtomers, and now reſolves to work no more: His ſewing-Preſs lies mouldy in the Garret, his Plow neglected lies, and his Knives ruſt; the skrews of his ſtanding and his cutting-Preſſes have forgot their wonted duty, and ſtubbornly won't ſtir an inch for any; his Marble-moody-beating-ſtone weeps inceſſantly to ſee the weighty Hammer lie ruſting in a corner unregarded: In ſhort, if he work it is for his pleaſure, and what pains he takes now and then in binding of a book is his Paſtime. The Sonne after his Fathers Deceaſe ſcornes the mean Title of a Book-binder, and therefore employs others,

and is henceforward ſtil'd a Bookſeller; and the reſt of his Brethren, who are able, follow his example. Thus, as Binding formerly was the Riſe of a lazy Bookſeller, ſo many a Doctor now adays had formerly a hand in ſcouring the skillets, and having with ſlavery and difficulty ſerved his time, ſet up, but having very little intereſt in the Doctors of the Colledge, and other Grandees, whoſe ſingle Practice is enough to make an Apothecary, he takes pet, and leaving his ſhop out of ſpight, takes at firſt a Chamber, and hangs it with Pots, Glaſſes, Boxes, &c. and the ruines or remains of his broken Profeſſion, and by them and his Bills gets the reputation of an able Doctor.

And now give me leave to touch a little upon his Wheedles. Suppoſe your ſelf to be troubled with any diſtemper, it matters not which, for all is one to him, or his like you ſend to; upon his Arrival he feels your Pulſe, and with a fixt eye on your countenance tells you your ſpirits are low, and therfore it is high time for a Cordial. The next Interrogatory he gravely puts to you, as, *When were you at ſtool, Sir?* If not to day, he promiſes to ſend you a Laxative-Gliſter by and by; and if you complain you have a looſneſs, then in ſtead of one Laxative,

he

he will ſend you two healing Gliſters: if beſides, you intimate a pain in your ſtomach, back and ſides; then reſponding to each pain you ſhall have a ſtomach-Plaiſter, another for the right and left ſide, and another for the back, and ſo you are like to be well patched or clowted every way.

Now before we proceed, let us compute the charges of the firſt day: Here is a Cordial compoſed by the directions of an old duſty Bill on his File, out of two or three muſtie Waters, eſpecially if it be towards the latter end of the year, it be a Citron, a Borrage, & a Bawm water, all very full of ſpirits, if River-water may be ſo accounted; To theſe is to be added an ounce of that miraculous Treacle-water, then to be diſſolved, an ounce of *Confectio Alkermes*, and an ounce of nauſeous Syrup of Clove-gilly-flowers; this being well ſhaken in the Viol, you ſhall ſpy a great quantity of Gold ſwimming in leaves up and down, for which your Conſcience would be burdened, ſhould you give him leſs then five ſhillings for it; from the meaneſt Tradeſman, without the leaſt abatement, he expects three ſhillings ſix pence. The Gliſter ſhall be prepared out of two or three handfuls of Mallow-leaves, and an ounce of common Fennil-ſeed, boil'd in water to a

Pint, which ſtrained, ſhall be thickned with the common Lenitive-Electuary, Rape-Oyl and brown Sugar, and ſeaſoned with Salt; This ſhall be conveyed into your Guts by this young Doctors man, through an Inſtrument he commonly carries about him, which makes him ſmell ſo wholeſom, for which piece of ſervice, if you preſent your Engineer below half a Crown, he will think himſelf worſe dealt with then thoſe who empty the Cloſe-ſtool-Pan. The Maſter places to account for the Gut-Medicine (though it were no more then water and ſalt, and for the uſe of his man which he calls Porteridge) eight groats. *Item*, for a Stomachick, Hepatick, Splenetick and Nephretick Plaiſter, for each half a Crown. The next Afternoon or Evening returns the Doctor-Apothecary himſelf to give you a viſit, for ſhould he appear in the Morning, it would argue he had little to do, and finding upon examination you are rather worſe than better, by reaſon thoſe Plaiſters cauſed a melting of the groſs humours about the bowels, and diſſolved them into winds and vapours, which fuming to the head, cauſe there a great paine with dulneſs and drowſineſs, and part of 'em being diſperſed

perſed through the Guts and Belly, diſcommode you with a Cholick, a ſwelling of the Belly, and an univerſal pain or laſſitude in all your Limbs; thus you ſee one day makes work for another. However he hath the wit to Wheedle you into an opinion that they are the ſigns of the operation of Yeſterdays means, beginning to move and diſſolve the humours; which ſucceſsful work is to be promoted by a cordial Apozem, the repetition of a Carminitive Gliſter, another cordial to take by Spoonfulls, and becauſe your ſleep hath been interrupted, by the unquietneſs of ſwelling humours, he will endeavour to procure you for this next night a Truce with your diſeaſe by an Hyprotick potion, that ſhall occaſion reſt. Neither will he give you other cauſe then to imagine him a moſt careful man, and ſo circumſpect that ſcarce a ſymptom ſhall eſcape his particular regard, and therefore to remove your Head-ach by retracting the humours, he will order his young Mercury to apply a Veſicatory to the Nape of your Neck, and with a warm hand to beſmear your belly and all your joynts, with a good comfortable Ointment for to appeaſe your paines.

The Cordial Apozem is a Decoction that ſhall derive its vertue from two or three unſavoury Roots, as many Herbs and Seeds, with a little Syrup of Gilly-flowers, for three or four times taking, which becauſe you ſhall not undervalue, by having it brought to you all in one Glaſs, you ſhall have it ſent in ſo many Vials and Draughts, and for every one of 'em ſhall be placed three ſhillings to your account, which is five parts more then the whole ſtands him in; for the Cordial potion as much, and as much for the Hyprotick; the like price for the Carminative Gliſter; and for the Epiſpatick Plaiſter a ſhilling. Thus with the increaſe of your diſeaſe, you may ſee the increaſe of your Bill. The third day producing an addition of new ſymptoms, and an augmentation of the old ones, the Patient ſtands in need of new comfort from his Doctor, who tells him that Nature begins to work more ſtrong, and therefore all things go well; but becauſe Nature requires all poſſible aſſiſtance from Cordials and ſmall Evacuations, he muſt expect the ſame Cordials over again, but with the addition of greater Ingredients, it may be Magiſtery of Pearl, or Oriental Bezoar in powder, the former being oftimes but Mother of Pearl diſſolv'd in diſtilled Vinegar, the latter a Cheat the Armenians

put

Put upon the Chriſtians, by ramming Pebbles down a Goats throat, afterwards killing him, and extracting the ſtones before witneſs out of his Maw, which they ſell for thoſe rare Bezoars, whereof the quantity of fifteen Grains hath been taken by a Child of a year old, that lay ill of the Small Pox, without the leaſt effect of Sweat, or any expulſion through the Pores. And beſides, the repetition of a Gliſter, and the renewing of your Plaiſters for the profit of your Phyſician, you muſt be perſwaded to accept of a comfortable Electuary for the ſtomach, to promote digeſtion; of a Colluſion to waſh the ſlime and filth of your Tongue, and to ſecure your Gums from the Scurvey; of a Melilot plaiſter to apply to the bliſter that was drawn the night before; of ſome ſpirit of Salt to drop into your beer at meals; of three pills of *Ruffi* to be ſwallowed down that night, and three next morning, which poſſibly may pleaſure you with three ſtools, but are to be computed as two Doſes, each at a ſhilling: the ſpirit of Salt a Crown the ounce; for the Stomach-Electuary as much, for the Gliſter as before, for your Cordial in relation to the Pearl and Bezoar, their weight in Gold, which is two pence a Grain, the greateſt cheat of all; for dreſſing of your bliſter a ſhilling, for the

plaiſter

plaiſter as formerly. Now if you ſhall reflect on the Total, that ſhall ariſe out of this Arithmetical progreſſion of charge of a Fortnights phyſick, modeſtly computed, at fifteen ſhillings a day, without the incluſion of what you pleaſe to preſent him for his care, trouble, and attendance. I will not harbour ſo ill an opinion of him, or give ſo rigid a cenſure as your ſelf ſhall, upon the following Oration, your Gliſter-pipe-Doctor delivers to you with a Melancholy Accent in theſe terms: *Sir, I have made uſe of my beſt skill and indeavours, my Maſter was one of the ableſt Apothecaries in and about* London, *whom I faithfully and carefully ſerved eight years, in which time, and ſince I have adminiſtred for my ſelf, I have ſeen the beſt practice of our* London *Phyſicians, and I'le aſſure you I have given you the beſt Cordialls that can be preſcribed, yet all will not do, your caſe is dangerous, and I think if you ſend for ſuch a one, Doctor----- he is an eminent man, and one I know very well.* Now would I fain know how the Patients pulſe doth beat, to hear this practicing Apothecary preach him his Funeral Sermon whilſt he is yet living, and the loſs of his money cannot but add to his pain, had he not at firſt been penny-wiſe and pound fooliſh, he might have prevented all this by ſending for a Phyſician, who for the ſmall merit

merit of a City-Fee, would have ſtruck at the root of the Diſtemper, without tampering at its ſymptomes and branches; and now ſhould this Apothecary be cald to an account, as to what he hath adminiſtred, he ſhall anſwer (I warrant you) that he hath given him nothing but Cordials, which word Cordial, he ſuppoſes to be a ſufficient protection for his erroneous Wheedling-practice. Should this his Cordial-Method be continued in a Fever, or any other acute diſtemper, for eight or ten days, the Patients Heires would have been particularly obliged to him for giving him ſo Cordial a remove out of his poſſeſſion.

Leſt I ſhould be accuſed of Partiality, by concealing what may be pleaded, for the practice of Apothecaries, I ſhall conclude this Chapter with a ſhort Apologie; for ſo doing, in the firſt place conſider that many a ſubſtantial Citizen may have the ill luck to have a ſervant taken ſick in his houſe, why ſhould he upon every ſlight occaſion or accident fling away ten ſhillings on a Doctor, when an Apothecary, at a venture, by Vomit, Purge or Gliſter, may for the charge of a ſhilling or two remove the Diſtemper, his

his ſucceſs herein ſometimes makes him bold and confident, eſpecially conſidering that he practices on his inferiours, for if they miſcarry he excuſes whatever error he hath committed, by aſſerting he was importuned, or rather forced to it by their Maſter. On the other ſide, ſhould an Apothecary, being thus called unto a ſick ſervant, or a mean Tradesman, whoſe condition by reaſon of his charge of Family is little better, refuſe this aſſiſtance, diſobliges the Maſter, loſes the practice of his Family, and turning away his Patient, ſhall immediately ſend to the next, who ſhall moſt willingly embrace the employ; whence may be obſerved, the one neceſſarily ſpurs on the other to practice, and he that can wheadle beſt skrews himſelf into moſt Families. A third import greater then any of the former is, that Doctors all or moſt, being tied to particular Apothecaries, preſcribe their bills in terms ſo obſcure, that they force all chance Patients to repair to their own Apothecaries, pretending a particular ſecret, which only they have the Key to unlock, whereas in effect, it is no more then the commoneſt of Medicines, diſguiſed under an unuſual name, on deſign to direct them to an Apothecary, between whom and the Phyſician there is a private compact of going ſnips, out of the

moſt

most unreasonable rates of the said Medicines, wherein if a redress be sought by shewing the bill to the Doctor, he shall most religiously aver, it is the cheapest he ever read, the consequence whereof is a double fraud, but they have greater, or it would never be said, *Three good Patients in the Spring makes the Doctors Pot boil all the Year.*

And as to the Apothecaries in general, their number bearing the proportion of at least ten parts to one of noted Physicians, to whom allowing each his *Covenant-Apothecary*, who constituting but one part of the ten, the remaining nine parts of the number, are compelled either to sit still, or to Quack for a livelihood; or at least eight of 'em, for we'll one part of the nine in a possibility of acquiring competent estates, in a way more honest then that of the *Covenanteers*, by their whole-sale trade of fitting Chyrurgions Chests for sea, and supplying Countrey-Apothecaries with Compositions.

And now to conclude, I must not omit the injuries the Covenant-Apothecary does, not only to the ignorant Patient, but the learned Physician, by his ignoble wheedling and insinuation. Being sent for by a Patient, after a short Essay of a Cordial, he instantly overpowers him by persuasion, to call in a Doctor who

who ſhall be no other then his Covenant-Phyſician, by which means the former Phyſician, that by his extraordinary care and skill had obliged the Family before, ſhall be paſſed by, and loſe the practice of that Patient. And ſhould it happen, the ſenſe of gratitude of the forementioned Patient, ſhould engage him to continue the uſe of his former Phyſician, yet this Covenant-Apothecary ſhall privately cavil at every Bill, and impute the appearance of every new ſmall pain or ſymptom, (which neceſſarily in the courſe of a Diſeaſe will happen) to his ill Addreſs in the Art of Phyſick, and ſhall not give over before he hath introduced his Covenanteer, whoſe authority in the fraud of a Phyſick-bill he ſuppoſes to be moſt neceſſary.

I might have inſiſted on the excellency of form and feature of an Apothecary, relating how many advantages he hath over others of his occupation, that hath a face and body ſo well qualified; but ſince it is of general uſe to all Wheedles whatſoever, I ſhall ſay no more then this, that if an Apothecary be handſom and young, he hath an infinite influence over all the Females where'e're he comes, and rather then be without bewitching viſits, they will be

be ſick on purpoſe; if ſick ſome are, the ſight of him works more healingly then his phyſick, and in their hot diſtempers, were it not for ſhame, they would deprive the Women of their wonted Office, and none ſhould adminiſter them a cooling Gliſter but himſelf.

CHAP. IX.

The Countrey-Attorney, Pettifogger, and other Law-Hangers-on.

THE Inns of Court are the General Rendez-vouz of young Gentlemen from all parts of *England*, ſome whereof are not more noted for their Extraction, as for their Education, excellent Parts and Learning; yet as the pureſt floure hath ſome bran, ſo theſe refined Wits are not without the mixture of talkative, impertinent, trifling and debautched perſons; '*Here it is that you may ſee* '*in a Winter-Tearm, at Dinner-time, in their* '*Halls, a drowſie Company of formal fellows,* ſt *and*

'ſtand purring over a fire, who after a long and 'painful ſtudy, of thirty years have attained to 'the wonderful and gainful rt of ſpeaking non-'ſenſe, with the greateſt confidence in the world, 'and when they walk, to carry their eyes and noſes 'directly before them, not daring to turn their 'weighty noddles on either ſide, for fear of for-'feiting their Gravity. There are another brood 'of men, who ſtart from the Desk, and ſnatch up a 'Gown, and having firſt in their infancy been 'ſwadled and nurſed up in rags of paper, are at 'riper years (ſomtimes out of Poverty) put Clerks 'to Attorneys, from whence, without the leaſt 'taſte of Univerſity-Learning, they advance, 'ſwell'd with Preſumption, and full of ignorance 'and impudence, to the Barr; profit and lucre 'then becomes the only ſubject of their converſa-'tion; Gain gives motion to all their actions, 'and that alſo is the end of all their Arguments, 'whilſt Reaſon and Honeſty are oft made Factors 'to their avarice; if ever you have occaſions 'that force you to make uſe of theſe Perſons, or to 'ſeek any favour from them, they expect from you 'the greateſt attendance and ſubmiſſions; but 'where money is to be gotten, they on the contrary 'will be as baſe and ſervile in their flatteries; 'how repugnant ſoe're this is, you muſt diſpoſe 'your ſelf, (if you intend, as well as they, to act the Wheedle advantageouſly) and when your

'*your thoughts are at ſtrife about it, call it a ſub-*
'*miſſion to neceſſity and occaſion.* Vide L'
Art du Complair, elegantly tranſlated, and
called *The Art of Complaiſance.* Lord, one
would wonder ſome of theſe Upſtarts ſhould
ſo ſtrut it in Gown and other Finery, ſince
their ancient beginning was but a blew Coat,
and as *I* have been told, the Wearers thereof
ſtood at the *Hall-Gate*, as Plying Water-men
at the *Stairs*; And as the one cries to *Lon-*
don-hay, the other cry'd (ſeeing any approach)
D'ye want a Pleader, d'ye want a Pleader? My
young Attorney, newly hatcht under a Law-
yer, and whilſt but pen-feather'd, neſts for
himſelf, and either practices in anothers name
for half-fees (which he makes whole by act-
ing too as a *Sollicitor*) or elſe by the hoorded
pence of an indulgent Mother, purchaſes an
Office, two Desks, and a quire of paper,
with a pint of Ink, and an hundred of Quills,
and a Pen-Knife true ſet, ſet him up; his
Office ſhall be lined with green, and the
wood adorned with Taffarels and carved
work, his ſhelves fill'd with paper and
parchment, and a *Practice of Piety* lies not
more certainly in a *Brothel*, as *The Statutes at*
large, or ſome Folio Law-book in his win-
dow; Theſe in time purchaſe him an App-
tice or two, with a conſiderable ſum, and his

ſucceſs in two or three common Cauſes proclaim him an able *Attorney*; this procures him *Clients*, more then he can mind, and they produce him money, more then he knows well what to do with, and having gotten a wife with a good eſtate, minds the *Tavern* more than the *Court*.

Some of them have the ſmatch of a Scholar, and yet uſe Latin very hardly, and leſt it ſhould accuſe them, cut it off in the midſt, and will not let it ſpeak out; and fearing that his Hand-Writing ſhould prove Traitor to his actions, it is as difficult to be underſtood as his countenance, which always looks ſollicitous, (unleſs diſordered by ſome liberal Treat, it matters not at whoſe coſt, whether *Plaintiff* or *Defendant*, ſo that it brings in Griſt to the Mill, and benefit from both ſides) I ſay, to amuſe the ignorant his looks ſeem careful, importing much haſt and diſpatch, whilſt he only waits for an *Habeas Corpus* to delay the Suit for three *Tearms*, and that he may not be ſuſpected as idle or little employed, he is never to be ſeen without his Hands full of buſineſs, that is, of paper: to illuſtrate what I have ſaid, I muſt not omit the inſertion of this Example. *B* was Arreſted at the ſuit of *A*, *B* adviſed with an *Attorney* what to do, not having Bail, he re-

replied, *Give me my Fee, and I'le appear for you, and ſave you the trouble of Bail*: The *Tearm* following, a *Declaration* is Filed againſt the *Defendant*, who thereupon conſults his *Attorney*, and he cries nothing, but *Give me my Fee, and I'le defend it*; He delays the Suit till next *Tearm*, at which time he muſt plead, and then calls on his *Client* for money to that end and purpoſe, beſides his own Fee afreſh; the *Aſſize* coming on, the Cauſe proceeds to *Aniall*; then cries the Attorney again, *Give me my Fees for Counſel and charge of the Court, and I'le defend it*; At the Trial, a *Verdict* paſſeth for the *Plaintiff*. Oh! *What muſt be done now*, cries the *Defendant*? Then ſays the Attorney, *The Declaration is nought, I'le move the Court this next Tearm in Arreſt of Judgment.* The Motion being made, the Court confirms *Judgment*; And *Execution* thereupon is coming out; *What ſhall we do now?* cries the Defendant, *We are loſt, undone, quite undone*: *Not ſo yet*, cries the Attorney; *Give me my Fee, and I'le bring a Writ of Errour*, and keep off *Execution two or three Tearms.* But now obſerve, the Error is at length argued, and *Judgement* affirmed thereupon for the *Plaintiffe*,

with increaſe of *Coſts*, for the *Delay*, no *Error* being found in the *Proceedings*, the poor *Defendant*, at his Wits-ends, not knowing what to do, with a face more miſerable then the firſt lines of an Humble Petition, asks his *Attorney*, What he ſhall do now? *Haſt any moneys*, cries the Attorney? *If ſo, we will get an* Injunction, *and bring it into* Chancery. Here it may be the *Cauſe* hangs three or four *Tearms*; at length, no *Equity* being found, the Complainants Bill is diſmiſs'd with *Coſt* allowed to the *Defendant*; hereupon the *Client*, willing to purchaſe more Advice, asks, *What muſt be done now?* the Attorney having no more delays to make advantage of, with a ſhrug in much haſte, cries, There's no more to be ſaid, *Go pay the Knave his money, he's a Raſcal, and I'm ſatisfied.* Thus *Hudibras* in Rhime Burleſque.

So Lawyers, leſt the Bear Defendant,
And Plaintiff Dog ſhould make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with Writs of Errour,
Reverſe of Judgements, and Demurrer,
To let 'em breath a while, and then
Hoop and ſo ſet 'em on again.

But to proceed, I ſay his face ſeems as intricate as the moſt winding *Cauſe*, and talks of

of nothing but Statutes, Presidents, Reports' and the Lord knows what, as if the first time he had mooted, was when he was in Hanging Sleeves, and that from that time he had fed on nothing but what a Judge had Cook'd for his learned Stomach, whereas he had no other Porridge-pot but his Ink-horne, which could not boyle him sustenance, but for the fewel of his deluded Clients. All his actions, words, and gestures are very stiff, and affectedly constrained, his conversation is obstinate, and full of Contradiction, and contrary to the pliable Complaisant wheedle, grows rich by strife and wrangling. What a man of worship is he, when living in a Country Village, all fear him, but few love him, the dread of him so awes some spirits, that they are at a treble charge to fence their own grounds, lest leaveing open any gap, it should give him an inlet to take possession of their Land, whilest others wear out more shooes and hob nails by scraping at him, in one Twelve-month, then would conveniently serve them in their necessary labours for seven years; the business he creates to set himself on work, will not give him leave to think of his Conscience; and when the Tearm is ended, and the time of his life is expiring, he minds not *Doomsday*, hoping still, according to his wonted

courſe, he hath a trick to reverſe Judgement.

I would ſay more of theſe Practicers of the Law, but that their ways are paſt finding out, as to what is already ſpoken. I would be willingly underſtood aright, I do not any ways reflect or throw diſgrace upon the glorious Profeſſion of the Law, which hath in all Ages raiſed ſo many eminent Perſons to the firſt Honours of the Realm, and have left their Poſterities engrafted in the Nobility, but on ſuch whoſe matchleſs impudence and ignorance, yet Knavery, have by their ſpecious pretences, and indirect illegal courſes, ruin'd by inſinuation, onely for ſelf-ends or malice, thouſands of Families. It is now time to make *Hue and Cry* after a worſer ſort of Vermin, and a Caterpillar that is far more dangerous, a meer Blood-hound, Cannibal, or Man-eater, who not content to feed on humane fleſh, till he hath made Dice of his bones, but will ſwallow an eſtate at a Morſel; one who when he hath put a man upon the *Rack*, and hath tormented him even to death, will then deliver him to the *Lawyer* for *Execution*.

Some call him modeſtly *Sollicitor*, a name not inglorious, and did his actions merit that appellation, I ſhould not grudge it him, it being

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an employ (Honestly managed) that deserves reputation in the World. And is so absolutely necessary, that I know not what the middle, nay most sort of people unskilful in the Law can doe without it: It is not he that is the subject of my present discourse, but the *Splitter*, a pittiful Pettifogging fellow, it may be one that can neither Write, nor Read, or one, who living unbeloved, and selling Ale, not knowing how to *Wheedle* custome to his house, but by *Splitting* of causes, gives out how knowing he is in the Law, and lest his own word should not pass (as I wonder how it should) he is never without his Bribed Avouchers, both at home and abroad to Justify his Honesty, as well as Excellency of parts, though the meerest *Ignoramus* in the Universe, and no matter so he get but money, for which like, the *Golden Calf*, he is worshiped, or *Sir Reverenced* by the Vulgar.

If the *Splitters* Law-knowledge brooded and hatched in one Gaol, and receiv'd its increment from many more, he proves a Cockatrice, and kills, or maims infallibly at first sight; He knows all the Windings and turns of a Prison, and by pretending liberty to others, by the Machines of his own mischievous brain, at last procures his own, and being out speaks of nothing but fire

and ſword againſt his *quondam*-Keepers for pretended abuſes, and having his legs at liberty he will not let a cauſe of note eſcape him; from Court-proceedings he gleans ſomthing to adviſe others about, he hardly knows what, yet tells them his judgment in that particular is infallible, and ſo deludes his Hearers, not on a ſudden, but by degrees, that he may not leſſen his expected benefit.

Should I characterize him to the full, I muſt anatomize the Devil, but ſince it is impoſſible, I ſhall only enumerate ſome of thoſe cheats he frequently Commits.

Frequenting the Courts (as Ravens do Carrion) and getting into the acquaintance of Attorneys, or their ſervants, he by them informs himſelf who are ſued to an Outlawry, either for Debt in the Court of *Common-Pleas*, and ſomtimes for other Cauſes of Action, or in the *Crown-Office*, for *Contempts*, *&c.* having learned their names, under pretence of belonging to either Court, he writes a Note to this effect; *Sir, I am an* Attorney *or Solicitor belonging to a Court, wherein you are ſued unknown, and will be Outlaw'd, if you pleaſe to content the Bearer, and gratifie* Præ nonitus *for this civility, I will for a ſmall matter bring you off, &c.* venienti occurrite morbo; The Party hereupon miſtaking this Knave, and by this

this Action thinking him a very honeſt man, not only gratifies him for the preſent, but alſo employs him for the future, ſo long, till by woful experience he finds his former kindneſs was but a *Decoy* to enſnare him by it.

Knavery is ſo implanted in his Nature, that he cannot forbear cheating the deareſt friend that entruſts him, and circumventing every one he deals with, that hath more honeſty then himſelf, betraying them for any ſmall advantage that may accrew thereby. He frequently takes money on both ſides, and will adviſe the *Defendant* againſt his *Plaintiff* Client; In ſhort, his Roguery and crafty Projects are ſo many, that they will ſwell into a large Folio, were but the tith of them deſcribed, wherefore I ſhall only add ſome few that were lately practiſed by a pretended *Sollicitor*, a fellow I might name, but that the Pillory firſt, and then the Gallows next have made him known to all.

At the firſt he was a Scriveners Clerk, and having learned to engroſs an Indenture, he began to peep into his Maſters Actions, and ſo emproved his Knavery by thoſe Preſidents, that in a little time he excell'd him in all villany imaginable. A little before the laſt dreadful Contagion, he took a Shop, or

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an *Office of Deceipt*, in which he acted a thouſand Rogueries, by forging *Leaſes, Bonds, &c.* and the better to effect his deſigns, he had variety of knights of the Poſt at his command; but who the Devil dub'd theſe clip'd forlorn dregs of Mortality by the name of knights, and for what cauſe I know not; fellows that will ſwear any thing: however they came by the title it matters not much, but certainly *Proteus* was their father, which I Conjecture from the ſeveral Long-lane Shapes, and dreſſes they appear in, for ſometimes they are in a *Canonical Garb*, ſometimes they ſeem as *Countrey Gentlemen*, at other times like Doctors, *Sober Citizens*, or Serving men, as the thing to be ſworn to Requires: Heaven certainly can never entertain them, ſince Perjury is the only crime puniſhable among the Gods; one very well obſerves that they are an apparent argument for the Excellency of man, above Angels. *Corruptio optima eſt peſſima*, therefore are men ſo much the more excellent than Angels, by how much they the more Corruption of man-kind are worſe than Devils. Miſtaking the true meaning, and intention of that pleaſant Philoſopher *Epicurus*, they place their chief, nay, only happineſs in this world, and think they live well, when they eat and drink well, and never think themſelves in the Road to Heaven, but when their heads

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ride poſt on a pottle of Canary.

Ram-Ally, and the walks they as conſtantly Viſit, as the Rooks do the Trees, and are ſeldom abſent, but at feeding time, or doing miſchief, to which they are ſo accuſtomed, that they dream of nothing elſe, and to ſtill Conſcience (if they have any) force themſelves to believe the mortality of the Soul, otherwiſe they would never ſell their Salvation ſo cheap, half a crown a time, come as often as you pleaſe. This Generation of Vipers were of great uſe to this Scrivener, Pettifogger or what other name you will call him by (for you cannot call him bad enough) and when he came with theſe pernicious *Finiſhing Tools*, to compleat a Title, there was no reſiſtance, the caſe being made ſo plain. Then might a man ſee, without the help of *Necromancy*, or *Black-Art*, the ſtrange motions of *Terra Firma*, out of one family into another. Mountains without the help of faith removed out of one mans poſſeſſion, into the poſſeſſion of another. Should a man be ſo wicked as to aime at the life of a man, and acquaint them with the deſigne, they will out-do a revengful Italian in his ſubtle Poyſons, doing his work ſo Gently, and ſo legally, that he ſhall get repute by the Proſecution. They will ſwear that ſuch a one being aſleep, they ſaw his ſoul go out of his mouth, booted and Spurd, take horſe, ride

to such a place, do such a Murther, Commit such a Felony, or act such and such Treasons; now because, as one saith, it is so hard a matter to punish a false oath, without discouraging a true one; such as padd on the Road, though the Robbery be not twenty shillings shall be hanged, and these Villains (*sons of Belial*) that strike at the root of life, estate and fortune, shall only be Pilloried, or lose their ears, which they value no more then the senseless earth in parting with a pair of Mushroms; insignificant pieces of flesh, which they hold, made in opposition to the great Maxime in Philosophy, that Nature does nothing in vain, as being of no use in the body of man.

This Rascal was seldom without a Guard of those *Janizaries* at his heels, especially in Tearm-time, who Pimp so cordially for the Devil, as if they thought him to be Disposer of all Inheritances, as Lord of the World. They have made a Feoffment of their souls, with livery and seisin to Satan, only taking a short Lease back again, and therefore are resolved to make all people they have to deal with turn Tenants to their Landlord: And if a Councellor or Attorney chance to take their Fee, What Villanies must he not conceal? what Treacheries? what Forgeries is he

he not bound to be privy to? what Defences muſt he not make of injuſtice and wrong? what the worſt of actions muſt he not ſtrive to palliate and daub over with the *Fucus* of forced Eloquence, quite contrary to the dictates of either Reaſon or Conſcience? Thoſe that have Calculated their Nativity, baniſh them from the ſociety of men, as the moſt dangerous and treacherous perſons in the world, and wander, finding it ſo threatned, by the ſtars, that no more of them are hang'd, there being no crime in the world that more deſerves it.

When he went to Drink with any ſingle Gentleman, who came to him about ſome concern, he ſtill ordered it ſo, that two of his knights ſhould come and inquire for him, where he was, and having taken good notice of the Gentleman, Drink a glaſs. And pretending buſineſs, be gone again, the ſame day the Scrivener draws a Bond, making the Perſon become obliged to him in ſo much, he not knowing of it, and theſe two Rogues ſet their hands unto it. Moſt commonly he made the party Drunk before he did it. And when the (Bond came due Sued and Recovered) by ſuch like practices he became ſo Notorious, that none would come near his Shop, ſo that he was forced to ſhut up, and thereupon turnd

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Sollicitor, as he cald himself, and then had more an Oar in every mans Boat then before; but the *Sickness* encreasing he could do little, however he was not idle, for every day he took his Rounds, visiting his friends and acquaintance, for the sick he made their *Wills*, and in them put in his own, never failing to go a snack with the surviving Relations; besides, such was the Mortality, that every day not only help'd him to *a Last Will and Testament*, but the opportunity of helping others to Husbands and Wives, for which somtimes he received a considerable gratuity; where they all died out of the house he made himself sole Executor, and swept away all; nay, I have been informed that the Rogue frequently fed the Nurses where any thing was to be had, to hasten the Diseased in their Journey to Eternity.

Such was his success in all these villainous Enterprises, that he grew very rich, and being single, made an addition to his fortune, by marrying a young Gentlewoman with a considerable sum left her by her Parents, who all died of the Pestilence; in three weeks time he buried her, and was married again to a rich Widow that day seven-night; In short, and in truth, he buried five Wives in nine weeks: This may seem strange, but upon

upon enquiry you will find at that time, that ſeveral, in three months, were married twice or thrice, by which means ſuch Miniſters who ſtayed in *London*, and durſt look Death in the face, got as much by Marriages as others did by Burials.

The heat of the Contagion being much abated, he took a larger uncontrouled freedom to range abroad, *ſeeking* (like the Devil) *whom he might devour*; and as the Devil would have it, a Widow (well ſtricken in years) fell into his clutches, a Gentlewoman who had lived creditably in the World, but falling to decay, took a houſe in a convenient place, and had no other dependance than upon Lodgers; and that ſhe might be capacitated for the reception of the better ſort, ſhe furniſhed her houſe in a very ſplendid manner, ſupplying her want of money by credit; but her Lodgers, though ſure, yet being ſlow Pay-Maſters, her Creditors ſeverely dun'd her for money, and fearing an Arreſt, adviſed with this *Knaviſh Solicitor*, who knowing what debts ſhe had abroad, and how well ſtockt ſhe was at home, promiſed to procure her fifty pounds, or an hundred on good ſecurity; but ſhe telling him ſhe knew not how to do it, he whiſpers her in the ear, pretending much kindneſs,

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and in ſhort, aſſures her it was not convenient to trouble her friends in this buſineſs, and that ſhe need not, ſo ſhe would ſign a *Warrant of Attorney* to befriend the Lender, and give him Procuration-money, which was more then he uſe came to, however ſhe conſented, and meeting the next day in order to ſealing, there was but fifty pound in money produced, the other fifty was in commodities, as braided ſtuffs, ſilks, and faſhion-ribbons, &c. prized higher then they were ſold for at firſt, however ſeeing ſhe could not have the money without them, being pincht at that time for money, and over-perſwaded by her treacherous friend, ſhe confeſs'd *Judgment* with a *Defeazance*, for ſix months, as ſhe thought, whereas it was unlimited; the Sollicitor had for his pains twelve-pence in the pound preſently for the whole hundred, though half goods, and the Villain, his Accomplice, in a ſhort time after ſeized on all ſhe had, to her utter ruine, for that ſlender ſum, for which, if for nothing elſe, Old Nick may pick his bones hereafter.

This was another thing he frequently practiced, if any of his acquaintance dyed, or others he could hear of, whoſe Relations durſt not Adminiſter on his Eſtate, but leave all to the Creditors, then would he be ſure

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to make himſelf a principal Creditor by a forged Bond, or otherwiſe, and thereupon ſue out Letters of Adminiſtration, and ſweeping all away wipe the Noſe of thoſe to whom the Deceaſed was really indebted. One time above the reſt he cheated his greateſt Confident and beſt friend he then had living, after this manner. A Gentleman bought ſome houſes in the City, and being uninhabited, empowered the Splitter to let them by Leaſe and Fine, he being not able to do it himſelf for ſometime, by reaſon of ſome extraordinary buſineſs which called him away into the Countrey, and would detain him thereabout a month or two; This faithleſs Truſtee, as ſoon as the Gentleman was gone, pretended the houſes were his own, and by his plauſible carriage ſmooth wheedling tongue, and other knacks of deſigned Roguery, he ſo far inſinuated into the belief of a well-meaning Shop-keeper, that he perſwaded him to take a Leaſe from him of one of the biggeſt houſes, paying him an hundred pound Fine, the Rent being but ſmall, and had been a real good penniworth, had the Title been good; Having ſucceeded ſo well in his firſt Enterprize, he made all the haſte he could to put off the reſt, not mattering the Rent, ſo that he could advance the Fine, and ſo brought about his

buſineſs, that juſt as he had let all the houſes with Fines in his own name, the right owner of them Returned. By his Spies he had intelligence thereof, and therefore in time abſconds himſelf. The Gentleman not finding his Truſtee, went to the Tenants and demanded by what power and Authority they inhabited thoſe dwellings. They readily ſatisfyed him by ſhewing their Leaſes, and telling him what Fines they had payd. The right Landlord by this means ſaw that his Friendſhip was not only abuſed, but that they were alſo knaviſhly cheated of their moneys, and to be ſhort, told them the whole Truth of every thing, which they not believing, he was forced to eject them all. Leaving them to the law, to require ſatisfaction of their Impoſtor Landlord. If any ſhould have chanced to nap him, he would have ſerved them as hundreds before, never left them till ruine had fallen on them, for by Fob-Actions, Indictments, Informations, Swearing, Forſwearing, and the like, he ſo impoveriſh'd them, that as they were reduced thereby to a condition incapable of helping themſelves, ſo it lay not in the power of their pocket to prejudice or hurt him much, and ſo force from them a Confeſſion, that they had better to have

have ſate down with their firſt loſs, than to ſtruggle for their amends. And had they known what a Conſcience he had that ſcrupled nothing for advantage. with Inſtruments that never ſtumbled at an Oath, it had been the beſt courſe they could have taken.

Getting the better ſtill of thoſe that contended with him, got him the general reputation of a very ſhrewd knowing man, ſo that if any intricate Controverſie, Reference or Law-ſuit aroſe among his neighbours, he was the only perſon pitcht on to arbitrate the difference, and was well paid for his pains, having purſe and paunch ſo cram'd, they muſt diſgorge.

That his cloathes might ſpeak him a man of worth, as well as his lying, flattering and deceitful tongue, he garb'd himſelf very ſplendidly, and when he walk'd abroad to perpetrate ſome notorious piece of Roguery, he had always two of his perjur'd Raſcals with him following him as his Attendants. One day as he paſt by a lovely Seat, newly built in the Suburbs, a ſudden ſtratagem came into his head, and his fancy ſtrongly perſwaded him, that he might with eaſe make himſelf Maſter thereof: Having conſulted a while with his helliſh Cabal

and laid down his Plot (at which he was always nimble) he cauſed one of his pretended ſervants to go and knock at the Gate, and know whether the Gentleman the Maſter of the Houſe was within; it was done accordingly, and the Maſter hapning to be at home, came out himſelf to know who it was would ſpeak with him; This impudent Splitter hereupon advanced, and paſſing a Complement or two, told him his buſineſs, that it was only to ſee the inſide of that houſe, whoſe outward parts appeared ſo lovely to his eye; the Gentleman miſtruſting not ſo good a garb, kindly invited him in, and having ſhewed him what he could, civilly treated him; In fine, this gawdy Splitter deſired one favour more, and that was, to have leave to take a Model or Draught of the houſe, for no other reaſon, then that being about to build a houſe, he was ſo well pleaſed with that Structure, that he much deſired to have one built as like it as he could; the Requeſt being granted they parted; but not many days before he came again with a Houſe-Carpenter, whom he had pre-informed that he was about buying of an houſe in ſuch a place, and that he would have his judgment in it, enjoyning him ſilence, leſt talking ſhould be the loſs of a bargain. Arriving at the place they are entertain'd civilly as before, and

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he like a Perſon of Quality. The Carpenter in Paper took the Dimenſions of the houſe exactly, with its buttings and boundings, and having been well ſatisfied for his pains was diſmiſt. This Cheat coming to *London*, drew a Leaſe by that Paper as from this Gentleman, with a conſiderable Fine mentioned therin, to have bin at delivery, but the Rent not worth a naming; & to make good the bargain, thoſe two Rogues his pretended Servants were Witneſſes thereunto: ſhortly after he demanded poſſeſſion, but the Gentleman thereupon thinking him in a frolick laugh'd heartily; but this demand proved in the end not the ſubject of a Comedy, for he was immediately ſued, and at Trial his two Witneſſes, with what the Carpenter could ſay in that behalf, caſt the poor Gentleman, who hearing what a very Rogue this Sollicitor was, firſt Arreſted Judgement, and afterwards by Friends perſuaſions and by threats brought him to a Compoſition. Examples of this kind, I verily believe, I could nominate five hundred, beſides what already I have diſcovered in the Firſt Part of the *Engliſh Rogue* or *Witty Extravigant*; theſe already recited are ſufficient to manifeſt what a deal of miſchief the worſer ſort of Sollicitors or Splitters do in City and Countrey; and therefore I think it was wiſely done of *James* of *Arragon*, who baniſhed

Semeng Rada a great Pettifogger, for being famous only for cunning querks and quillets in the Law; but better did *Galeatius* of *Milan*, who hanged another for his excellent Art in multiplying Law-ſuits; and indeed the multiplication of theſe fellows proves a greater Plague to this Kingdom, then Lice with other Vermin to the *Egyptians*.

One word to the Attorneys of *Weſtminſter* and *Guild*-Hall, and I have done. Though in the head of this Chapter, an Attorney is mentioned, yet I mean none of you, but ſuch as are (conſcious to your ſelves) of ſome unjuſt proceedings therein conteined; it is the Ignorant Knaviſh Countrey-Attorney that I have had a fling at all this while, or ſome beardleſs Fops, who fluttering up and down Preſumptuouſly, aſſume that Creditable name, that the Boys may be thought men of underſtanding, many whereof are only fit to make a noiſe at a Court of Py-Pouder, louder than the Jack-Puddings in *Bartholomew*-Fair, and yet are bold to tread other Courts too often, where they as frequently make Combinations againſt their Clients, and though not ſeldom they take exobitant Fees, they have a trick to let go Judgment on Default.

It cannot be expected that in this well-governed Kingdom, Law-ſuits ſhould be as little in uſe as they were in the well-regulated Com-

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mon-wealth of the *Lacedemonians* ſeldom heard, but I could wiſh it were ſo order'd here as it was by *Charles* the Ninth of *France*, who to prevent needleſs and numberleſs ſuits of law, ordered that whoſoever Commenced a Suit ſhould depoſite ſuch a ſum with the Judge, to receive it back again if his cauſe were good, or forfeit it if the ſame prov'd frivolous; people then would grow weary of wurrying one another; Places in the Hall and Compters would not then be ſold at ſuch dear, nay, exceſſive rates, nor would there be ſuch variety of Juries, as Farriers have ſhooes, fitting all ſizes ready at hand, according as they are beſpoke: Whereas now men have not their Offices for nothing but pay ſoundly for them, and therefore muſt lick themſelves whole out of poor mens neceſſities, certainly ſale of Offices is the greateſt wrong can be done in a Common-Wealth.

CHAP. X.

The Catch-Pole, or Tenter-Hook.

THIS Fellow, among thoſe many great Judgements God inflicts on the World for the many-crying ſins therein committed, is none of the leaſt, for having crack'd, (it may be twice or thrice) he only reſerves ſo much money as will purchaſe him a Commiſſion for Napping, to make others as ſenſible of being in debt, as himſelf was formerly, and having the nature of the Devil in him, is reſtleſs, and in perpetual motion, *ſeeking whom he may devour*, and is never better pleas'd, then when he hath made a poor debtor acquainted with the *Torments* of that *Purgatory*, he himſelf hath layn pickled up in for many years. For which cauſe, the indigent and inſolvent look upon him as the propereſt ſhape wherein they fancy *Satan*, fearing that one time or other he will meet with them, and drag them to an Hell, from whence they never ſhall return. Others look upon him as a *Goſs-Hawk* on the wing, taking a circumference at a diſtance, ſeeming

ſeeming not to mind the wary *Heron*, who is uſing the ſame ſtratagems in winding to get aloft, but all in vain; for when the bold and crafty *Hawk* hath got above her in his ſoaring, *'ware Hawk*, or any other advice avails but little with him, and will pounce her, though he venture the ſtriking himſelf thr ough with the long bill of his Opponent. Thus have we known ſeveral of theſe Vermin violate places, that are priviledged by ancient cuſtom, and defended by the Gallantry of the Defendants, who have made them ſuffer for their inſolencies, ſometimes too ſeverely by death; at other times ſportively, by clipping, ſhaving: And laſtly, by throwing them into the *Bog-houſe*, to ſend them whom ſweet-ſented to their *Dulcina del Tuboſa's*, or reaking *Hecuba's*.

Notwithſtanding theſe deadly or dreadful puniſhments, they will confidently adventure out again, having firſt got ſome loving Cracks or others, to mundify their loathſome Carkaſſes, that they may not poiſon their *Ieſſimy-Barbers*, who otherwiſe inſtead of ſweet fragrant Eſſences muſt be forced to bring a Brandy-Bottle, or ſome other ſpirits to keep them from Fainting. Whilſt they are indeavouring to even the difference between their Hair and Beards on both ſides. Having new caſed themſelves (for their imployment obliges

liges them to have diverſity of Garments by them for Diſguiſes) and having perriwigg'd their *ſhaved crowns*, they boldly walk the ſtreets and by-lanes again, and makes them more dangerous to ſome than the High-ways, for they are *Moveable Priſons*, and their hands two *Manacles* not to be filed off. They are the *Remora's* to young Gentlemen, and breaking Shop-keepers, when at Anchor they find they can ride it out no longer, they either cut or ſlip, and when under a ſtiff gale they think ſafely to ſail from that dangerous *Port*, to ſome other of better Anchorage, they are ſtopt by the way, and can go no further till their unlucky *Pilots* moor them where they pleaſe, moſt commonly to their utter ruine. If any one of them ſeem to be merciful to the poor *Priſoner*, it is for no other end than to make his own advantage. For ſhould he immediately ſtop a man in either *Counter*, or ſome other Priſon, it is not for his benefit, therefore he protracts the Execution, and with much ſeeming willingneſs delays as long as money 's ſtirring. He will reſpit you in no place at firſt but a Tavern, where he ſels his Minutes dearer than a *Watch-Maker*, and though he venture half a drowning in Canary, or what other wine he moſt eſteems; Yet that will not ſtop his mouth unleſs his hands be ſtuff't, and Pocket cram'd continually.

With

With a leg of a Fowl in his hand, and a wing on his Trencher untoucht, he cries, *Come, we cannot ſtay, we muſt be gone*; whilſt his eyes are greedily feeding on the *Sides-men*, or the *Merry thought*, wiſhing every bit may choak others that goes not down his gormandizing Gullet: no more Angels appearing, and fearing his over-drinking may diſinable him from ſecuring his priſoner, he inſtantly removes him to his own houſe, or the ſuburbs of a Gaol, where he viſits him twice a day, but the poor man having no more money to gratifie his forbearance, and the large Fees of the houſe two ſhillings a night, *&c.* a Priſon then muſt be his Manſion, and being a Freeman hath the benefit of a *Duce*, which ſome call an *Horſe*, and thence he rides to *Ludgate*, where he may chance to lie ſome years in the ſweat of his Keepers Toes.

A *Suburbian-Trader*'s credit is no ſooner fly-blown, but the *Magot-Bailiffs* are rooting in his Tail immediately; Money is the only way to blind them ſo they ſhall not ſee you, which you muſt either ſend or give them, and then though they have a *Writ* in their Pockets, and the perſon walks juſt under their Noſes, yet they cannot ſee him for their lives, which *Aſtrologers* ſay, proceed from a wonderful Conjunction of *Sol* and *Luna* in *Palm of the right hand*; I have heard of an Officer that was ſtone-blinde to a friend of mine, and that

for

for a long time, (yet had the eye of a *Linx* to all others) but at length it was diſcovered to the Creditor, that they uſed ſomtimes to fuddle together, whereupon he blamed much the Officer, calling him Knave, Cheat, and what not, in taking his money, and not performing his Office; the other denied it, and though the other urged it was ſo, he could get no other Reply, then *the World's a Cheat, and he is a Fool that has not a hand in it.*

If a Perſon abſcond himſelf for debt, he ſhall be taught to know his own worth in a very little time; for a Serjeant or a Bailiff ſhall dig him out of the Earth with as much diligence, as if he were the Oar of *Mexico*, and never ceaſes till he has hid again in ſome obſcure place or other, never to be found out, but by chance, like a *Pot of old Roman Coin*, but he ſhall not be half ſo much hug'd by the Finder, for fear of being louſie, or infected by the Running *Plague-ſore* of *Poverty*.

A man in this condition may be ſaid to be totally *Eclips'd*. For as the Sun is *Eclips'd* by the Interpoſition of the Moon between it, and the *Earth*; ſo man is *Eclips'd* by an Interpoſition of a *Stone-Dublet* between him and the Street; but he is but half *Eclips'd*, when firſt arreſted and carried to the *Coach and Horſes*, *Hen and Chickens*, or *Roſe and Crown* (to the unſpeakable ſcandal

ſcandall of the Law, at the expence (as I ſaid before) of two ſhillings *Per* night for lodging only, beſides the continual viſits of *Officers*, who like *Phyſicians* will have their Fee, and ſeldom go away empty.

I cannot invent a name evil enough to beſtow on theſe *Tenter-Hooks*; in ſhort, they are the *Sweepings* and *Scum* of the Nation, and would men diſcover from daily experience what tricks they play, what *Leiger-de-main* they uſe, what Jugling there is among them, it would be as creditable to keep the *Hang-man* company as ſome of them: *I* ſhall inſtance ſome few of their abuſes and ſtratagems they uſe in their *Arreſts*, and ſo conclude this Chapter.

If a Gentleman they lay wait for, has laid himſelf up, and will not ſtir abroad, they have ſeveral tricks to catch him notwithſtanding. Sometimes they will perſonate a *Porter*, putting on a frock with *knot* and *Ropes* about their middle, which would have becomed and fitted their Necks much better, and with a Letter in their hand directed to the Gentleman they intend to Arreſt, the Gentleman not ſuſpecting that Garb admits the ſeeming Porter, who having delivered the Letter, inſtantly draws his *Mace*, and being commonly one of the luſtieſt Rogues in the Pack, runs him to rights down ſtairs, and

at

at the door is received by half a dozen *Janizaries* more of the ſame *Brotherhood*; ſometimes they have adventured to come into *Greys-Inn-Walks*; and watching the Perſon as he came to the wall looking into the Bowling-Green that was, this *Deſperado* inſtantly takes him up in his arms, and (Neck or nothing) throws himſelf over with his arms full, who is preſently aſſiſted by others that waited there for the finiſhing the Plot, and with all celerity carry him off *ſans reskue*. Another I knew was thrown over the wall in the *Temple-Garden*, and the Officer leapt after him at High-water, and were both taken up into a Boat that attended this Exploit. Others I have known, who dreſſing themſelves in every reſpect like an Orthodox Miniſter in Canonical Robes, have got admitance into a Gentlemans chamber by that means, and by arreſting him for lucre of an extraordinary reward, have undone the poor Gentleman for ever. Another Gentleman, I knew, was ruin'd alſo by them, but after another faſhion, in this manner; A Bailiff was promiſed he ſhould have a conſiderable ſum, if he would undertake the Arteſting ſuch a Gentleman; having agreed upon the ſum, the firſt thing he did was to enquire what acquaintance he had thereabout, and being inform'd thereof, he watcht ſuch as went to viſit him,

(for

(for his debts being great he durſt not ſtir out, and was beſides very wary leſt he ſhould be ſurprized) among the reſt he obſerved one to go often to him, having a luſtie fellow to wait on him, and much about his ſtature; hereupon he cloath'd himſelf in every reſpect like him, and knocking at the door, he was askt what he came for, who replied, that he was ſervant to ſuch a Gentleman, naming him, and that he came from his Maſter to him about buſineſs: that very Gentleman hapned to be in the chamber, and by that means judged it was a plot, who underſtanding that there was but one at the door, drawing their ſwords they opened the door, bidding him come in, who ſeeing them in that poſture, truſted rather to his feet then his hands, and for haſte knew not whether he made one or two ſteps to the bottom of the ſtairs, venturing a Neck-breaking, rather then to have his ſoul infalibly puſht out of his body by their Rapiers. One would have thought this ſhould have been a fair warning to him; yet for all this he undauntedly perſiſted in his Reſolution, and ſoon found out a way to effect his deſign in this manner; He had ſtrictly obſerved, from a houſe almoſt oppoſite to this Gentlemans Chamber, that

a diſh of meat was frequently ſent thither about dinner time: a little before that time he got a diſh Prepared. And putting on a white Waſtecoat, Cap, and Apron, went in that poſture to the Gentleman, whoſe ill luck was ſuch, that he looking out of his Window, and ſeeing this meat coming towards him, perſwaded by the raſh eagerneſs of his Stomach, he had got the door open ere the fellow was half up the ſtairs, and Miſtruſting nothing, gave him entrance, who ſetting down the Diſh, firſt ſeized the Gentlemans ſword that lay neglected on the Table, and then ſecured his Priſoner.

Of all the cunning tricks they uſe to captivate poor Debtors, I was never pleaſed with any more than this which Followeth. Becauſe the contriver was by heaven juſtly puniſhed for his treachery. In ſhort 'tis thus, a Gentleman, owing much money, kept within doors a long time, by reaſon of which he much coveted the Air, but daring not to ſtir abroad, he was content to take the benefit of it as he could, and that was early in the morning at his Window. The *Bayliffs* laid ſeveral plots to take him, but to no Effect, at length a *Smith*, that lived oppoſite to this Gentlemans Chamber, and knowing the deſign of theſe Raſcals, agreed with them for ſo much to betray him into their hands, and informed them after

what

what manner it ſhould be done. They approved of it, and the next morning was the time appointed, accordingly theſe varlets planted themſelves in *Ambuſcado*, whilſt the *Smith* very early gets upon the Grind-ſtone, which ſtood under his ſhed, and faſtning a rope to a ſmall Beam, put the nooze over his Neck, and having ſo done, fell to his prayers, the Gentleman (according to his Cuſtome) looking out, and ſeeing an object of deſperation before his eyes ready to diſpatch himſelf, in pure pitty (which overcame all thoughts of danger) ran with all ſpeed he could, to prevent this wretched fellow from being his own Executioner; But all would not do, neither his own averſion, nor the others oppoſition, ſince heaven had decreed him an example of divine Vengeance, for injuſtice; for the *Bayliffs*, ſeizing the Gentleman, carried him away with all the ſpeed imaginable. And the *Smith* turning his head about to ſee which way they went, the Grind-ſtone turned, and ſlipping off, was hanged unregarded by the *Bayliffs*. And unpittied for his labour.

All their politicall plots, and projects are ſo many (new ones dayly taking place) that it will be irrequiſit to diſcourſe them further. Wherefore to conclude I ſhall only touch upon ſome few of their many thouſand Wheedles, and

leave the *Reader* to his woful Experience for the reſt.

Having Arreſted a man (as they agreed before) one muſt be the *Lyon*, the other the *Lamb*; When one is *Rampant*, the other is *Couchant*; And here note, that they are never both either paſſionate, or mighty furious, but when they are like to be Beaten. The next thing they do, is ſubtilly to ſift out of the *Priſoner*, whether he was ever Arreſted before, if not, they know the better how to work upon his ignorance; if they find the Perſon arreſted hath been an old *Truth-Breaker*, and that he is much indebted, though they have but one *Action* againſt *him*, they will perſwade him that they have ten; however if he will preſently put in *Bail*, (leſt his other Creditors ſhould come upon him) and ſatisfie them well for their pains, they will be very civil, and what they take of you they will not receive as their due *Fees*, leſt they ſhould be pincht (as ſome of late have been) for *Extortion*, wherefore they cry, *Give it us freely, or not at all.*

Under pretence of being a mans ſincere friend, they will adviſe, and by ſubtil ways they have ſqueezed out of him what his debts are, and to whom they are due, perſwading him that they have the Art of Compoſing all ſuch differences, having got out of him who they

they are, to whom he is obliged; in the firſt place, one of them aſſures him how ſorry he is for him, and had he known ſo much as now he does he ſhould never have bin Arreſted for them, however he will go and ſee what may be done with the *Creditor* that hath entred the preſent *Action*, whilſt he goes to no other intent then to adviſe ſome other *Creditor* to enter an *Action*, for this (as far as he ſees) is his time or never; and having perſwaded him to it, keeps this as a reſerve to lay upon him when he hath bail'd the other; and if he be ſtrengthned with four or five more, he thinks it ſo much the better, which he will execute in order; at laſt, having ſuckt out the very hearts-blood of his Pocket, the *Compter* or *Ludgate* muſt be his *Ultimum Refugium*.

All men who ſtand in fear of an Arreſt, (if they know it) muſt be their ſlaves, for they will pretend when they meet them, that they have a Commiſſion to give them a *Caſt of their Office*, to no other end then that they ſhould caſt them half a Crown, or a good Breakfaſt in their way.

Their Civility (for ſelf-intereſt) is no ſmall advantage to them, ſending to a

Perſon (againſt whom an Action is entered) either to keep out of the way, or put in *Bail*, if the Creditor be not by, it is uſuall for them to be blinded with a flaming Angel, and then tell the Creditor he is a man very difficult to be found. At length he is forced to Napp him, (after the Cat hath plaid a long time with the Mouſe) and ſwallows his pretended friend, with as little difficulty as a *Whale* may do a *Gudgeon*.

CHAP. XI.

The Miſeries in, and Wheedles of a Priſon.

AS there are many Priſons in and about the City, ſo their Nature and Cuſtoms are different, yet the *Wheedles* that are practiſed therein, are much alike, ſo many and ſo various, that the Deſcription of them all would take up ſo much room, as that I ſhould have but little left to proſecute ſome other ſubjects, I muſt neceſſarily touch upon.

In ſhort, a Priſon is the *Bankrupts Banqueting-houſe*, where he feeds on Diſhes borrowed from other Mens Tables; or it may be called, *The Prodigals Purgatory*, or, *A Peſthouſe* for decayed

cayed Citizens, wherein is contained as many maladies and miſchiefs as flew out of *Pandora's* Box, when opened by *Epimetheus*. It is the *Grave* of the living, or a place where men are buried alive, and the Wormes that gnaw upon them are their own diſcontented thoughts, and the racking of the Maſter-Keeper, and that which aggravates their miſerie is the frequent curbs of under-*Officers*; yet herein lies ſome little comfort, that their *Creditors* dare as well be damned as come there to rail at them for non-ſolvency, or upbraid them with Knavery; for Cuſtom hath empowered them to inflict within their own Territories puniſhment on ſuch *Billingſgate-Offenders*.

At my firſt being acquainted with the place, the *Priſoners* (methought) walking up and down the *Watch-Hall* lookt like ſo many Wracks upon the Sea; Here the ribs of a thouſand pounds beating againſt the *Needles*, thoſe dangerous rocks, *Credulity*; here floated to and fro *Silks*, *Stuffs*, *Camolets*, *Velvet*, *Cloth of Gold*, *Cloth of Silver*, *&c.* without giving place to each other according to their dignity, and after them ſwims the *Owner*, making to ſhore on his Yard, miſtaking it for the Main-Yard-Arm of the Foundred Veſſel, and after him drives another ſwimming on his

Shop-books, which bear him up like Bladders for the preſent; here floated ſo many Pipes of Canary, belonging to a Vintner or Cooper, whoſe Bung-holes lying open, were ſo damaged, that the Merchant may go hoop for his mony; look upon it in general, and it is a ſpectacle of more pity then *Tyburn*-Executions.

How welcom is a new Commer amongſt them; every one ſtrives who ſhall get him into his chamber, if there be a vacancy, not ſo much for friendſhips ſake, as Garniſh: one will tell him that he hath an excellent room, wherein there is lodg'd but four; Another tells him, that his room is better, for though it be *VVinter* now, and may ſeem to be too bleak and cold, yet it will be the beſt room in the whole houſe in *Summer*-time, being near the Leads; and this benefit he hath too, that he cannot take the benefit of the Air thereon, but that he muſt of neceſſity ſee thoſe places, by taking the Air too often, which club'd to his undoing; ten to one this Propoſal puts the new-come *Priſoner* into a paſſion, thinking himſelf abuſed to be thought he ſhould be confined ſo long; but by his good leave, I can aſſure him, I knew a Citizen booted and ſpur'd taken as he was going out of town, and brought in thither, who ſwore he would not have his boots pull'd off till he was at liberty, ſo confi-

dent

dent he was of his ſpeedy enlargement, yet contrary to expectation he remained a Priſoner ſixteen years and upwards.

A Priſon is an *Exchange* for all ſorts of *Trades*, but without *Commodities*, unleſs what are female, and they are for the moſt part braided, and out of faſhion, being the Reliques of ſome Defunct; Now and then ſome *Cracking Sempſtreſs*, or *Free Trader*, for taking up too much linnen, and over-trading with *Holland*-Factors, have the ill hap to be Confined within this *ſtony Band-box*; how will the *Baggages* then pule, and whine, and putting finger in eye, and cry, *He might have been more kind, if all were rightly underſtood, and not call me his back friend--- Suppoſe I was, there was no harm done him by it. Well, well, it was a moſt un-Gentleman like part of him, to undo a young Woman in both ſenſes.* The report of her Confinement brings a great concourſe of men, whoever took any of her Linnen upon truſt, and by way of gratitude, pay her ranſome; if no ſuch aſſiſtance happen to her, ſhe then ſends ſome Female *VVheedle* of her Function, with a Letter to her Creditor, all blubberd with tears, deſiring to ſpeak with him, who over-perſwaded, goes, and at ſight of her, his heart melts faſter then her eyes,

or any other part, and not being able to refrain, ſeals her Releaſe with *fleſh* in ſtead of *wax*. Hence we may infer this, that they that deny *Priſons* to be *Bawdy-houſes* are very much miſtaken, and may as well gainſay, that Mother *Nabbs* who liv'd in the *Park*, never ſtood in the *Pillory*, that *Venus* was tranſlated to the ſky for being a *Nun*, and not for being a *Whore*; as that *Salisbury*-Court, *Shoo*-lane, and places adjoyning, are not the moſt General *Rendezvouz* for faſhionable *Bona Roba's* of the better ſort.

And now by the way, give me leave to expreſs what I finde commendable in a *Priſon*, and let any one judge, whether this be not a very great commendation belonging to it, in that it renders *Matrimony* moſt ſavoury, where the pleaſures thereof are moſt ſtoln; but it moſt extreamly commends their Charity one to another, for lending their chambers to their Fellow-*Priſoners*; Others, that are for the more the more noble way of *Pimping* defend themſelves by the example of *Heliogabulus*, who was wont to lend his *Baths* and *Wenches* to his friends and acquaintance whenever they deſired it. If a man would throughly inſpect the houſe, he will find little Mortification among the confined, they being generally of *Ariſtotle's* opinion, that Whores are not only

only uſeful, but neceſſary in a well-inſtituted *Common-wealth*, ſuch is the *Fleet* and *Ludgate*, whoſe inhabitants cry, Corporeal Recreations mitigate Corporeal puniſhments; and as one very well obſerves, that it was never recorded among them, that any one that was ever put in ever pray'd himſelf out. The looſneſs of the Company corrupts the good intentions of moſt men. Thus Priſons are like a Lough in *Ireland*, called *Lough-neaugh*, whoſe Waters(in ſome time)turn the tenderer ſubſtance of wood into ſtone, and from a piece of Holly is produced an excellent ſtone; ſo when a man is confined within the grates of a Gaol, his heart becomes petrefied, to that exceſs, that neither the ſoft words of a flattering *Creditor*, nor the moſt ſharp and piercing execrations of a paſſionate one can make the leaſt impreſſion therein.

I have told you what is commendable; I muſt now give you a ſhort account of what is diſcommendable in thoſe *Pinks* and *Common Sewers*, into which all the *Malice*, *Envy*, *Rancour* and *Hatred* of inveterate Perſons, ſpend it ſelf. Where the *Tenter-Hooks* of Oppreſſion always ſtand in publick view, or ſit there at *Receit of injury*, and mourn at the Tranquillity and peace of Neighbors; cruel *Giants* of theſe *Inchanted Caſtles*, not ſuffering a poor *Debtor* paſs

paſs by them, but one ſteps out and cries, *Fee, fa, fumm, I ſmell the blood of one in debt, and I muſt needs have ſumm.*

Within theſe ſtrong *Holds* there are a ſort of people, who were men once, but coming into Office, are on a ſudden changed into *Tygers*, *Wolves* and *Man-eaters*; ſtrange Monſters that will eat a couple of poor men at a Meal, who are more cruel then *Diomed* who fed his horſes with humane fleſh: they are more inhumane, more mercileſs then the great Robbers, *Sciron* or *Pytiolanthes*; more terrible then the *Lerenean* Monſter: ſhould they be broiled, roaſted, gridled, toaſted, ſinged, baked, ten thouſand years in *Purgatory*, they would be as black and ſooty as when firſt put in. They ſtrut it in fine Clothes, and are fat with feaſting on the forbidden fruits of *Extortion*, and ſelling unlawful liberty at unlawful rates; yet, what will not a Priſoner do that has it? what will he not expend to conjure down, and appeaſe the evil *Demon*, that ſo torments and haunts him, worſe then the trembling cold and hot Fits of a *Quartane Ague*? How dreadfully does he appear with his thick Battoon, when he ſays, Maſter--- (meaning the Maſter-Keeper) *muſt ſpeak with you*; which is one and the ſame thing, as if he ſhould have ſaid,

ſaid, *I have order to lock you up*; what fumbling then in the Pocket to ſtop one gaping mouth of *Cerberus*, with a Glaſs of Wine to boot, and a hundred Promiſes at the end of it, that ſuch a time he will clear all his Chamber-rent, with a thouſand thanks for that liberty, which is like to be beneficial to him; for, if the Priſoner be Poetically inclined, he then ſays, *That the noiſe of a Priſon was very diſtracting and injurious to his Fancy; that ſince he hath been abroad, his Invention hath wrought Miracles, that he hath a Copy (almoſt finiſhed) which a Bookſeller offred ſo much for it, with Priviledge to dedicate it to my Lord---- who hath ſeen it, applauds it, and doubts not but to receive, not only a conſiderable reward from him, but much more, by threeſcore ſeveral Dedications he intends of the ſame Book to others, and none under Knight or Lady.* Whereas all this while (it may be) poor man, he hath been ſtudying *de die in diem*, how to eat and drink in abundance, that ſhould he be taken up, he may be ſtored with fleſh to withſtand a three weeks ſiege againſt the Poverty of a Priſon, and that he might drown in Oblivion, the Miſeries that he hath already run through, and the thoughts of what he may run into for

for the future, he was not so idly employed to write *in laudem Pulicis*, or, *Encomium strepitus*, but he was translating that learned and elaborate Piece of that deep and profound Author *Obsopœus*, who writ a Treatise in Latin verse, *de Arte bibendi*, which Art he reduced into practice, and taught it (in his Peripateticks) to his young disciples.

If a Shop-keeper (that is a Milch-Cow) be sent for, and he be driven lowing to his Stall, if they halt by the way, as 'tis ten to one but they do for the benefit of baiting, then out comes the Almanack, wherein is registred some of his best debts, which were cancel'd in his Debt-books, that they might not be known to Wife or Creditor, and then tells him, *That he was with such and such, that such a Person a very honest Gentleman promised him such a day to pay him so much. That he had received a little from him to day; that there was so much for his Pains, and desires, that with his thanks and humble service he will present so much to his Master,*---- where note, if this charge be not constantly paid he is inexorable to all Prayers, and entreaties. We read, that the *Jaylor* in the *Acts*, fell down at the feet of his two *Prisoners*, when he saw such a terrible *Habeas Corpus* come from *Heaven* to remove them. But it is to be feared, had those *Prisoners* been here now, the *Earth* might have

have ſhook as well as the *Priſon*, ere it could have ſhaken ſome *Priſon-Petty-Tyrants* in the Kingdom.

In the next place, let us conſider the evils that proceed from the *Maſter Keepers*, letting his Cellar at a rackRent, which indeed muſt inevitably follow from his paying ſo dear for the Cuſtody of his Den.

The *Cellar-man*, or *Tapſter*, which you will, is (whilſt money is ſtirring Plentifully) Extraordinary kind at home, and that you may pay for it abroad. If you have a deſire to take the Air, he will proffer ſometimes the kindneſs to be your *Keeper*, and you need not fear he will tire you with walking. For he ſhall only carry you to the next Crony-Tavern of his acquaintance. And then if you are not drunk for joy, that you are abroad, and ſpew to gratify his courteſie, you underſtand not what it is to have a *Priſon-Tapſter* to your friend. As your money ſhortens he ſlackens his favours; at length he cannot hear you when you call for *Beer* and *Tobaccho*, yet in hope to be paid one time or other; and partly out of the lechery they have in couzening and cheating, with ſhort meaſures and confounded *Mundungus*, is at length perſwaded to let his dear *Euridices*, his Beer and his Brandy, take a little Air out of his *infernal Regions*; but the hot *Strumpet*

leaves

leaves such violent *Claps* behind her, in the Pockets of the poor *Prisoners*, that no *Aqua Fortis* eats so violently into a Fob, as she doth. Only the *Cellar-man* has one *Recipe*, to stop the violence of the *Gonorrhea*, by crying in a tone like a *Bear*, I'le trust no more; and so he might say as often and as currishly as he pleased, might the doors stand open, and men might have the liberty of coming in, or out, as they pleased. For in such places there is the worst, least, and dearest of all things, whereas the poor *Prisoners* ought to have the most, best, and cheapest. However, this brings in a great annuity to the *Master-Keeper*. Though this is none of the least of his benefits, yet he hath a great many more than I can tell you, proceeding from his *Iron-Barr'd Limbeck*, and in his Chymistry acts contrary to Nature, while he makes it his business all his life to extract something out of nothing, and by reducing men to nothing, out of the *Caput Mortuum*, of their perished Estates, makes himself something. However there lyes a Curse upon him, for as it is observed, from the highest to the lowest, that never any one of them dyed worth a groat, their reign seldom exceeds the length of a Popes, being Poisoned quickly (in five or six years) by excessive drinking, *Lim'd Sack, stum'd Claret*, and *high Feeding*.

Now,

Now should there prove a Conspiracy between the *Sheep* and *Goose*, (who out of pure revenge on them who devoured their dead Carcasses, are resolved to devour them whilst living, by aiding and assisting their enemies with implements to draw up a formidable thing, called commonly an *Habeas Corpus*, by which their Persons are seized, and carried over the Gulph *Thames*, and then incarcerated in the Kings Bench) it is a thing worth the noting, that the silliest of Creatures should be too hard for most cunning Foxes; nay, by a Sheep-skin conveyed violently into the *Hesperian Gardens* of *Southwark*, where though there are no *Golden Apple-Trees* growing, yet they shall find many *Lions* waking for their security. Some say, the Prisoners themselves are changed into *Golden Apple-trees*, to whom as long as they bear fruit, the *Lion* is as gentle as a *Red Herring*, but if they wither and grow dry, they are presently cut down, and made fewel for the *Common Gaol*. Nay, your brace of Guardian Angels will forsake you, for want of a little chamber-rent, otherwise *Polyphemus* himself is civil enough, and will be content to have his own eye put out for a while, while *Ulysses* escapes under the belly of the *Golden-Fleece*.

Now under what Planets the *Tip-staves* and *Waiters* were borne, the best *Figure-*

Flingers

Flingers cannot tell; ſome believe *Mercury*, though not as he was a god, but an *Engliſh Guſman.* They are a ſort of Vermin, that believe not only the *Moon*, but all *Mankind* to be made of green Cheeſe, ſo like Rats and Mice do they altogether live and feed upon it.

And now to the unſpeakable comfort of the Creditor, let us a little look into the Counſels and *Deportment* of their *Debtors*, under Confinement.

In a full meeting or aſſembly this Queſtion is Started, Whether a man ought to be compelled againſt his will, to pay his debts. A Sage perſon, much indebted, and a long time a *Priſoner*, and therefore more capable of being a Law-giver, was poſitively in the negative. And thus he proved it, If, *volenti non fit injuria, no injury can be done to him that is willing, then it follows, that all injury muſt be done to him that is unwilling; now, what greater injury can be done to a man then to compel him to pay money againſt his will, whether he has it or no? Again, no man was ever compelled to lend money, what reaſon then is there that a man ſhould be compelled to repay it? Otherwiſe, lending of money ſeems a kind of invention of Man to trepan his fellow-creature, to lend him money that he may afterwards make him his miſerable ſlave and vaſſal, and triumph over his calamity.* It was concluded on

all

all sides, that there can be no greater mischief done to man than to captivate his body, and deprive him of his divine priviledge of freedom, he then yet intends the ruine of another, ought to have the same ruine intended to himself. Hereupon the Counsel broke up, and every one applyed himself to the usuall holy exercises there performed, as *Dicig, Drinking, Drabbling &c. Venus* is very powerful here, but *Bacchus* much more, being indeed the very *Baal-Peor* of this place. As for the Stars of the first Magnitude they resorted to the *Leg*, or *Golden Lyon*. The lesser bestowed their influences on *Ale-Houses, Brandy-Shops, &c.*

And now dear friends, you who are Creditors to these Persons, how do you think you shall be satisfied your debts, when nothing will serve your turns, *but to make Dice of their Bones*, a slender satisfaction, considering how dearly you pay for every *Bale* that is made out of them. Alas! you don't consider they live in the Land of Oblivion, not as a quartern of *Brandy*, but is an *Antidote* against *Sorrow*, and two quarts of Canary is perfect *Lethe*. In a short while they forget you, and in a long time you forget them.

Consider again, should all men pay their debts, some would have nothing left, and others would have all, there would be no *Ebbing*

nor flowing of Fortune, ſhould the Tide run all one way: beſides, Cheating would have too great an encouragement ſhould it always proſper, yet loſs is the ſpur to make them run the ſame courſe over again; and I believe, theſe Debtors are not ſo unjuſt, but, that ſhould it be proved, that in any Age of the World all men paid their debts, I dare engage that you ſhould have it ſo again. Be not ſo vain, as to think that Natures courſe muſt be altered to gratifie your humours. Again, they complain of their truſting too, as well as your Worſhips; where lies the difference then ſince you are both *Creditors*; and were you in their condition, I queſtion, though you now complain of their Knavery, whether you would not be as very Knaves as themſelves; you rail at them, and they again at others. The *Mercer* cries, *Was ever Man ſo Hocuſs'd? however, I have enough to maintain me here,* and cries, *Hang ſorrow, caſt away care.* The *Milliner* is much in the ſame tone, and cries, *Hang it too, Give me t'other Claſs of Sack, 'tis well 'tis no worſe.* The *Tailor* cries, *VVas ever a man ſo miſtaken, the Gentleman ſeem'd as honeſt a man as ever piſs'd; but I may thank my VVife for this, A Pox on her, ſhe was always too willing to entertain handſom Gentlemen.*

After all this, if the *Creditor* will have any *Muſick* to revive his drooping ſpirits, let him

ſtep

ſtep to the *Fleet*, where he ſhall finde ſome (over a Chirping Cup) ſing like *Canary*-Birds; and 'tis ten to one after the Song is ended, but a Health ſhall go round to the Confuſion of their *Creditors*; whileſt others are exerciſing themſelves in the Noble *Art of Cheeſe-Bowling*, where ſome ſhall cry, *Two Pieces on the ſingle Caſt, five to one cries another on the Caſt, whilſt another ſteps in and proffers to lay ten Guiny's on the Game.* A pleaſant Harmony in the ears of a *Creditor* who hath entruſted theſe men, who have laid up their Eſtates in *Lavender*, that they may the more freely follow their Recreation, and will not be Confined to Humours; though Humours Confined them.

Thus you ſee, if men can *Wheedle* themſelves into a large credit, yet keep their Eſtates, what care they for a *Capias* or a *Latitat*; and 'tis but feeing often and liberally the *Clerk*, and it lies not in the power of a *Creditor* to keep them from their Recreation there, or where they pleaſe.

And now Gentlemen-debtors, a word to you, and I have done. When all your money is gone, farewel all kindneſs of this nature; for

they will prove as obdurate as Hell, and will as ſoon truſt their Souls with the *Devil*, as a *Priſoner* with a ſhilling; and therefore as little as you may, and only when neceſſity compels you to it, make uſe of their civilities, as they call them; keep money in your pockets, and lie as little out as you can upon ſecurity. You will find it but a ſcurvy thing to be viſited once a week by the *Clerk*, and his two *Gog-Magogs*, with rugged Cudgels, and rough-hewen faces, when the end is only to milk the *Cow* as they call you: Endeavour to be one of *Solamons* ſons, and keep company with none of them; if you do, blame not the Stars, but your own folly, which became your ruine. Extremities will happen to all ſorts of Perſons, as well good as bad, and therefore they determine beſt, that beſt determine for their own ſafety.

CHAP. XII.

The Wheedles, of an handſome Hoſteſs.

OF theſe Hoſteſſes there are ſeveral ſorts. There is the *City-Hoſteſs*, the *Country-Town-Hoſte*

Hoſteſs, and the *Hoſteſs* on the Road; the two first have frequenter opportunities to *Wheedle* by reaſon of the variety, multiplicity, and conſtancy of their *Gueſts*, yet, the laſt doth it as certainly, and leſs controulably than the former, but all three in a different manner. The *City-Hoſteſs* takes more ſtate upon her, and uſeth a freedom which would ſeem ſcandalous, to the other in the Countrey; for ſhe will frequently admit of Treats abroad and, that her perſon may be noted at publick *Meetings*, *Balls* and *Theaters*, her ſplendid habiliments ſhall forcibly attract the eyes of the Spectators, cauſing in men an admiration, and an emulation in the women, for rather then they will want any thing of that Modiſh finery they obſerve in others. They will make their husbands pawn their Conſciences, as well as their *Credits*, for that *Point-de-Venice*, or for another ſtory of lace, more upon their Petty-coats; as if women thought mens fancies did not climb faſt enough without ſuch a Lecherous *Love-Ladder*. She never ſtirs out, but in her choiceſt ornaments, and is rarely ſeen within doors by her better *Gueſts*, but when ſhe thinks her ſelf moſt charmingly adorn'd. Whereas the *Countrey-Hoſteſs* never ſtudies or conſults her fineries, but againſt ſome *Fair*, or uſuall *Market-days*, which ſhe indeavours to grace with her beſt habiliments,

as much as ſhe will do a Neighbours Chriſtning. If her leiſure will permit her to ſtep to the Gate to ſhew her dreſſing, and thereby invite her *Gueſts* to taſt of her diſh (which who can refrain, ſeeing it ſo well Guarniſht) ſhe then ſeems to proclaim to all, that ſhe is a fairer Commendation of her Inn, above the fair *Signe* although the Painting, Tafferels, and other Curioſities coſt the valew of the Eſtate of a riſing Conſtable. In this poſture, as ſhe ſtands, ſhe proves a *Loadſtone* that attracts not only men of Iron, but the Black-coat, and ſober Citizens; if the firſt (that mighty man of Buff, and Feather) come but near her, he ſometimes cleaves ſo long, that he is not eaſily got off, and will not only command Accommodation for himſelf, and horſe, leſs beaſt than himſelf, but ſometimes too for his beaſtly Companions.

The man that will not eat, and drink well, is not for her diet; for the firſt ſhe knows by experience, *that he that cannot eat well, will never do the feat well*: beſides, the ſober man is not for her turn, becauſe being always guarded by Reaſon, all the aſſaults her *Wheedles* makes againſt him are bootleſs, ineffectual; he is her man that will be drunk, who will be a man it may be tomorrow morning, but for the preſent ſhe can make him what ſhe pleaſe; for having let go him-

himſelf from the hold, and ſtay of Reaſon, ſhe knows he lyes open to the mercy of all temptations, and ſuits them according to his preſent inclinations. No luſt but finds him diſarm'd, and fenceleſs, and with the leaſt aſſault enters; if he be rich, how will ſhe humour him, and under the pretence of pleaſing him with any thing, either eatably or liquid, ſhe franckly calls for it to oblige her own pallat, and ſhe ſhall pay dearly for it to boot; and to make him believe how much ſhe loves him, will not ſtirr from him but when buſineſs calls upon her: And when ſhe returns, it ſhall be with ſuch ſpeed and cheerfulneſs, that if he be not quite drown'd in his liquor, with half an eye he may ſee the greatneſs of her love and kindneſs, and to make a demonſtration thereof, the Husband, by her perſwaſions, and his compliance to her *Wheedling*-contrivances, ſhall go to bed, and ſo give them the opportunity of a private Conference; Now out-comes all his paſſions, vanities, and thoſe ſhamefuller humours, which diſcretion cloaths, all which ſhe converts to her own advantage; at length (with a thouſand Proteſtations, ſhe never admitted any to that freedom before, but her Husband, though a hundred preceded him) ſhe ſends him to bed, fully aſſured of his future, as well as preſent, happineſs.

Of all men the young man is her Darling, whom ſhe can beſt ſhape and faſhion as ſhe pleaſes, and can perſwade him to any thing, for he ſees but the outſide of men and things, and conceives them according to their appearing gliſter, and out of this ignorance believes them: thus ſhe makes all her flatteries paſs for real kindneſſes; and the more to endear him to her, he muſt call her *Mother*, and will not be angry with her ſon if he commit Inceſt with her; and leſt the reſt of her adopted children ſhould take exceptions at it, ſhe will give all of them (who have a mind to it) the ſame liberty. This Obligation ties them to the houſe, as firmly as a Galley-ſlave to the Oar, and this is for a while the only Rendez-vouz of all their Revels.

The truth on't is, ſhe need not uſe many *Wheedles* to this ſort of people to effect her deſignes; for ſince their Reaſon ſeems not to curb, but only to underſtand their appetites, they proſecute the motions thereof with ſuch eager earneſtneſs, that being themſelves their own temptation, they need not Satan ſo prompt them, if Wine and Women be in their company.

Of all her *Gueſts* there is none makes her ſuch incomparable ſport as the *Fop*, *What dye lack, Sir?* or the meer Trading-bubble of the City,

City, when he comes into the Countrey, as ignorant as the Clown, both of them being much about the same model and pitch of brain, only the ones ignorance is a little more finical. She knows him by his garb and bawling deportment when he rides into the yard, and indeed his posture in riding onely is enough to discover him, and the better to humour his vanity, she makes as great a noise as he, in calling on her servants to give him attendance, and then waits him at the Parlor door to welcom him with her smiles & courtesies, whilst she is screwing her mouth into a round plumpness, that the warmth of her lips may signify the glowing of her other parts, and the fervency of that zeal she hath to serve him. The wine being brought (which must be a Pint of Mul'd Sack if in winter time,) *Ninny* drinks to *Mystress Crafsby*, which she kindly receives, and will not let the liquor cool in her hand by any means, but nimbly possess the cup till the pint be out: A cessation of sipping for a while being concluded on, they still proceed in the exercise of their mouths, by talking and billing: both their chief education lye in their Occupation, which indeavours to Apify the humours and manners of their best Guests, or Customers: the frequent visits of finical Gentlemen, fine Ladies and Gallants, *Antartick* to the City fashion,

fashion (who have a mode in Speech, as well as habit, peculiar to themselves) I say, from these he draws the infection of Eloquence and Fopperies, and catching any one word, which he imagines extraordinary (although he understand not the Etymologie thereof) wears it for ever, and regards not how Thread-bare it is, by his often using it, so his habit be not in that condition. As he takes up Wares on Credit, so he does words, and in time, it may be, makes himself a *Bankrupt* as to both; for as he is affected with Complements, and gingling Expressions, so no man pays dearer for them, since severall debts in his Shop-Books are often payd by them. And this our subtle *Hostess* knows full well, and therefore fits him to a Hair, having had the same, or larger advantages of various society than himself. Having first tickled his ear with what pretty pleasant collections of wit, she hath collected from the ingenious frequenters of her house, she then indeavours to inform her self what his profession is, & knowing that, not only praises the function, but promises to buy of him what she or her friends hath occasion to make use of; and that she may make it appear, that she hath not only rich Relations, but acquaintance of good quality, she recounts the names of such and such men of known Estates and Reputation; in hopes of such good Customers he calls freely,

ly, and drinks as plentifully, and having plyed him with warm cloaths, she gives him some small Encouragements of attaining her; the temptation takes, and every kiss proves a conspiracy; at length her petulant deportment gains over him a totall conquest, yet staves him off Fruition, by holding him in expectation, and Encouraging his hopes, she makes his shop-commodities dance after hers, and her Inn or house must be his home: If in the City, he willingly drinks no-where else, obliges his friends to go with him, and institutes Clubs of several Trades, not to propagate their interest in the least but his own, and raise his reputation with the *Hostess*: If in the Countrey, he takes the benefit of the Air very often (as he calls it) for his healths sake, and so deludes his indulgent Wife, that she may not grumble at his absence, nor suspect his intentions, which are fully bent in the prosecution of his designed pleasures; and, that he may be the more made welcome when he comes alone, he often seduceth his Neighbors to accompany him abroad, who (good natur'd men) will not deny him that civility, and, though it be often repeated, (with great expence) yet they grutch it not, finding from their Country-delights so full a compensation. The instigator to these rural Rambles is better satisfied in his thoughts, having cunningly perswaded them to club towards that satisfaction he

he hath propounded to himself, which he believes they never shall have the happiness to injoy, and probably he neither; for if she be wise and prudent, she hath her *Booms* to keep off those who design to clap her aboard; and, haling in her Guns she may seem to be a fenceless Merchant-man, to invite the Enemy to attaque her, but presently run them out again, and so make prize of him that would have done the like to her. Her interest may in some measure be her excuse, when she makes a more then common familiarity, play the *Broker* to vend her commodities faster, and at a better rate. What will not a *Wink*, *a clap on the shoulder*, *a tread on the Toe*, *a wringing by the hand*, *a leer of the eye*, *or a low whispering*, *What say'st a doe*, when mans stubborn treacherous design hath banisht his forecast; the good features of her face is the sole Center of all his desires, what then can she desire within the Circle of his ability, which she may not have? what obedience will he not shew? what Tyranny may she not use, when she hath gain'd the Conquest of his heart, if she can but keep possession of her self; 'tis true, a *Man of War* may board her again and again, and yet she values him not, and never shall rummidge her *Hold*, knowing how and when to clear her self of him, by blowing up her false *Decks*, not but that she will let a Man freely

freely enter, so that he be no *Picqueroon* or *Caper*, but an honest Merchant, that will not only largely pay her for the Freight, but make her *Supracargo* too.

The bucksom lustie man is he (with money in his Pockets) whom she best esteems; a good face, and a proportionable body shall little avail, where only *Wheedling* words, and not expence shall put a value on him; though she love her pleasure well, yet she will not cut the throat of her profit for its sake; There are indeed a sort of *silly Things*, who admire a man for his *Parts*, and are infinitely taken with his expressions, which are so many fine Phrases set together, which serve equally for all Women and are equally to no purpose, unless somtimes they work upon their weakness; and lest the barrenness of his invention should not supply him with stuff to entertain these ignorant Pieces of wantonness; he is very careful of his dress, in the ordering of which he employs all the faculties of his own soul, and his Tailors; This is the man they are so taken with, and this is that ill-designing *Simpleton* that will perswade them to run from their Husbands, with what money or credit they can carry with them, and accompany him, who shall travel them the whole Kingdom over till all the money be spent; his *Nagg* then, that was before so

mettle-

mettlesom, tires all of a sudden; and to the intent he may be rid of them, it may be he will do them the kindness, being friend-less, money-less, and in a strange place, to acquaint their Husbands where their Beasts have strayed, whilst he, fearing to be called to an account for making a Market of them, is gone another way, whilst the poor over-ridden Jades are driven home to their shameful habitations. Methinks it is enough to make the worst of the whole Female Sex to blush, when they shall consider the greatness of the number of such women, who consulting their own lust and luxury, never consider the ruine of themselves and Family. The *Wheedling Hostess* (that I here describe) is of another principle; what she does she conceals from the eye of the World if she can; however, she will so warily demean her self, that the Censorious shall have no other grounds for their ill report, but bare suspicion, and that dis-reputation she knows how to house-wife to advantage, winking at the little talk of Neighbors, that by her silence she may give some occasion to believe, that what is said of her is a truth, that thereby they may be encouraged to make the like attempt; Mistake her not, as she is no Niggard of her pleasure, so she is no Prodigal of her profit, the one being subservi-

ent

ent to, and the ſupporter of each other; and that ſhe may not loſe any of her conquered people, ſhe ſuffers them not to lie at Rack and Manger, but diets them for fear of ſurfeting, for ſhe knows their conſtitution, and that their love is like their ſtomach, feeding on what it loves, and in the end loath what it loved, till a freſh appetite re-kindle them, which ſhe does by *Denials*. *Put-offs*, *Jealouſies*, *Farrings*, and an hundred other ſtudied humours; all which are as prevalent as the deluding faces of as many *Miſſes*. Her ways are like a Serpent on a Rock, and therefore ſhall not trace her any further; yet I might have drawn ſome obſervations from her management of the Kitchin, and her profound advice to the Female-Servants, how they ſhall deport themſelves to the Gueſts, neither proſtituting nor denying, but ſubtilly decoying thoſe who make proffers of private kindneſſes, but let this at preſent be ſufficient.

CHAP. XIII.

The Maſter of a Ship, and his Owners.

BEfore we come to diſplay the *Wheedles* and fallacies that are too frequently practis'd, between the *Maſter* of a *Ship*, & his *Owners*, 'twill not be

be irrequiſit to give an account of the Original of this *Maſter*, and by what means he came to riſe to the dignity of a *Commander*.

As to his birth, we will not doubt but that he may be well extracted, but ill educated, or having too many aboriginall vicious inclinations in him, he too ſoon becomes an old ſinner of a young man: for conceiving his youth to be the ſeaſon of his Luſt, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad, or never, full ſpeed he puts on into all manner of extravagancies, and fearing leſt he ſhould loſe this time, he ſpends it, and ſo is bringing on his head a deal of miſery, yet is happy in this, that he is inſenſible; and though he be like a ſhip without Pilot or Tackling, driven to and fro, by every blaſt of his irregular deſires, yet we oftentimes ſee ſuch as he hath been ſteer'd by *Fortune* only, into the Haven of an unexpected Honour and Happineſs.

His Parents at length deſpairing of any Reformation, having uſed a thouſand devices to reclaim him, reſolve at once to be rid of their ſhame and care by ſending him to Sea, which willingly receivs into her boſom what is ſpewed out of the Land as nauſeous.

From a leud Lad aſhore he becomes a more wicked *Cabbin-boy* of a Ship, for every *Storm* is his *Tutor*, teaching him not only how to ſlight

ſlight danger, nay, death it ſelf, but alſo to curſe and pray all in a breath; and when the *Tempeſt* is over, forget how to ſay his *Pater-Noſter*; inſtead thereof, his *Matins* and *Veſpers* are the orderly repeating the *Points of the Compaſs* backwards and forwards, not ſo much in obedience to his *Maſter*, or the *Captains Command*, as for fear of the *Capſtain*, to which his neglect in this, and his inbred Rogueries beſides, do cauſe him frequently to be ſeized, where the *Boat-Swain* rectifies his miſtakes in the number of the *Points of the Compaſs*, by the quantity of blows he receives on his back from the *Cat of nine Tails*.

As he grows in years, ſo doth his knowledge encreaſe in the Art of Navigation, and in the confidence of that underſtanding he looks out yearly for employment and preferment, being bold in his demands, as he is reſolute in his deſigns, and fears not to ſpeak to his Superiours, though with a miſ-becoming confidence, having bin ſo accuſtomed to the aſtoniſhing Rhetorick of loud-ſpeaking Canons.

His many ſucceſsful Voyages he hath made to many remote parts of the Univerſe, at length not only furniſheth his Pockets with money, but brings him into a repute and good eſteem, among the Merchants of the *Exchange*, and elſewhere amongſt other people. And to

keep up his Reputation among them, his resort to and about the *Royal-Exchange*, is as certain, and as constant as a *Nun*, to the place of her Devotion.

To effect his designs, he finds nothing more expedient than the practice, and therefore hath throughly studied the Art of Conformity; among sober persons he is very serious; among the lighter sort he is jocular, and merry, and let what will be the company, he never forgets to enlarge the benefits may be made by traffick abroad, and how successful and prosperous he hath been in all his Voyages, and all to perswade them that he is not only a knowing, but a lucky man.

According as he finds his designing discourse make an impression on any Person, so he continually urges it, with whatsoever Reasons and demonstrations he can produce, and that you should not doubt the truth of what he says, for confirmation thereof, he refers you to such a Person, who is so much his friend, nay, creature, that he shall averr the verity thereof, after what manner best pleaseth you, either by *I Profess, I vow; let me never see my Wife, nor Children*; or *Damme 'its as true, as God's in Heaven*. Though it is as very a lye, as ever the Devil, that grand Seducer of mankind, prompted him to utter.

In every respect he studies to imitate an honest

neſt man, both in words and actions, which with his large pretences, and fair promiſes, procure him a Wife, with a round ſum of money, and then he makes his projects hit as he pleaſe himſelf; if not, he hath got a credit to be believ'd, that what he ſays is real, and how advantagious ſuch a Voyage would prove, had he but *Owners* according to his mind, with whom he might Conjoyn, and that he might ſtrike ſome, whilſt he then is in diſcourſe, he inſinuates the ſmalneſs of the charge in fitting out a Veſſel; that it will amount but to ſo much a man, that ſo many in Conjunction can be no great Loſers, ſhould the Ship miſcarry, but ſhould ſhe return in ſafety (which by Gods providence he queſtions not) how great will the incom be then, and that as long as ſhe is able to float (which may be many years) ſhe will be a moving *Indian-Mine*, and will bring them home gold enough, without any labour or digging into the bowels of the Earth to find it.

By many perſwaſions of great profits accrewing, he induces ſome to engage with him, in the purchaſe of a Veſſel, but having not compleated his number of *Owners*, he gets into Partnerſhip a *Sail-maker*, a *Rope-maker*, a *Butcher*, a *Baker*, and it may be too a *Block maker*: All theſe are very neceſſary Implements to work upon, and Inſtruments to work by, as hereafter ſhall be demonſtrated, all the reſt are meer Novices in Sea-affairs.

Having compleated the four whole Parts of the Ship, by *Sixths*, *Eighths*, *Twelfths*, or from a *Third* to a *Sixteenth*: He then tries all his friends, acquaints them with his buying a Ship, that he wants money to perform the Voyage, that whatsoever they supply him with he will faithfully repay upon his return, and by this means borrows considerable sums: to others that are more diffident, he will upon the loan of money make over his *Quarter-Part* for their security, obliging them to silence, because if it be known it may prejudice a credit he expects from several. Sometimes when he hath got so many real *Owners* as make up his Complement, by his subtile Insinuation, and deluding Promises, he draws in as many more, and so of his Ship makes two and thirty Sixteenths: This I can assure you hath bin done, but it is hard to conceal the Intrigue, unless the *Manager* have more craft then ordinary. At last, 'tis ten to one but that he bubbles the crafty *Scrivener* too; for when he hath engaged in Partnership as many as he can, and taken up what money is possible to be had among his friends and acquaintance, he then singles out some *Scrivener* (*alias*, *Goose-quill*) to whom he relates his whole Concern, not truly as it is, but as he would have it, and by making him swallow the Pills of an unconscionable and uncu-

uncuſtomary intereſt he enlarges his ſtock by *Bottomry*, or *Bomery*.

Rigg'd, Mann'd and Victuall'd to his hearts content, with his *Own* and *Owners* ſtocks aboard, he hoiſts up ſail, and having a fair Gale he hath little to do but walk on the *Decks*, or go into his *Cabin*, and there ſeriouſly conſult with himſelf how he ſhall cheat the *Merchant* and his *Owners*. Coming to his Port, and finding his Markets good, he improves his own ſtock largely, by ſhipping from his *Owners*, and though he does it unreaſonably (beſides his Trading to Ports he had no Commiſſion to ſail to, keeping the Veſſel out longer then need, to the *Owners* great charge, to which he hath an excuſe ſhould they know it, ſaying, that he was put in thither by ſtreſs of Weather,) I ſay, not ſo ſatisfied, he charges them with ſuch a large account, that the expence of the Voyage eats not only through the profit, but into the very bowels of the Principle. Had not the Voyage proved conſiderably gainful, undoubtedly the honeſt Maſter would have taken that care, that the Ship ſhould have been no eye-ſore to them, or a Remembrancer, when they ſaw her what a coſtly Whore ſhe hath bin unto them, and in requital of providing for her ſo well, ſhe at laſt pickt their Pockets; but he brings her

ſafe into the *Thames*, to the great joy of his Partners, whom he prevents coming aboard of him, by going aſhore immediately, leſt one and the ſame joy ſhould bring the real and deluded *Owners* together, and ſo his Knavery would be detected.

Who ſo brisk upon the Exchange as now he is? and well he may, having ſecured moſt of his own goods without paying Cuſtom, which he knew very well how to do, having the compleat *Art of Smugling* at his fingers ends: his *Owners* treat him, and others court him, and nothing for a while is done, but feaſting; but the Goods being delivered, and the Ship clear'd, it is high time for our *Maſter* to come to an account with his *Owners*: If he meets them all at one time he is utterly undone: Wherefore ſuch a day he appoints one part to meet, and a day or two after the other: his friends and relations, to whom he ſold what did not properly belong unto him: or ſuch, who either ſent adventures by him, or lent him money, are the firſt he promiſes to meet, to be ſure, at ſome Tavern unknown to the other Party, where Wine and good Chear is his welcom aſhore: After dinner he acquaints them, that his Voyage proved very indifferent, that they were for the preſent but ſmall Gainers, however, he queſtioned not but the next

time

time it would be more beneficial; that though his pains proved not ſo gainful as he expected, yet there was ſo much money for them, notwithſtanding the great charges he was at in the Voyage, the Particulars you ſhall underſtand hereafter. Indifferently well ſatisfied with his ſerious Proteſtations and future Promiſes, they depart, leaving him to that buſineſs he pretends doth immediately call him aboard, whereas all he hath now to do, is to put himſelf into a fit poſture to receive his other ſort of *Owners*, who we will ſuppoſe are met at a Tavern, expecting, according to his hour, the coming of their honeſt *Maſter*, who is a punctual man, for which they all commend him. Here note, the better to paſs his unjuſt Accounts, he hath paid the *Baker* for the bisket, the *Butcher* for beef and pork, and the *Brewer* for his beer, giving them their own Rates, and ſnipping with them in their over-charging the Ships Account for ſuch Proviſions: the *Rope* and *Sail-Maker* are ſatisfied in like manner, whilſt the other ignorant *Owners* are only in expectation of their *Dividend*.

Having eat and drank plentifully, the *Maſter* then produces his Account, which runs much after this manner: For ſo many men and boys aboard, amongſt whom, (though the number be defective he charges his *Owners* with)

he goes for two, that is, as he is *Maſter*, and yet ſupplies the place of a *Chyrurgeon*, whoſe Cheſt he pretends likewiſe to furniſh at his own charge, for a general benefit to his ſickly men, though there be hardly ſo much as will ſerve his own turn. *Item*, for freſh Proviſion, Fruit, Sugar, and the like, he took in at ſuch a Port, for his weak & ſick men, though he came not near that Port within 50 Leagues, which mony he charges, though never disburſt, to help out the expences of his own extravagancies. *Item*, for an *Anchor* and *Cable* loſt riding in a dangerous *Bay*, or *Harbour*, which he was forced to cut, and ſtand off to ſea, to ſave the ſhip and Seamens lives, which *Anchor* if loſt, was no otherwiſe than by Mooring his *Crazie-Veſſel* in a *Brandy-Houſe*, and by the ſame conſequence, might have put to account the loſs of his *Bom-Sprit* and Main-yard. *Item*, for a *Fore-Topſail*, which was blown away, or out of pure kindneſs flew to ſhore, to make his female Creditors amends for taking up their Linnen, and not making Equivalent ſatisfaction. *Item*, for a new one (that coſt forty ſhillings) four pounds. *Item*, for Extraordinary charges in lying Wind-Bound ſo long in ſuch a Port, and ſuch a Port, being forced to buy freſh proviſions to ſave the victuals, ſtowed for the maintainance of the Voyage; though his only

ſtay

ſtay was to traffick for himſelf that while. *Item*, for another *Cable*, which in the dead of the night crawl'd out of a *Port-hole*, and ſwam like an *Eel* under water, that it might not be diſcovered; for if it was, the poor thing knew it would be hindred of its deſigne, in getting home before the Ship, that it might been tweez'd in peices; and ſo be made capable of ſerving its Maſters Neck, in a ſlenderer condition. *Item*, for a *Main-topſail* a little cut on purpoſe by the *Boat-ſwain*, that by the connivance of the *Maſter* it might be doom'd as unſerviceable, and ſo taken off the yard to be made ſaleable. *Item*, for the dammage the ſaid *Maſter* ſuſtain'd in his part by the loſs of the ſaid ſail, by the Roguery of the Seamen, who, ſeeing their Officers commit greater offences than they had as yet committed, converted this ſail to their own uſes by cutting out each man his *Snack*, one a Doublet, another Breeches, or what might ſerve to accommodate their nakedneſs. *Item*, for a *Main-maſt* that in a dreadful ſtorm come by the board, though they were becalm'd, or wanted a convenient brisk breeze all the Voyage.

Theſe are not half the *Imprimis* and the *Items* he gives them an account of, which one would think were enough to ſtartle a *New Sea-Adventurer*, who wondring how all theſe accidents ſhould happen, is ſilenced by the crafty *Sail*

or

or *Rope-maker*, and back'd by the *Brewer*, *Baker* and *Butcher*, who unanimouſly affirm, that ſuch like caſualties are uſual, that they themſelves have wofully experienced them, and therefore were the leſs troubled at them now. The *Maſter* hereupon drawing what money he had purpoſed to pay his *Owners* before-hand, throws it on the Table; ſome refuſe to paſs the Account, whilſt the *major*-intereſted part cry, *Come, come, Gentlemen, the Account is fair enough*, paſs it, you ſee we do; and ſo in the end, to their conſiderable loſs, they are all wrought to a compliance.

The *Maſter* having perfected his Accounts, moves for a *Stock* againſt the next Voyage; after ſome pauſe it is granted, and the *Owners* aforeſaid, whoſe Trades correſpond for fitting out the Ship, act their parts as they did before. Nor is he negligent in *Wheedling* his other deceived *Owners*, who with much ado, it may be, contribute ſomthing to his Propoſals, though not ſo much as formerly, yet enough with what he received from the reſt to do his buſineſs: for having ſecured abroad in ſafe hands what was committed to his truſt, in his return he knocks the Ship i'th' Head, by running her aground wilfully, or otherwiſe; with a *Proviſo*, that he is ſure to ſave all their lives; After this, being unwilling to be one

of

of *Jobs Meſſengers*, he abſconds himſelf in forreign parts, leaving his *Creditors* at home to bewail their misfortunes, and condemn their *Credulity*.

Some of them have an excellent way to cheat their *Owners* of their *Slaves* as they come from *Guinny*, thus; It may be the *Maſter* may take in threeſcore or fourſcore *Blacks*, which he intends for the *Barbadoes* or ſome other places, the *Purſer*, according to orders and connivance, enters on board ſo many ſhort; the *Doctor* or *Chyrurgeon*, ſuppoſing more in the Hold then entred in the *Purſers* Book, makes a private ſearch for his benefit, for half a crown *per* head is his due, and finding twenty it may be ſupernumerary, acqnaints the *Captain* or *Maſter* therewith, who tells him (probably after ſome diſpute) that what he ſays is true, however he would not have him make any words of it, if ſo he will give him his Fee, and ſomewhat over-*plus*; the ſame thing he promiſeth likewiſe to the *Purſer*, on this condition, they will ſet their Hands to an Inſtrument, that he ſhipt from *Guinny* ſuch a number of ſlaves, and no more; they relying upon his word and promiſe, franckly do it; but returning into *England*, and demanding of the *Maſter* the performance of his promiſe, he denies that ever he made any ſuch thing, and peremptorily tells them, as he will not give them a farthing,

ſo he values them not a Fart, and dares them to do their worſt; irritated by this Language they complain to the *Owners*, and before the *Maſters* face accuſe him for Cheating them of ſo many *Slaves*; he denies it, and cunningly drawing out their Acknowledgement under hand and ſeal, asks them whether they know their own act and deed; They not denying it, *Look you here, Gentlemen,* (ſays he) *are not theſe a Parcel of pure Rogues and Raſcals, that durſt offer to ſtain my Reputation, by accuſing me of Cheating and Injuſtice, when here is their own Hands to condemn their lying Tongues.*

Another I heard of, who being *Maſters-Mate* in a long Voyage, the *Maſter* died, and thereupon he aſſumed his place, and undertook the whole Concernes of the Ship, of which the Deceaſed had a conſiderable part, coming home, he applied himſelf to the Widow, who was left in a very good condition, and ſo pli d her with Proteſtations of love and affection, that ſhe verily believed him to be in earneſt; and that ſhe might not ſeem indebted to him for kindneſſes received, ſhe retalliated all his, not only by poſſeſſing him of what Concernes ſhe had in the World, but alſo gave him liberty to taſte thoſe Sweets which properly belong to the Marriage-bed; by this means he made a total Conqueſt of her perſon and eſtate,

and

and by their jugling together baffled the other Owners; but when he had gotten all into his hands he baffled her that baffled them, for fear of being baffled himſelf alſo. I ſhall ſay no more of him but this, which was a pleaſant repartie of his *Owner*, who asking him for a *Mizen-ſail* to ſave two, Replyed, *thou ſhalt have it Maſter to ſave two, ſince in all my life time I never knew thou couldeſt ſave one.*

A thouſand of their tricks and Cozenages might be here inſerted, which for want of information, at preſent I omit, but in due time, as ſoon as they ſhall come to my knowledge I'le freely impart them to my Reader.

CHAP. XIV.

The Scrivener.

THE *Scrivener* being already ingeniouſly diſſected, in a *Character* not long ſince Printed, I ſhall forbear Killing him again, but only give you a ſhort Account of ſome remarkable Paſſages in his Life and Converſation.

Upon his firſt ſtarting into the World, having but little moneys in his hands of his own, or others, being but a young man, and

and moneyed men fearful of truſting him, he is forced to employ what he hath by him to the beſt advantage; and like an honeſt man that intends to thrive in this World, though he be damn'd for it for ever in the VVorld to come, he firſt tries how widely his Conſcience will ſtretch, and, if he finds it hide-bound, he will pinch it with his teeth, as a Shoomaker his leather, but that he will make it give way. Having gotten the Conqueſt over that, he begins to feed on the *Poor*, as the *Great Eater of* Kent *did on Offals*, by lending them petty ſums, and receive it again by ſo much *per* week: if fourty ſhillings were the ſum to be lent, the Borrower had but five and thirty, and out of that paid twelve pence for the Bond, which money muſt be paid each week, by twelve pence for every pound. If the Sum were any thing conſiderable, though he had the money by him, yet he would make uſe of his accuſtomed delays, though he knew the Borrower reſponſible, and would not part with a farthing, till he had made enquiry after that he knew as well as any man could tell him; and in the end muſt have *Procuration* for his own money, and if *Continuation* be required, he ſhall pay ſauce for it. Though the Law allows but ſix *per Cent.* yet he knows ſeveral ways to make forty, by making in the firſt

place

place a *Bond*, which ſhall be due to a Confident of his, a Priſoner in the *Kings Bench*, and recovering the penalty at *Common-Law*, leaves the poor Debtor to ſue for relief in *Chancery* one that is a Priſoner; By lending half-money, half goods in the next place, fifty pounds in money, and fifty pounds in goods, which ſhall not be worth much above fifteen: By lending in the next place, fifty pound to a perſon, who ſhall become bound with one of his acquaintance for one hundred, who is going beyond-ſea, to whom he ſhall give privately a diſcharge, and the other ſhall be left to pay the money: And laſtly, (not to trouble you with more inſtances) by taking *Judgements*, or *Warrants of Attorney*, and for a little money ſweep away three times the value in commodities, to the utter ruine of many Families. A *Mort-gage* is a ſweet gain to him; what a fine Bill of Charges will he reckon: Fifteen ſhillings for two or three days Horſe-hire to view the eſtate, for his expences in the Journey eighteen ſhillings, though he did eat nothing but Bread and Cheeſe all the time he was out, ſo much for his pains, ſo much for loſs of time, and ſo much for expedition; all which muſt be deducted out of what is to be received, and if the money be not duely paid,

he

he infallibly ſeals a *Leaſe of Ejectment*, and enters on the *Premiſſes*, and (to make as ſure of it as he can) he preſently paſſes it over to another, one of his Confederates; and do ſo order the buſineſs between them, that the Borrower ſhall find but little ſatisfaction in a *Suit of Chancery*.

To be ſhort, the *Tricks* and *Wheedles* of a *Scrivener* are ſo many, that they are innumerable. How many devices hath he in *Laſt Wills and Teſtaments*, not only altering the minde of the Teſtator, but many times making himſelf *Executor*? How many Knaviſh Partialities does he uſe in *Leaſe*? What benefit does he not make by *Arbitrations*, by drawing up an *Award*, making it void or obliging to whom he pleaſes; by *Counter-Bonds* and *Letters of Attorney*, by putting in *his uſe* for *my uſe*? Laſtly, conſider his dexterity and ability in counterfeiting Bonds, by which and other indirect means he hath gotten a plentiful eſtate, to live pleaſantly here, to be miſerable hereafter.

FINIS.